The Outlook

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REASON OR INSTINCT

The Outlook will publish before long one of the most interesting articles ever written by the famous naturalist, Mr. John Burroughs. It has the title "The Unreasoning Animals," and it is a careful study of the arguments for and against the possession by animals of reasoning faculties. Mr. Burroughs's conclusion is that the activities of animals may be accounted for by instinct. He says: "Animals know what they have to know in order that the species may continue, and they know little else. They do not have to reason because they do not progress as man does. They have only to live and multiply, and for this their instincts suffice them. Neither do they have to have any of our moral sentiments. These would be a hindrance rather than a help, and, so far as I can see, they do not have them." It is interesting to compare this conclusion, reached by a man who is universally recognized as one of the most observant students of natural history in the country, with those presented by Mr. Thompson Seton in a recent magazine under the title of "The Natural History of the Ten Commandments."

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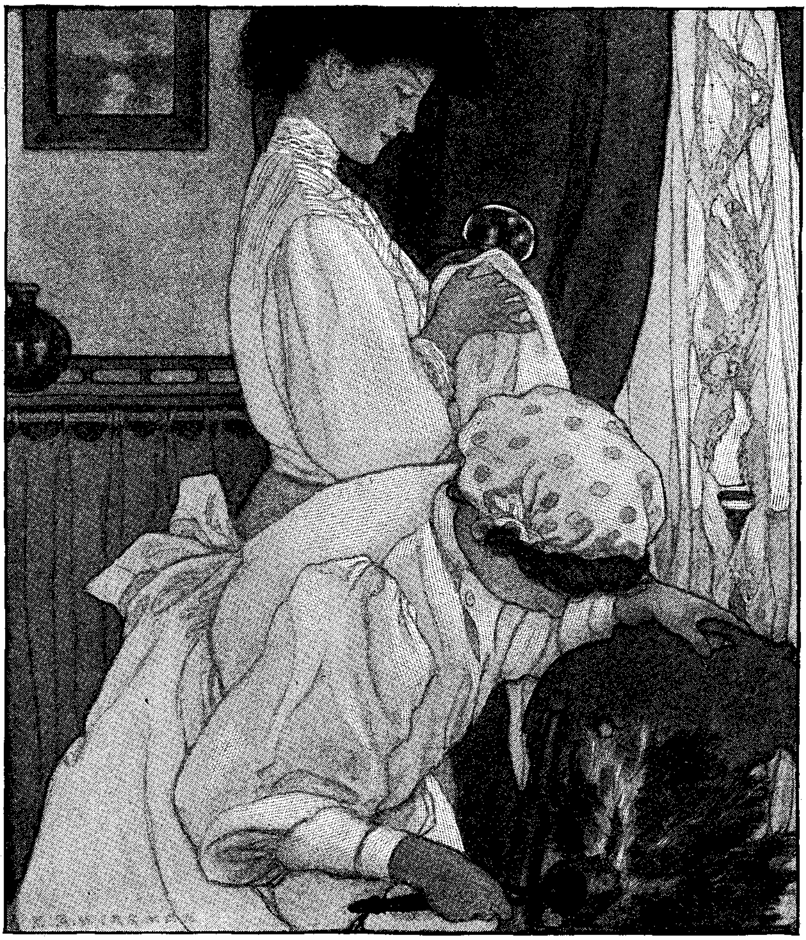

GETTING READY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

As Christmas draws near, women like to "brighten things up a bit."

They do not go so far as to have the carpets beaten; or the curtains washed.

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The Outlook

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The Financial Week

The indications of stability in the industrial and financial affairs of the country still continue to be encouraging. The Outlook has expressed the opinion each week since the present acute financial stringency began that general business conditions are sound, and in the events of the past seven days sees nothing to modify that opinion. Investment securities continue to be low in price, many of them absurdly below their earning and paying value; but small investors are taking advantage of their opportunity, and if cash could be obtained from savings banks and the other banking sources of supply, the buying on the part of investors would undoubtedly be larger. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou, in an address to the Merchants' Association of New York, expressed the opinion last week that the financial storm is subsiding, but that to assure a condition of normal calm a serious duty devolves both upon the individual citizen and upon the banking institutions of the country. "Hoarded money should be put back in the banks, and the exactions of bankers and merchants should be proportioned only to actual business necessities. I believe that if this money of the country, wherever hoarded, were at once put back to fulfill its function in the channels of trade, there would be, within twenty-four hours, an almost complete resumption of business operations." In order to promote this resumption Mr. Cortelyou has proposed, the President has approved, and the United States Treasury is energetically carrying out the admirable plan of selling by popular subscription $100,000,000 of Government notes bearing three per cent interest, and $50,000,000 of Panama Canal two per cent bonds. The cash received for these safe and profitable Government securities, which it is hoped will come from the pocketbooks, tin boxes, and stockings of the country, will immediately be redeposited by the Government in the banks, and thus put into general circulation. The new Panama bonds will be used by the banks as a basis for the issue of new bank notes. The plan ought to receive hearty support from every citizen, and will greatly relieve the currency stringency. In a letter to Mr. Cortelyou the President points out the significant fact that in the financial disturbance of 1893 there was in the Treasury only $161,000,000 of gold; last week the Treasury contained $904,000,000. We raise the question just here whether popular sales of Government bonds might not be made in the future like postage stamps through the post-offices, thus reaching the cash of the farmer and villager simply and directly. It becomes daily more clear that, after such immediate and emergency steps as this are taken, some careful and thorough financial legislation is needed both in Congress and in the State Legislatures. Governor Hughes, of New York, in a strong and wise letter, has invited six bankers of New York City, who are recognized by the whole community as men of sterling ability, integrity, and public spirit, to serve as a non-paid commission to collect facts, receive suggestions, and finally report to him as to "what, if any, changes are advisable in the laws of the State relating to the incorporation, conduct of business, and supervision of banks and trust companies." It might not be an unwise plan if the President should appoint a similar Federal commission, which might make a similar report to him or Congress as to elastic currency, postal savings banks, the deposit of Government moneys in banking institutions, and similar questions of National finance.

The New State

On Saturday morning of last week a new State entered the Union. The Outlook has already outlined and analyzed the somewhat peculiar Constitution under which Oklahoma and Indian Territories sought admission, and it is enough to say here that, while it is quite possible that some of the many political and economic experiments oddly jumbled together in that remarkable document may in time be abandoned or modified, as a whole Oklahoma will stand for advance and progress. The record of industrial development and of increase in population within the last few years in the area included is remarkable. It is thought that by 1910 the two million mark in population will be passed (the population is now about one and a half millions); and as a single illustration of rapidity in growth, it has been pointed out that Oklahoma City, which fifteen years ago was a cross-road village, to-day has a convention hall that holds five thousand people. From a very interesting article recently published in the New York Tribune we extract a few other facts relating to the prosperity of the new State: Oklahoma has six times as large a population as any other State had when admitted to the Union; one-third the new mileage of railways built in the United States in this twentieth century were laid across Oklahoma and Indian Territory; the new State has fifty times as much wealth as any other State had when it entered the Union; its people are from all sections. "The farmer from New England is there raising cotton side by side with his Northern crops; the Louisiana planter has taken a homestead, and is growing alfalfa and wheat; and the Pennsylvanian and Ohioan are digging coal or boring for oil, while the Californian and Texan are gaining wealth from mills or railways or electric plants." It is stated that good land will produce fifty bushels of corn or forty bushels of wheat to the acre; and such stories are told as that one farmer secured nine cuttings of alfalfa in one year, that another gained $700 in a year from ten acres of potatoes, and that a woman sold $8,000 worth of apples in one season from an eighty-acre orchard. Oklahoma will supposedly be another Southern Democratic State, but the Tribune's writer declares that its people as a whole "swear by the President three times a day and between meals." Of its United States Senators one has been blind since he was eleven years old and is now only thirty-six. This is Senator Thomas Pryor Gore, a Mississippian by birth. The other Senator is an eighth-blood Cherokee, a legal member of one of the Five Civilized Tribes until the tribal relation was abolished by the United States. Not unfitly, the State seal has in its device an Indian warrior with bow and shield, who stands for the Chickasaw Nation, while a seven-pointed star is taken from the ancient seal of the Cherokee Nation, the Creeks are represented by a sheaf of wheat and a plow, the Choctaws by a tomahawk, a bow and three arrows, and the Seminoles by a village with houses and a factory beside a lake on which an Indian is paddling a canoe. There are several other things in this seal, which must be one of the most pictorially crowded ever attached to a public document. Its symbolism is noteworthy, whatever may be its art value, because it not only recalls the past history and warlike exploits of aboriginal Americans, but also their steady advance in civilization and the union of their old home, Indian Territory, with its neighbor, which emphatically typifies modern American industry, invention, and thrift.

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Mr. Root Speaks Plainly

Last week the so-called Peace Conference of the Central American Republics convened in Washington. The five Republics in this Conference are Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Salvador. Mr. Root, Secretary of State, was introduced to the Conference as its temporary chairman, and, in formally calling the delegates to order, delivered a notable address. The speech made a deep impression on them, and should prove of powerful influence in the Conference. Each of the five republics sends two delegates. Mr. Root told them that the people of the United Mexican States as well as the United States of America are now enjoying great benefits from the mutual interchange of commerce and from the friendly intercourse between the two countries, but that the commercial benefits are dependent upon the friendship. It is to be desired that the States of Central America should move with greater rapidity along the pathway of such prosperity and progress. Yet there have been so many failures made by Central Americans to maintain agreements among themselves that the agreements have seemed to be "writ in water." Hence Mr. Root impressed upon the delegates that the all-important thing to accomplish is the formulation of more practical methods under which it will be possible to secure the performance of the agreements into which they may enter. Certainly, as he said, the mere declaration of general principles, the mere agreement upon lines of policy and conduct, are of little value unless there be definite and practical methods provided by which the responsibility of failing to keep the agreements may be fixed upon some definite person, and the public sentiment of Central America be brought to bear to prevent its violation. In Mr. Root's words, the declaration that a man is entitled to his liberty would be of little value with us in America were it not for the writ of habeas corpus, which makes it the duty of a specific judge, on appeal, to inquire into the cause of detention, and set the man at liberty if he is unjustly detained; again, the provision which declares that a man shall not be deprived of his property without due process of law would be of little value were it not for the practical provision which imposes upon specific officers the duty of nullifying any attempt to take away a man's property without due process of law. Now, the practical, definite methods by which the Central American Governments should make it somebody's duty to see that the great principles that may be declared by them are not violated, and, if violation be attempted, should fix the responsibility upon the individual—these, in Mr. Root's judgment and in ours, are the problems to which the delegates should most earnestly and specifically address themselves and through these methods seek for positive results.

Much Better Than Nothing

The opening, last week, of the Duma, or the lower house of the Russian Parliament, has elicited few manifestations of interest from Russian Liberal newspapers as compared with their expressions at the convening of the first and second Dumas. However, these papers recognize that the new body, though restricted in its methods of election, is much better than nothing, because it keeps alive the idea of representative government. Like the last, so the present or third Duma meets in the Taurida Palace. It was opened by the Vice-President of the Council of the Empire, the upper house of the Russian Parliament. The religious service preceding the opening, conducted by the Metropolitan, the highest official in the Russian Church, and a large number of other ecclesiastics, was made the occasion for a great display of enthusiasm on the part of the Conservatives, the national hymn being repeatedly sung and the name of the Emperor vigorously cheered. Nicolas Khomyakov was elected President by a vast majority. He is a member of the Octobrist party, which takes its name from the Emperor's freedom manifesto of October, 1905. (This party is also called by the name of Moderate.) His principal opponents were Count Bobrinsky, a Conservative from Kiev, and Feodor Golovin, the well-known Constitutional Democrat and President of the second Duma. In his formal speech of acceptance the new President apparently did not mention the Constitution; but in a subsequent interview he declared, as reported, that Russia is no longer an autocracy but a constitutional monarchy. He denied that the party to which he belonged would take orders from the present Government, and expressed the belief that his own and other parties would combine to form a great constitutionalist body, on the basis of a common desire to accomplish Russia's reformation, and on the assumption that the Duma is not merely an advisory council, but a true legislature. But the new President did not stop there. He declared that the first business of the Duma would be to look into the budget, and that then it would consider all recent laws, especially those relating to land and liberty. If President Khomyakov is correctly reported and he can carry his fellow-conservatives with him, the present Duma, instead of being a reactionary and futile body, as it has been called in some of the European press despatches, may exercise a profound constructive influence on Russian reform.

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England and Germany The visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany in England last week was an occasion for still further clearing up the misunderstanding between the two countries and strengthening the cordial relations which both the Emperor and the King have been fostering for some time past. As the nephew of the King and the grandson of Queen Victoria, the Emperor William was sure of a certain welcome at Windsor Castle; but a few years ago his welcome in London would have been problematic. His sympathy with the Boers awakened widespread resentment in England, and his untactful telegram to President Kruger rankled long in the mind of many Englishmen. In Germany the feeling against England was dangerously strong, and the German newspapers, always violent in their expressions, did not hesitate to express the most pronounced animosity toward that country. Through the good offices of the King, who, since his accession to the throne, has shown diplomatic genius of a high order, and the sincere determination of the Emperor to preserve peace, the feeling in both countries has been greatly modified. Both the English and the German press have changed their tone; and the present visit is regarded as a confirmation of the efforts of the two rulers to bring in an era of good feeling. In London on Wednesday, at the Guildhall, where the Emperor and Empress were entertained at luncheon by the Corporation of the city and received an address of welcome presented in a magnificent gold casket, the Emperor recalled his previous reception in the same building sixteen years ago, and affirmed again his persistent and unchanged desire to foster the peace of the world. He recalled his declaration that his aim was above all things the lasting maintenance of peace, and said that since that declaration he had pursued that aim unswervingly. "The base for the peace of the world," he declared, "is the maintenance of good relations between England and Germany;" and he declared that he would do all in his power to strengthen those relations. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the Emperor's declarations. He has shown more than once that he was not willing to take advantage of circumstances which, if he had desired war, would have put Germany in the most favorable position. If it had been his passionate desire, as some of his critics have declared, to seize Holland, the opportunity came when England's strength was engrossed in the task of bringing about order in South Africa. If, as other of his critics have declared, he was simply waiting for a chance to forestall the possible revenge of the French in the future by dealing them another crushing blow, he would have found his opportunity when the armies of Russia were massed in the Far East. During both these critical periods the Emperor maintained the attitude of the lover of peace, and to him more than any one else in Europe, probably, the world owes freedom from a great European conflict. No man has been more misunderstood than the German Emperor; nor has any man more conspicuously and definitely set at naught the predictions which were made in regard to his policy. If he has more than once asserted the right of Germany to be consulted in international affairs, he has only done what any self-respecting ruler would have done. To his far-sighted sagacity and statesmanlike prevision of the material needs of the Empire the Germans owe in a large measure the great prosperity which has come to them of late years, and the immense increase of their national resources.

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The Bishops' Attitude The Archbishop of Canterbury and several English bishops have recently expressed definite opinions in regard to the duty of the clergy since the repeal of the statute forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister. It will be remembered that in several instances the bishops were quick to put themselves on record not only as refusing to perform such marriages, but as justifying the exclusion of men and women who enter into them from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking to the clergy and laity of his own diocese, as reported by the New York Sun, recognizes that Parliament has settled the question, but declares that by the new statute the State has reversed its previous declaration that marriage with a deceased wife's sister is contrary to God's laws, and that, as regards an important point in the marriage code, partnership between the Church of England and the State has been dissolved; which will be very significant to those who believe, as many Englishmen do, that the repeal of the statute was the first formal step towards Disestablishment. The Archbishop affirms that the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife, so long as the canon relating to that matter remains unrepealed by convocation, must be regarded as "ecclesiastically irregular;" he refuses, however, to take the ground that parties to such a union may be excluded from the communion, and warns clergymen who may take that position that they may be obliged to answer to their ecclesiastical superiors. "Responsible men," he says, "will not look upon such marriages as sufficient reason why the parties can be rightly cut off from the unity of the Church." The Bishop of Southwell holds that it is not the duty of the Church to alter her canon because the State has altered its statute law. The Bishop of Wakefield deprecates any general statement at the moment with regard to the exclusion from the Holy Communion of persons contracting such marriages. The Bishop of Lichfield declares that such marriages do not offend the conscience of many good Christian men and women; he does not dare, he says, to declare that they are certainly contrary to the laws of God and incestuous, and he cannot deny that the authority which made the canons of 1603 can alter them in matters which are not certainly contrary to God's law; but until the canon law is altered every parish priest who in conscience finds himself bound to abide by the order of the canon is left free by the law of the land to observe what he recognizes as the law of the Church, and to guard his parishioners against being offended by the celebration of any such marriage in their parish church. The Bishop of Hereford, who strongly opposed the bill in the House of Lords, now declares that it is the duty of every citizen to have a due regard for the statute law, and to be very sure of his justification before setting his own individual conscience above it. He adds that, in his judgment, there is no prospect of the repeal of the act. In the event of a conflict between the statute and the canon law, if the clergymen of the Anglican Church were to give support to the position that the canon law must override statute law, and thus encourage sacerdotal opposition to the law of the land, they must understand that they are moving in a straight line towards Disestablishment. Bishops do not always think clearly or straight, but in this case and in this particular matter the Bishop of Hereford has gone straight to the heart of the situation.

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Tenants as Co-Partners

The students of the housing and town planning problems in England are trying an interesting experiment there known as Co-partnership Tenants' Societies, which promises to play an important part in the solution of these questions. Although a new movement, it has made remarkable headway and has received the approval of the enthusiasts for a healthier and more rational system of town planning and development, and of the cautious but public-spirited man of business. The methods adopted by these societies are, briefly, to secure suitable building land in or around a city or industrial town, and to plan the same as regards roads, number of houses to the acre, open spaces, and arrangement of buildings, so as to secure for all time healthy and cheerful houses and surroundings for the tenants, and to erect substantially built houses with good sanitary and other arrangements for the convenience of tenants, to be let at ordinary rents. There is also a provision to divide the surplus profits after providing for expenses, repairs, depreciation, etc., among the tenant members in proportion to the rents paid by them. These tenant member shares of profits are credited to them in shares of stock instead of being paid in cash. The argument in favor of this system is, the greater the surplus profits the greater the security for the regular payment of the interest on capital. These shares afford a fund upon which the society can, if necessary, draw in order to pay any arrears of rent. It is claimed that the loss by arrears of rent is thereby reduced to a minimum. A further argument for the system is that it solves the question of the unearned increment, for by swelling the surplus profits it benefits all the tenant members in the shape of increased dividends on their rentals. Already there are ten such societies organized, the largest holding fifty acres in the neighborhood of Leicester. The Co-partnership Tenants, Ltd., has been formed as a business center or federation for the movement.

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The Roman Catholic University on the Pope's Encyclical

The governing body of the American Catholic University at Washington, D. C., has adopted resolutions approving the encyclical of the Pope against Modernism, and pledging to him their allegiance. Conservative and Liberal Catholics united in these resolutions. Nothing else was to have been expected. The most distinctive if not the most fundamental doctrine of Roman Catholicism is its doctrine of the Church, which is to the effect that Jesus Christ organized a Church and appointed Peter and his successors to be the head of this Church, and that loyalty to Jesus Christ requires every disciple to become a member of this Church and be obedient to its head. Whatever may be the private opinion of an ecclesiastic respecting any policy which issues from the Vatican with the approval of the Pope, he is bound to support it, as in war all subordinate officers must support the orders which emanate from the commander-in-chief. It is probable that every bishop will appoint a Censor in his diocese to guard the laity from dangerous books, and a Vigilance Council to protect the Church from the insidious inroads of Modernism. But it will be interesting to see what sort of protection this ecclesiastical breakwater furnishes against the tide of modern thought. It is not probable that the advice of The Outlook will count for much with those who are charged with the execution of this policy; but we venture to recommend the Censors in America not to designate the books which the faithful must not read. We have heard the story of a father who, complying with the request of his daughter, sent her a volume of Byron's poetry, but first marked the passages she must not read. How it worked we do not know, but it was a hazardous experiment with an American girl.

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The State Conference of Religion

The eighth annual meeting of the New York State Conference of Religion at Poughkeepsie, November 11 and 12, drew a large attendance from that city and other river towns. The brilliant programme indicates that its proceedings when published, as usual, will be attractive to thoughtful religious men of whatever creed. The unity of the religious spirit under all diversity of religious forms and names, which is affirmed in the Conference motto, "Religions are many, religion is one," and which is exemplified in its broad fellowship of Jews with Christians of many denominations, is made for a practical end—the co-operation of the religious forces in the State for the supreme religious interest, "the promotion of the social righteousness now menaced and dishonored in American society." "The great need of the hour, a strenuous spiritual morality," is always made prominent in its programmes—this year by such topics as "Strategic Points for Moral Efforts," discussed by Dr. John L. Elliott, of the Ethical Culture Society; "The Genuine Prophet, Ancient and Modern," by Dr. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue in New York; "Race Prejudice and How to Meet It," by President Finley, of the City College; "Social Wrong and Individual Responsibility," by President Faunce, of Brown University; "The Churches as Moral Leaders," by Dr. Lyman Abbott. The relations between Judaism and Christianity, a question of large importance, especially in the city of New York, are a subject of frequent and friendly comparison of views in these meetings. At Poughkeepsie, what "the daughter religion" and "the mother religion" owe to each other was set forth by eminent representatives of each—Professor Toy, of Harvard, and Rabbi Charles Fleischer, of Boston; and "Practical Steps Toward Religious Solidarity" by Dr. George R. Lunn, of the Reformed Church in Schenectady. What cannot always be said of any two days' meeting can be said of this—that all these addresses were of a remarkably high order. The discussion which followed each showed that they had stirred the assembly. "The Conference did not fail to bring out a living, throbbing message for our time," was the editorial comment of the Poughkeepsie News-Press. That Jews and Christians can pray together was evinced by the devotional service with which every session of the Conference was opened, in the use of its "Book of Common Worship," prepared in 1900 by a joint committee. The Secretary of the Conference is the Rev. W. B. Allis, of Mount Vernon, New York.

* * *

A Thank-Offering of Men

During the days of last week delegates of the Church Students' Missionary Association (Protestant Episcopal), gathered from the United States and Canada, met in New York City at the General Theological Seminary and at Columbia University for the discussion of missionary problems. The chief object of the chapters, which exist in all our principal colleges, is to secure volunteers for mission work, by presenting the claims of the ministry to college students through a systematic study of missions. The young people present, both men and women, engaged in conferences on the Mission of the Church to the City, under the direction of Mr. Clinton R. Woodruff, of the Municipal League, Mr. Robert Watchorn, and Dr. William Jay Schieffelin, and carefully studied the church settlements and other charities, and the city's work among dependent classes at Blackwell's and Ellis Islands. Special meetings of undergraduate students were addressed by Miss Erwin, Dean of Radcliffe College, Miss Emery, of the Woman's Auxiliary, and other prominent speakers; but the best of the talking was by some of the young students who were preparing themselves for service at home and abroad. Much of the best talk of the Convention turned toward the Orient. Bishop Roots, of Hankow, in his diocese of one hundred million—more people than are contained in these whole United States—believes that it may be evangelized in a generation. By evangelization he understands, not that each individual shall be converted, but that, under a wise, sane, sensible plan, the Church may be so firmly established that it shall become indigenous, having a body of Chinese men and women sufficiently well trained to carry on the work, and assuring that every Chinese son and daughter shall have an opportunity to hear the Gospel. Hankow is splendidly organized politically. There are four provinces, with ten or eleven counties in each. Bishop Roots proposes to plant the Church strongly in the center of each of forty counties, founding a colony of ten or twelve workers—three clergymen, two doctors, two nurses, two men and two women teachers in each. These workers are to live together in the city, establishing permanent institutions to stand behind the Chinese clergy who will be trained in them, and the women who will be educated for teachers, nurses, and centers of home influence, where they in their turn shall carry on the work. The whole project will require about 400 missionary workers, $1,000,000 for their support, and $8,000,000 for the hospitals and other enterprises. There is no reason why such a plan should not be applied to all missionary fields. Speaking from Honolulu, at the crossroads of the Pacific, with regard to the fifty thousand Chinese settled there, Bishop Restarick said that they are not despised, but are treated with absolute fairness; hence they become enlightened men, reformers and patriots. Chinamen as seen in Hawaii give an entirely new view of the possibilities of Orientals, and the family life of Christians is a surprise to all who study it. The Chinese there are really admitted to the advantages of our civilization, and so are the Japanese. One hundred and fifty Chinese communicants have already returned to China, and are working there. San Francisco demands Japanese missionaries from Hawaii. If the great need of the Church is men for missions, the great need of the Students' Society is a man to do as the Bishop of London and others did in establishing the Oxford missions—a leader of commanding personality to make his influence felt upon every man in every college.

* * *

For the Legislative Committee of the Automobile Association

The American Automobile Association is considering an automobile law to be submitted to the various State Legislatures for adoption. As the object of "automobile law" is to protect the public from reckless automobilists, it is clear that the automobilists should not be the only ones to be consulted by the lawmakers. If the Automobile Association were wise, it would ask to co-operate with its committee some representatives of three classes of citizens, namely, pedestrians, farmers, and pleasure drivers, for they are all as vitally interested in this matter as the owners of automobiles, and have equal rights in the highways. If an agreement could be secured by such a representative committee, legislation would almost certainly follow. The Outlook, in the interest of all concerned, suggests the following provisions for an automobile law: (1) No one to be allowed to operate an automobile on the public highway until his ability has been tested and he has been licensed by the Government. We believe that this is the law in France, where driving is quite as rapid as here and accidents are more rare. It is in harmony with other American precedents. If an engineer may not drive a locomotive thirty miles an hour on a railway track unless previously licensed, it is difficult to see why he should be permitted to drive it thirty miles an hour on a public highway. (2) Abolish the speed limit. Hold the automobile to strict accountability for all reckless driving, and leave the court in each case to determine whether the driving is reckless or not. Such, we believe, is the law in Germany, where speed is great and accidents are rare. Experience has proved that the speed of an automobile cannot be legally determined by a spectator, unless he is an expert and has a stop-watch in hand. Proof that the automobile was exceeding a prescribed limit, say fifteen or twenty miles, might put the burden of proof on the automobilist to show that under the conditions the speed was not reckless. (3) In case of violation of the law, imprison the automobile. If for every violation of law the automobile were locked up and the owner lost the use of it, and the chauffeur his job for from three to twelve months, greater care would be exercised. It is said that horses must become accustomed to automobiles. That is true. And it is also true that the automobile is no longer a plaything; it is a necessity. But the difficulty is, not that horses are afraid of automobiles, but that their drivers are afraid of automobilists. No amount of custom will make reckless automobilists safe for the general public.

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The Panic and the President

It was a foregone conclusion that when the financial storm, so long in gathering, broke, three weeks ago, there would be an outcry against the President. Men who had suffered held him responsible for their misfortunes; others, who echo the opinion of the moment, joined in the hue and cry; while a smaller number of serious-minded people were of the same opinion. It was said that the President had made an attack on property; that he had indicted the whole financial organization of the country; that he had denounced all rich men; that he had fed the flame of class hatred with the most dangerous fuel; and that he had inflicted incalculable loss on the country—a loss estimated at sixteen billions of dollars. All this might have been anticipated by those who are familiar with American history. They will remember the time when Washington declared that he would rather be in his grave than in the White House, and they have not forgotten how Lincoln suffered from the misrepresentations, misstatements, and the malicious and short-sighted criticism of his political friends quite as much as of his political foes. Honest, frank, and searching criticism of all political policies and of every administration is a prime element of safety in American affairs; but the criticism that belittles, misrepresents, irritates, reviles, is, and always has been, not only contemptible, but unpatriotic.

It is only necessary to read dispassionately the President's speeches to discover that he has always discriminated in the most definite language between wealth honestly and wealth dishonestly acquired; between rich men who obey the law and rich men who violate it; between corporations which hold themselves subject to the law and corporations which regard themselves as above it. He has never attacked property; he has never indicted rich men as rich men; he has never led an assault on wealth; he has never denounced combinations of wealth. On the contrary, he has again and again pointed out the fact that modern business cannot be carried on without large co-operation, not only of men, but of money; that corporations and trusts, if properly managed under the law, have just as legitimate a place as individual capitalists and workers; that their prosperity is essential to the prosperity of the country; that their rights and interests are to be as carefully protected as are the rights and interests of working people. Not many weeks ago, when he was applauded for making a strong statement about lawbreaking corporations and capitalists, he stopped abruptly, and declared that he was not willing that that passage should be applauded unless his audience was willing to applaud a declaration that honest wealth and properly conducted corporations were entitled to complete protection.

The President faced, at the beginning of his term of office, a duty not exceeded in importance in the history of the United States, and one requiring the very highest moral and political courage. It was absolutely essential for the financial safety and the moral sanity of the American people that certain abuses should be exposed and ended. If that exposure had been postponed five or ten years, no one can tell how drastic the legislation of reaction would have been. It is quite certain that the crisis which would have followed in due course would have resembled that through which we have passed as an earthquake resembles the explosion of a few bags of powder. The President showed his sagacity from the first by taking the people into his confidence. He pursued, from the beginning of his campaign for the enforcement of the law, a policy of publicity quite as consistently as that which has been followed under the statesmanlike leadership of Mr. Morgan by the United States Steel Corporation, and which has won the confidence of the country for that organization in a rare degree. Again and again, as he had occasion, the President has stated his policy in the face of a storm of misrepresentation and criticism. He has told the people precisely what he thought ought to be done, and what, so far as possible, he intended to do. In specific phrases he has declared that, while he intended, so far as lay in his power, to punish wrong-doers, he also intended to protect right-doers. He has been criticised for not doing things quietly; for talking too much. But plain talk was unescapable if the country was to be convinced of the necessity of the policy.

The President's speeches have made the people of the country understand his position; and it is not too much to say that the people have not been so confused by the financial tumult through which we are passing as to lose sight of the real issues involved or faith in the policy of Government regulation. They believe, as the President and the able and conservative men who surround him believe, that what has been done and will be done involves simply an application to colossal enterprises and activities of fundamental ethical laws and of sound business methods; and that the country is on its way to a well-grounded confidence based on such methods and to a consequent enduring prosperity. A host of business men who a year or two ago were denouncing the President's policy as destructive are now saying that it was necessary for the business interests of the country, but that the manner of presenting and enforcing it has been most unfortunate. There are people who are always praying for the arrival on the scene of action of a courageous and vigorous man, and then, when he appears, are unable to recognize him; who want thoroughgoing changes to be made in the building, but cry out against the discomfort of pulling down and reconstructing.

The President may not always have been tactful in his presentations. If he were a man of supreme tact, like Mr. McKinley, he would not have the aggressive courage which led him into a great struggle and which has made him the leader in a great ethical movement. When the dust of the conflict is laid and the facts have been brought in, it will probably be discovered that in every case in which the methods of great organizations have been attacked, ample notice has been given in advance and these organizations have been offered the opportunity of changing their methods and making them conform to the law without disturbance, and it will probably be found that in every case these organizations laughed at the suggestions of the Government. It has been said, too, by way of criticism, that if, instead of attacking properties, the Administration had attacked men, innocent holders of securities would not have suffered heavy losses; if offending managers of corporations had been lodged in jail, the stock would not have suffered. This, of course, is preposterous. It is very doubtful whether criminal proceedings can be brought against some of the men prominent in financial affairs who have been guilty of criminal acts; and it would have been impossible to put such men in jail without instantly depressing all the securities of the organizations for which they had acted. Many of the best business men are free to admit that, in the management of great interests, they had fallen into the habit of leaving the law out of account and of consulting solely the interests committed to their care. Men of this kind become lawbreakers without realizing the fact. There were many others who broke the law because they intended to. They have had to learn by sharp experience that the law is supreme, and that before it the poor man and the rich man, the small organization and the great corporation, are on a basis of exact equality.

The whole purpose of recent legislation and government action in dealing with great organizations has been to enforce sound business methods, and, instead of attacking property, to protect it; to make such gross infidelities to trusts as have come to light during the last three years impossible; and to compel, by law and by sharply defined methods of conducting affairs, a proper guardianship of the interests of investors.

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The Rivalry of Books and Life

The three veteran writers who discuss the question of a possible rivalry between literature and life in this issue of The Outlook share that quality of hopefulness which is characteristic of the New World, and is a manifestation of that vitality which makes them contemporaries of their own unwasted prime, to recall Lowell. It is a severe test of a civilization of a country to grow old in it. There are civilizations which seem to poison men as the years increase; so that to be old is to be cynical and pessimistic. This means that the underlying temper, the prevailing tone, is skeptical and depressing, and the moment the inward vitality begins to decline and the power of resistance is lessened the debilitating influences from without assert their superior energy. Disease finds its opportunity when the power of resistance is diminished; so long as the garrison can man the walls vigilantly, the fortress is safe, but the moment the watch is relaxed the citadel is in danger. There are many discouraging conditions in this country, and there is substantial ground, not for fear, but for the kind of anxiety which strengthens every weak point; it remains true, however, that one can grow old in American air and not grow cynical and hopeless.

Hopefulness is much out of fashion with certain classes of people in our time, who profess to regard it as the attitude of the uneducated or of the unsophisticated. Some of the older races profess to regard the keenness of American interest in affairs and the energy of American activity as signs of youth and immaturity. "Wait," they say, "until you know as much about life as we, and you will no longer hope so much from it. After a few generations you will outgrow your illusions and life will be to you, as to us, a stage of existence to be endured, a time for patience, not for enthusiasm." There are men and women grown weary with the weight of years who look out of the windows of their comfortable rooms into the thoroughfares and smile cynically as they see youth passing, eager, buoyant, full of the energy which rises out of the deep springs of faith. Out of the fullness of long experience they look with a pity on the folly of ambition and the illusion of belief; they have lived and they know what life is!

Do they? Is life mere duration, or is it depth and range and nobility of experience? Is knowledge of life the mere deposit of events, or is it an intellectual and moral achievement? It is often said of men who have made a specialty of familiarity with evil things that they know much about life. As a matter of fact, their knowledge is not of life but of death. The current phrase "to see life" ought to read "to see death." Age has claims upon tenderness and helpfulness and courtesy which are forgotten or ignored only by the heartless and thoughtless; but mere accumulation of years carries no authority. There are foolish old as well as foolish young men; there are many to whom age brings neither clearness of vision nor sanity of judgment nor serenity of spirit. The years have no significance unless they have brought the wisdom of experience, and the value of experience depends on attitude towards life, teachableness, noble-mindedness, moral health. The old men in Balzac's "Cousin Bette" are as blind as they are repulsive; the old races that have wasted instead of accumulating moral energy are for warning, not for guidance. Their vices, instead of being made decent by long descent, are the more revolting because they lack the excuse of youth and inexperience.

Americans need not, therefore, apologize for being hopeful, nor need they regard their hopefulness as a sign of immaturity, a blind cheerfulness to be exchanged later for an enlightened depression. Hopefulness is a state of mind produced by vitality; it is the normal temper of those who keep the laws of life and are in sound health. It may even be suspected that it is the temper of those who know life most broadly and deeply, and share its fortunes with the fullest trust in its beneficence. Depression is always the result of some flagging of energy, some sinking of the fires of life; it is rarely the result of outward conditions. The brave man is not blind to his peril; he often understands that there is no escape for him; but his extremity evokes all his latent gallantry and he goes to his death as serenely as to his pleasant victories. The worst social and political conditions bring out of the same man the fire of indignation and the swift and inspiring energy of action. There is a hopefulness which is born of ignorance, but there is also a hopefulness which has its springs in a deep, true, and fruitful attitude toward life; and the wisdom of youth is often on a loftier plane and of a higher discernment than that narrow and partial experience which is sometimes miscalled the wisdom of age.

This matter of hopefulness, so characteristic of American literature and of the spirit of Dr. Hale, Colonel Higginson, and Mr. Trowbridge, has a very definite relation to the question whether literature and life are not at times friendly rivals; whether, for brief periods of time, the daily happenings in the world are not of such commanding interest that they withdraw attention from the transcription of experience in books. For hopefulness is the expression of vitality, and if in any particular period current history becomes more interesting than written or imagined history, it is because the tide of vitality has risen to a great height. The question is in a sense an academic one; it is of small consequence whether books are many or few in any particular decade; what is of importance is the storing up of the kind and quality of experience which in due time, under laws which we cannot formulate, inspire and push on to fruition those adequate movements of spiritual expression which we call movements of art. The tides of vitality were never higher than in England in the sixteenth century, and they found channels of expression in a long series of powerful if very unequal dramas. The theater was the newspaper, the public library, the novel, the comic journal, the satirist, the caricaturist, and the historian, all in one. It offered the only adequate channel through which the human spirit, invigorated by great opportunities, inspired by great faith in its own possibilities, liberated by a vast change of conditions, could pour itself out in expression as it was pouring itself out in action.

During the past decade the story of action and achievement in many fields has been of unsurpassed interest; the whole race seems to be in motion, and in religion, politics, economics, social organization, science, and business the restlessness and the outgo of energy have been on a colossal scale. The newspapers of the period have printed a kind of serial story which for pathos, humor, tragedy, dramatic situation, contrast of character, vivid picturing of human conditions, has made some of the most powerful fiction seem a faint reflection of an almost blinding light. This story, in which many minor plots have run together, has been so engrossing, not only in the vast variety of character it has brought to light, but in its connectedness and its surprises, that a host of men and women look as eagerly for the morning newspaper as they once looked for an installment of a fascinating serial story.

To a degree of which we are unaware, the affairs of the whole world are now spread before us at a moment of rapid and dramatic change; scenes are constantly being shifted; old actors pass off and new actors come on the stage; yesterday the stage setting was Russian, to-day it is Japanese, to-morrow it will be German or French. Wherever the eye rests, changes are taking place with almost incredible rapidity. Nowhere has this story of real life been more dramatic, fuller of surprises, more commanding in its interest, than in this country, where the newspapers are as interesting as the novels and many of the novels have the timeliness and current interest of the newspaper. Sooner or later such a tide of vitality will find its way into literature; but for the immediate spending of its energy the newspaper offers the most available channel. Sooner or later the permanent record will take the place of the vivid, partial, inartistic but vital report of the comedy and tragedy of life; but would it be surprising if it should appear that for the moment men are more interested in fact than in fiction, in the serial story told by the newspaper than in that told by the novelist?

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What Basis?

The time has long passed when the Young Men's Christian Association needed among intelligent and well-informed people any apologetic defense. Its achievements, evincing a remarkable capacity for adaptation to a great variety of circumstances, constitute an ample vindication. It is winning for itself an increasing measure of respect.

It is characteristic of the Association in North America that it should, at its Conference, beginning on Friday of this week, consider a revision of its organic basis. The Outlook gave last week an account of the terms of this "evangelical basis." It is, in brief, that the right to vote and hold office is vested solely in members of evangelical churches, which are defined as those churches which maintain certain specified views concerning Jesus Christ. In considering the question whether it should change the form of this basis the Association is not contemplating any change in its fundamental character.

Among philanthropic societies the Association has high standing; but it is more than a philanthropic society. Behind all its philanthropic work, and giving power to it, is a persistent religious motive; but the Association is more than a religious society. It has set forth a vigorous, wholesome, practical type of Christianity—indeed, more than any other organization it has presented Christianity to the world, not merely as a method of rescue from some present or future disaster, but also as a mode of positive and even exuberant living; but the Association is more than a Christian society. It is an arm, an instrument, of the Church. In no place has it supplanted the Church. On the contrary, whatever it has done the Church has done. There is not one of its achievements which is not literally an achievement of the Church. If it had attempted in the beginning to lead an independent existence, its history would have been very different. It did not try, however, to be independent. On the contrary, it has been frankly subordinate to the Church. The Church has provided the motive power; the Association has provided the mechanism. This efficient subordination of the Association to the Church has been secured by the very simple requirement that only members of the Church can act as voting members and officers.

The Association, however, exceeded its function when it undertook to act as a censor of the churches. It has adopted a label as evidence of authenticity: any church that will put on the label "evangelical" the Association receives as a true source of life; any church that declines to attach to itself such a label, however it may further be elaborated, the Association holds aloof. In doing this the Association has undertaken to be the conservator of a certain theology in the churches. It is not fitted for this function. It is a sign of health that it is now considering the question of confining itself to that function for which it has proved itself supremely adapted.

Can the Association release itself from its fetters and at the same time retain its character as an instrument of the Church? It cannot do so if it gives the direction of its affairs into the hands of those who are not of the Church; it can do so if it gives the direction of its affairs into the hands of members of those churches which profess and call themselves Christian.

The spirit of vital Christianity will best be preserved within the Association, not by the process of drawing it from certain labeled sources, but by selecting as its own leaders, from any Christian churches where they may be found, those men in whom that spirit of vital Christianity abounds.

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The Bugle Call

Years ago, in a foreign city, long after midnight, a bugle rang out clear and penetrating in the darkness that comes before dawn. It pierced the deepest recesses of sleep and sounded the great note of action and adventure. To what duty it summoned and whither it led they only knew to whom it was a command; but a great company of those who came out of their dreams to hear it were shaken by its imperative call, and must remember it as an impersonal symbol of that divine voice which from time to time rings in the innermost courts of a man's soul with the music of great deeds on noble fields. Hosts of men are paralyzed because they hear no voices save those that weaken and betray them—the voices of their weariness, indecision, skepticism, weakness. They sleep on their arms as if no fight were to be won, no soul to be saved from its baser passions, its cowardly moods. If they rouse themselves, it is to take account of their discomfort; to note that the night is dark, the air cold, the ground hard. They lie bound hand and foot in a stupor of uncertainty and discouragement. They complain of their hardships, repine at their inaction, waste their courage and strength in hollow excuses and evasions. So intent are they on their deprivations that they forget the cause which they set out to serve and curse the leaders whom they no longer follow. Again and again the bugle rings out on the night, but they sleep on and take their rest even while the Master is betrayed into the hands of his enemies.

They drug themselves with the narcotics of fatalism, of the irresistible power of circumstances, of the overwhelming force of the obstacles which surround them; they lull themselves into sleep with a thousand excuses and evasions. If they had been equipped with different arms, been under another command, had another sort of drill, been better cared for, received a larger measure of strength, they would have done such heroic things and won victories on such glorious fields! And while they lie in a stupor of weakness the bugles ring and a thousand men about them spring to arms and march singing to the good fortune of those dangers in which men rise to sublime heights of self-forgetful courage. The chance which is the divine opportunity of life comes to them all, and they make that great refusal which defeats the very ends for which they were made and leaves them laggards and deserters; while their fellows, who carry the same weapons, are chilled by the same air, and endure the same hardness, arise and are gone before the dawn. Among the pitiful tragedies of life there is none more pitiful than that which overtakes the man who is more intent on his discomforts and the things which are denied him than on his opportunities of work and self-denial and service.

Savonarola was one of those whose career is beset with every sort of difficulty, whose path is hard and solitary, who is alone in a world of enemies. He might have cried out to his Leader that the task laid upon him was too great for his strength, that the fight was against overwhelming odds, that if he was to win he ought to have had a thousand things which were denied him. But he thought not of his weakness but of the strength of his cause, not of his danger but of the greatness of the service to which he was called, not of his hardships but of his glorious chance to live and die fighting the good fight of faith. To him, as to all men, came the doubts, the questionings, the weariness, the sense of great weakness; and there is a little poem of his in which he tells us how he met them:

"Down by the road of evil
  Wanders my spirit;
If it receive not succor,
  It will die shortly.
The Devil he deceives it
  With his false reasoning;
The senses they promise it
  Every possible pleasure;
The world ever invites it
  To indulge itself in iniquity:
My spirit thus tempted,
  Who now will help it?—

Help thyself, good-for-nothing,
  With the gift that God gives thee;
Thou hast full power
  To make thyself worthy.

. . . .

Thou canst not be conquered
  Save thou art willing.
Stronger is grace
  Than every adversity."

There are times when a man must say to his own spirit, "Up, thou sluggard, and away; the bugle calls; the day of battle dawns." Let no man be deceived; the fortunes of his soul are in his own hands. He may beguile himself for a time with the dream of fatalism, but even while he dreams he knows in his heart that he is deceiving himself. He may talk of his limitations, his difficulties, his conditions, his temperament; but in his heart he knows that these are mere subterfuges; that he has bound himself with imaginary fetters, and that if he will arise and stand erect these illusive bonds will fall from him. He may not be able to do the work of some other man, but he can do his own work, and that is all that is required. Every man has the strength to do his duty if he chooses to put it forth, to be a man and not a dumb, driven creature, the mere shape of a man driven like a cloud of dust across the field of life by the wind of destiny. He may go to suffering, hardness, and death, as Savonarola did; but these things are mere incidents; the great thing is that he shall strive and not sleep. The prodigal slept long, but he heard the call at last, awoke, and became a man once more when he turned from the beasts and said, "I will go to my father."

The Season's Books

IN presenting comment on some recent books of biography, art, and fiction The Outlook makes no pretense of covering the field in the sense of enumerating everything of value that has been published during the past six months; its modest purpose is to assist its readers in their endeavor to discover the books that are likely to interest them either from the standpoint of subject or of style. There are, fortunately, fewer new publications than in former seasons, and a reader of reasonable intelligence and diligence may cherish a hope of separating the wheat from the chaff. The presses have not been so generously fed nor have they been run with such appalling rapidity as in some other years. Either writers have accepted the good advice of the critics and are taking more time for their work, or publishers have heeded the counsels of some leaders of finance and have " slowed down " the machinery of publication to a more moderate pace. There is another possible explanation, which no kind-hearted person will willingly accept: that there are more disappointed authors than usual, and that the throng outside the gates has increased as the number of publications has diminished. If private disappointments have been multiplied, public interests have been served by lessened zeal in the bringing out of new books. It would be well for all concerned if the number could be still more diminished; for it is undoubtedly true that the mob of books lessens the chances of recognizing the good books which every reader wishes to discover; in the vast crowd individual faces are lost in a general blur. Moreover, old friends ought to have a larger place in American homes, and there ought to be more room for standard books in attractive forms. Moreover, the attention and efforts of publishers are scattered over many commonplace publications when they might be concentrated on the few whose quality entitles them to the utmost efficiency of distribution. If there were fewer new books, the standard old books, which are not for an age but for all time, would get more attention than at present, when they are buried under piles of untried and unseasoned publications. It would be a great gain if the fact that writing is an art and not a trade were kept in mind by those whose business it is to help the real writer, who is worthy of his hire, find his readers and get his reward. The doors of publication cannot be too wide for the men and women who have real wares to offer; but they are altogether too hospitable to those who are wasting time in the futile effort to achieve by contrivance and industry that which can be done only by grace.

Biography

ABUNDANCE and variety are easily the distinctive features of this season's biographical output. There is something for every interest, every taste, every mood—biographies grave and gay, formal and gossipy volumes of reminiscence, stately collections of letters, attractive little essays. For those who would increase their knowledge of great historical events and better their acquaintance with famous historical personages, ample material is at hand. The lover of art and letters will find some of his heroes vividly and delightfully portrayed. There are books, too, for the man of modernity, the man who would put the past far behind him but who takes a perennial delight in the company of men and women of his own day. Nor have the publishers overlooked the wants of that peculiarly exacting but extremely numerous individual, the man who reads biography as he reads fiction and everything else—simply for the sake of the entertainment it affords him.

Indeed, it is difficult to recall a season when the average, from the standpoint of sheer readability, has been so high. It may properly be said that, apart from the "Letters of Queen Victoria" and the "Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," the season has given birth to no biographical production of transcendent importance. But it cannot be said that it has flooded us with dull or, for that matter, really unimportant books. Most of the writers, besides having something to say, say it exceedingly well. There is a noticeable absence of conventionality; the ponderous, formal tone traditional to biography and autobiography gives place to one of warm spontaneity; the interest is well sustained. This, of course, is an inspiring sign, and augurs well for the increased popularity of biographical literature.

Naturally, greatest interest has been taken in the publication of the "Letters of Queen Victoria."[1] Even had this work proved nothing more than a collection of rigorously edited state papers, it would have been welcome as showing, at least to some extent, the part actually played in the management of English affairs by one of England's greatest sovereigns. But it is in reality a human document of unusual value. It confirms all that has been said of the goodness and beauty of Queen Victoria's character—her honesty, sincerity, true womanliness; her profound appreciation of the responsibilities devolving upon her; her constant watchfulness in affairs of state; her love for her husband and children. "Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station," she wrote in her journal the day she learned of her inheritance, "I shall do my utmost to fulfill my duty towards my country; I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good-will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have." She was then eighteen, and all the world knows how she lived up to this resolution throughout her long reign. For the first time, though, it is now possible to appreciate how hard a task lay before her. "All trades must be learned," her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, and her closest confidant, warned her, "and nowadays the trade of a constitutional sovereign, to do it well, is a very difficult one."

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[1] The Letters of Queen Victoria. Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. 3 vols. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $15, net.

In Queen Victoria's case the task was not made any easier by the fact that, if she had a keen appreciation of her duties, she had an equally lively sense of her rights. This the letters make very evident. Time and again we come upon sharp rebukes to her Ministers for infringing, as it seemed to her, the royal prerogative. "The Queen," runs a characteristic letter to Lord Palmerston, "has several times asked Lord Palmerston, through Lord John Russell and personally, to see that the drafts to our foreign ministers are not despatched *previous* to their being submitted to the Queen. Notwithstanding, this is still done, as for instance to-day with regard to the drafts for Lisbon. The Queen, therefore, once more repeats her desire that Lord Palmerston should prevent the recurrence of this practice." And, being a woman as well as a queen, she had her prepossessions and her prejudices. Oddly enough, in view of her attitude in later years, she began her reign with a hearty dislike for the Tory party. "The Whigs," she lamented to Prince Albert, "are the only safe and loyal people, and the Radicals will also rally round the Queen to protect her from the Tories." For her first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, she felt a warm affection, and found in him, as in her uncle Leopold, an unfailing friend and trusty counselor. Melbourne's successor, Sir Robert Peel, she at first distrusted, deeming him "cold" and "odd," and in manner "Oh! how different, how dreadfully different, to that frank, open, natural, and most kind, warm manner of Lord Melbourne." But long before Peel's ministry came to an end, Queen Victoria had entirely altered her opinion, and on receiving news of his fatal accident hastened to write to King Leopold: "I cannot bear even to think of losing him; it would be the greatest loss for the whole country, and irreparable for us, for he is so trustworthy." Clearly, the political historian will find much to interest him in these letters, which, by the way, cover only the first twenty-five years of the reign and are brought to a close with the Queen's heartfelt lamentations at the death of the Prince Consort—"her adored, precious, perfect, and great husband, her dear lord and master, to whom this nation owed more than it can ever truly know."

A regrettable omission is that of letters illuminating England's attitude in the American Civil War, but one or two of any importance being printed. The student of Civil War history, however, as well as the reader interested chiefly in the human side of that great struggle, will draw much valuable information from several of the season's new books, particularly Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer's "Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War,"[1] and Major-General Oliver O. Howard's "Autobiography."[2] Both of these books bulk large on the shelf, but both are so interesting that the reader will not regret

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[1] Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War. By Ellis P. Oberholtzer. 2 vols. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $7.50, net.

[2] Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard. 2 vols. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $5, net.

their magnitude. The first tells the story of the financier who supplied the sinews of war for the operations of the Union armies, and incidentally draws some graphic pictures of the times in which Jay Cooke lived and the famous men he knew; while the second takes us once more to the familiar battlefields, shows how campaigns were fought and won and lost, and describes in detail the efforts of the Government, after peace had been restored, to relieve the emancipated but helpless slaves whom the war had set at liberty.

This last is the vitally important feature of General Howard's book. His battle chapters are valuable, and not least valuable for the emphasis they place on the dramatic aspects of each campaign and conflict. But when he tells of his work after the war, as head of the Freedman's Bureau, he takes up a subject which, unlike the battles of the war, has long stood in need of adequate exposition. Bravely as he fought with McClellan and Burnside and Sherman, it is safe to say that General Howard's courage was never more severely tested than in the years when he gave battle in behalf of the emancipated slaves. From the first the Bureau was subjected to a cross-fire of criticism, and, in the field of its active operations, met opposition that passed far beyond mere criticism. But it steadfastly persevered in its noble labors, and, under General Howard's far-seeing direction, not simply gave the former slave a chance to live, but laid down a sound foundation for his future development. "The entire number of pupils in the schools for freedmen at the close of 1865 in the States that had been in insurrection, adding Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, amounted to 90,589; teachers, 1,314; and schools, 740." This single sentence tells eloquently how the fundamental, the all-important, need of the negro was appreciated by those who took his welfare into their personal keeping. And if it were for no other achievement than his success as a pioneer in the education of the negro, General Howard's name and fame should live long in the memory of his fellow-countrymen.

In decidedly lighter vein, but a book that deserves wide popularity, is a volume of reminiscences by another American officer—Captain Alfred T. Mahan's "From Sail to Steam."[1] Few who know Captain Mahan only from his erudite disquisitions on the influence of sea-power in determining the course of history would suspect him of possessing the qualities of a successful raconteur, a delightful dealer in anecdote and reminiscence. But in his latest work he casts aside the scholar's gown, slips back in memory to the days when he was a "new boy" at the Naval Academy, and thence takes his readers with him on his early cruises in peace and in war, making them freely and familiarly acquainted with his shipmates of those bygone times. Once more he is an ardent, ambitious midshipman "learning the ropes" and "chumming" with all sorts of strange but good-hearted sailor-folk, types whom Marryat would have delighted to know. Boatswain, gunner, carpenter and sailmaker, captain of the forecastle and plain ordinary seaman—these, rather than the officers under whom he sailed, are the men that live again in Captain Mahan's pages, each distinctly individualized and each set off by a background of good stories. A capital book, this, to take up of a winter's evening, when the day has been long and trying.

Amusement aplenty is provided, too, in Alexandre Dumas's "Memoirs,"[2] a translation of which is now in process of publication. Hitherto, if we are not mistaken, English-speaking readers have been given only extracts from this monumental work—so monumental that Dumas abandoned the effort to complete it. But the present version is to be unabridged, as becomes evident from even a cursory inspection of the two volumes already issued. Everything is preserved, even the nauseating passages that may be characteristic of their writer but can only disgust readers of any delicacy. Aside from this the "Memoirs" form an admirable addition to our biographical literature. They show us Dumas bubbling over with laughter and life and the joy of living; bombastic and vainglorious, perhaps, but charmingly spontaneous. They transport us through the difficult years of his childhood, when he ran wild in a forest rather than make a beginning towards the priestly career his mother had mapped out for him. They undisguisedly reveal his boyish joys and sorrows, and the mishaps that attended his first adventures in the love-making for which he became notorious. They tell, always in an irresistibly droll, boisterous, boyish way, the steps he took to emancipate himself from the drudgery of a clerkship and win fame in the Paris that finally lured him from his country home. And they leave him on the threshold of success, surrounded by his new-found friends of literature and the drama.

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[1] From Sail to Steam. By Alfred T. Mahan. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.25, net.

[2] My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. Introduction by Andrew Lang. Vols. I. and II. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75 per vol.

All this the "Memoirs" do in the two volumes now at hand; and besides this, in the snappiest language imaginable, they provide a wealth of portraiture and anecdote concerning all manner of French celebrities, from the great Napoleon himself to the eccentric bibliophile, novelist, and playwright, Charles Nodier. It is many a day since we have read a more compelling piece of work than is to be found in the chapters in which Dumas describes his first visit to the Paris theater, where chance placed him in the seat next to Nodier, who gave him a long discourse on the art of printing, and incidentally criticised the performance of the play, which it turned out Nodier himself had written, and for criticising which too noisily he was himself turned out of the theater. Only, as Mr. Andrew Lang warns in his introduction to the translation, it will never do to take the "Memoirs" over-seriously. "They contain facts indeed, but facts beheld through the radiant prismatic fancy of the author, who, if he had a good story to tell, dressed it up 'with a cocked hat and sword,' as was the manner of an earlier novelist." None the less, there is no doubting that, imaginative as the "Memoirs" may be, they are remarkably, however unconsciously, realistic in point of portraying Dumas himself.

And in this respect another volume of reminiscences from France—Madame Sarah Bernhardt's "Memories of My Life"[1]—must be accounted exceedingly successful. Contrasted with Dumas's "My Memoirs," this book is discreetness itself. It contains no offensive passages, and is conspicuous for its omission of many incidents and episodes in its author's life. But it is so self-revelatory that no reader can lay it down without feeling that at last he has an understanding of the brilliant, paradoxical, impulsive woman whose art has been the admiration of two continents. Barring the chapters dealing with her earlier years—when, strange as it must seem to-day, her greatest desire was to become a nun—Madame Bernhardt has uncommonly little to say regarding her domestic life. Her concern is almost altogether to depict her stage career. It is a strikingly interesting story—the story of her gradual approach to popular recognition and to the dazzling years of triumph. But, with her exceptional opportunities, Madame Bernhardt could easily have increased its interest by finding more room for recollections of the literary and dramatic notables with whom she was associated in her days of dawning achievement. Less of Bernhardt and more, say, of Hugo and François Coppée and George Sand would not have injured the "Memories," except, perhaps, by way of diminishing the book's usefulness as an index to its writer's nature.

Mr. Walter Crane, whose "An Artist's Reminiscences"[2] comes next to hand, errs in quite another direction. His book is written modestly enough. No overweening egotism parades through its pages. But they are encumbered by recollections of too many unimportant personages, people whom Mr. Crane is doubtless well warranted in remembering with friendly sentiments, but who really have no claim on the attention of his readers. And, it must be pointed out, he makes the further mistake of narrating his own long and eminently successful career in over-great detail. The result is difficulty in following him in the development of his art, and in appreciating the influence exercised on him by contact with the pre-Raphaelites and other of his brother artists. Still, there is such a store of good things in his book that the patient reader will be well repaid for his trouble—good things in the way of incisive descriptions of places visited and people and pictures seen, and good things in the way of anecdotes of men and women—Tennyson, Ruskin, William Morris, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, D. G. Rossetti, Madox Brown, Frederic Harrison, Lord Leighton, John Burns, Kate Greenaway, and many another of interest to the world as well as to Mr. Crane.

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[1] Memories of My Life. By Sarah Bernhardt. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4, net.

[2] An Artist's Reminiscences. By Walter Crane. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5, net.

In point of length Mr. Royal Cortissoz's "Augustus Saint-Gaudens"[1] stands at the opposite pole from Mr. Crane's work. In its handsome binding—and it is one of the handsomest books of the season—it is imposing enough. But, as the reader will quickly discover, it is simply a monograph of a few thousand words, concerned less with the life than with the art of Saint-Gaudens, and illustrated in keeping with its binding. For Saint-Gaudens, whose death we have had so recently to mourn, Mr. Cortissoz has the warmest sympathy and admiration. He does not hesitate to pronounce him "not only our greatest sculptor, but the first to break with the old epoch of insipid ideas and hidebound academic style, giving the art a new lease of life and fixing a new standard." But in writing of his work Mr. Cortissoz maintains a critical attitude and an admirable poise of judgment. His utterances are not merely so much text to accompany the illustrations. They are the expression of carefully reflected opinions, and they present in the aggregate a verdict from which few will be inclined to dissent. Besides which the little monograph is as interesting as it is scholarly and convincing, an essay that is thoroughly enjoyable.

The same may be said of Mr. Arthur Tilley's "Rabelais,"[2] which, though much longer than Mr. Cortissoz's book, resembles it in having a critical rather than a biographical flavor. The myths that have grown up about the personality of the witty author of "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel" are sternly brushed away, and if the non-legendary figure that remains is less clear-cut than the legendary, we have at least the satisfaction of feeling that we are considerably nearer the true Rabelais. Certainly we are the better able to appreciate the justice of Mr. Tilley's claim that Rabelais "is the embodiment not only of the early French Renaissance, but of the whole Renaissance in its earlier and fresher manifestations, in its devotion to humanism, in its restless and many-sided curiosity, in its robust enthusiasm, in its belief in the future of the human race." But, as the story told by Mr. Tilley makes very clear, Rabelais had a long and tortuous road to travel before he came fully into his inheritance and realized fully his powers and his destiny. From monk to physician, from physician to editor, from editor to writer, from writer to philosopher, such was the evolution of this exuberant humanist. But all the time, in his devotion to learning, in his many-sidedness, in his fondness for travel, and in his defects, he was thoroughly representative of his age. This, too, Mr. Tilley makes plain despite the many gaps and obscurities in Rabelais's career which scholarship has yet to bridge and clear away.

The care taken by Mr. Tilley to rest his case only on known facts might have been imitated to advantage by another biographer of a historical figure concerning whom far less is known for certainty than is the case with Rabelais. This is the celebrated John Harvard, immortalized in the name of the great New England university. A half-dozen pages of bold type would suffice to set forth all that patient research has brought to light respecting the antecedents, history, and personality of this shadowy seventeenth-century lover of learning. It is known that John Harvard was born in London in 1607, of humble ancestry; that he was baptized in St. Saviour's Church; that he began his education at St. Saviour's grammar school, and completed it at Cambridge University; that he inherited some money from his father and more from his mother; that he became a Puritan minister, married, and emigrated with his wife to New England in 1637; that he was given charge of a church at Charlestown; that he died in 1638, and that he bequeathed to the recently founded college at Newtown—the Cambridge of to-day—one-half of his estate and the whole of his library. This, but not much more, is known of him. Yet Mr. Henry C. Shelley, in his "John Harvard and His Times,"[1] has contrived to build from such a slender foundation a book of more than three hundred pages. As the life of John Harvard it can only be described as conjectural biography carried to the *n*th degree. It adds little to the sum of previous knowledge of the man himself; much that it purports to add rests obviously on fancy and loose reasoning; and its sole distinction is its attractive reconstitution of the environment in which John Harvard was brought up, and the people he possibly knew.

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[1] Augustus Saint-Gaudens. By Royal Cortissoz. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $7.50, net.

[2] Rabelais. By Arthur Tilley. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.

Atmosphere is likewise the great charm of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Life and Times of Stephen Higginson,"[2] though this book is constructed along far sounder lines than the "John Harvard and His Times." Stephen Higginson was Colonel Higginson's grandfather, a man prominent in the councils of New England and the Nation during and after the Revolutionary period; and he was also that *rara avis*, a genial Federalist. He knew how to take defeat gracefully. Colonel Higginson records that when the party leaders met, after their last crushing reverse, to discuss the attitude they should adopt toward their conquerors, his grandfather was the only man to face the situation philosophically. "After all, gentlemen," said he, "if a man has to live in the house with a cat, he cannot always address her as 'Cat!' Sometimes he must call her 'Pussy.'" But he could on occasion be bitter enough, and was a lively partisan, as is shown by the "Laco" letters aimed at John Hancock. Chapters on these, and on Higginson's career as shipmaster, merchant, patriot, and politician, make up a book which, though largely a compilation from correspondence and official records, is alive with human interest from the first to the last of its gracefully written pages.

Rarely has any work of autobiographical reminiscence attracted so great serious interest during its publication in serial form as has "Reminiscences of Carl Schurz,"[1] just issued in two large volumes in a handsome library edition with portraits and original drawings. It has sometimes been thought of Mr. Schurz's political speeches and argumentative articles that, while thoroughly intellectual and most closely reasoned, they were a trifle prolix. However that may be, such a charge certainly cannot be made against these reminiscences, which are entertaining in the highest degree and at times even exciting. The last is emphatically true of the tale of the author's early experiences as a soldier of the revolution in Germany, for this narrative includes hair-breadth escapes and an extraordinary record of personal danger and even heroism. This part of the memoirs was originally written in German, because Mr. Schurz thought that he could thus best describe "things that happened in Germany, among Germans, and under German conditions, with greater ease, freedom, and fullness of expression." This part of the work has been admirably translated by Mrs. Eleanora Kinnicutt, who aided the author also in other ways. It need not be pointed out that very few men in public life in America have had such a variety of experiences and so large an acquaintance with people worth knowing as had Carl Schurz. A soldier and officer in the army of the United States, he served with credit, although with no brilliant distinction, in the Civil War. He knew Lincoln, Grant, and scores of others of the great men of that period; he took for many years after the war a prominent place in public and political life, and his views and public utterances were always statesmanlike, scholarly, and thoughtful. To most of us this book reveals a new phase in his character in that it is pervaded with a gentle humor, with a shrewd discrimination as to men's character and motives, and a power of direct and forcible narration which is rare indeed. The work will take a high place in the literature of biography and reminiscence.

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[1] John Harvard and His Times. By Henry C. Shelley. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2, net.

[2] The Life and Times of Stephen Higginson. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $2, net.

[1] Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, 1829-1863. 2 vols. The McClure Company, New York. $6, net.

Art and Holiday Books

THE season's books on art have little or nothing to do with sculpture or architecture. They emphasize painting, and especially the Spanish school of painting. Two just-published works treat exclusively of that school, and in other books stray illuminating references may be found concerning it. Perhaps the most noticeable of the season's books is "Old Spanish Masters,"[1] the text by Mr. Charles H. Caffin, supplemented by pertinent notes and comment from Mr. Timothy Cole, the eminent engraver, who also furnishes the illustration. Whatever appetite the modern man has for wood-engraving has been whetted by Mr. Cole's recent reproductions of the pictures of "Old Italian Masters," "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters," and "Old English Masters" enough to warrant a warm welcome to his latest volume. Certainly wood-engraving, in our time, has never reached a higher level. As disclosed in these volumes, it reveals a sentiment on Mr. Cole's part which seems quite akin to reverence. And yet, while the engraver has reproduced the works of the Spanish Masters probably with generally greater accuracy as well as with greater charm than has before been done in black and white, those pictures that depend for their effect particularly upon color lose much force when reproduced otherwise. Not so much the pictures of Morales, for instance, not so much those of Theotocopuli, better known as "El Greco;" but, as interpreted by Mr. Cole, Velasquez is not Velasquez. We may have an apparently correct reproduction of mere line, but we do not have a reproduction of the master's incomparable brush-work. Of course Mr. Cole's scale of values is great, and his craftsmanship wonderfully refined. Thus he catches the sentiment expressed by Cano, Murillo, and Goya. What we complain of is the dilution of the technical vitality and vigor of Velasquez, Ribera, and Zurburan. Mr. Cole's illustrations of the last-named three artists are too suave, but he has certainly done the world of art a service in his other reproductions. Mr. Caffin's clear and helpful historical survey of Spanish painting covers the greater Spanish pictures, whether in Madrid, Toledo, or Seville, or, far afield, in London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome. Mr. Ricketts confines his review[1] to the treasures of the great Madrid gallery. If Murillo and Zurburan may be better studied in Seville, the other Spanish masters are seen at their best in Madrid; indeed, the "Spinners" of Velasquez represents a veritable dictionary of painting, as we may learn from both Mr. Caffin and Mr. Ricketts. For sureness and completeness of technique, where shall we find the equal of Velasquez? Not in his great contemporary, Rembrandt, that Shakespeare among painters. This, we note, is admitted by Rembrandt's latest biographer, Professor Baldwin Brown,[2] of the University of Edinburgh. Both he and Mr. Kenyon Cox, in the latter's just-published second series of studies,[3] have a good deal to say about certain defects in Rembrandt's treatment of the human form, especially his female nudes, and Professor Brown is particularly keen in pointing out the painter's arbitrary use of shadow. As Mr. Cox points attention to the dual Rembrandt, the man who painted pictures for the public and the man who painted pictures for himself, so Professor Brown does not fail to point out the effect on Rembrandt's art of the painter's often solitary life. Of course both critics talk interestingly concerning the intellectual and moral elements in that art. How these elements stand out in his unidentified portraits! But of the many which are identified, it is profitable to have such a description as Miss Hurll gives.[4] She tells us much about the subjects of famous portraits, as well as of the portrait-painters themselves, and the nationalities and art ages represented by them. Among others, she reaffirms the statement that Velasquez was anticipated in absolute truthfulness to life and character by Holbein, that great objective delineator of the German art spirit. Mr. Cox's essay on Holbein is even more uncommonplace—indeed, one knows that Mr. Cox, himself a painter of high rank, has looked at the Holbein pictures with the eye of a technician when he tells us that the Holbein surfaces are so clean and smooth that "this enamel seems to me almost more wonderful and inimitable than the slashing of Hals, the fat impasto of Titian, or the flowing slipperiness of Rubens." One feels the true investigator when one reads: "It is unmistakably the influence of Leonardo that has somehow reached Holbein."

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[1] Old Spanish Masters. Engraved by Timothy Cole. Text by Charles H. Caffin. The Century Company, New York. $6.

The mention of Leonardo's name brings us to Italy and to that contrast to the masculinity of Holbein found in the femininity of Holbein's contemporary, Correggio—not an effeminateness, but an art, in which we find set forth the charm of femininity in unparalleled fashion. The like of it has never been known, before or since, in Christian Europe. At least so says Mr. Berenson,[1] along with many other characteristically keen observations, expressed in a rather more categorical style than Mr. Cox's or Mr. Caffin's. Mr. Berenson's interrogation points are frequent; they indicate, after the titles of pictures, that their attribution to the given painters is not certain. To the serious student of art this small volume contains as much value as may be found in any of the season's publications. But while such eminent critics as Mr. Berenson, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Caffin express themselves clearly and individually, one does not find in their surveys and criticisms all the materials from which one can construct a mental picture of the artists described as one may find in the simpler, more elementary sketches of Miss Hurll and Mr. McSpadden. While the last named[2] essays to present no history of American art, nor yet any discussion of art in the strict sense of the word, he gives to us a series of character sketches of certain creators of American art: West, Copley, Stuart, for the early pioneers; Inness, Vedder, Homer, La Farge, Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, and Chase for those of our time. The book is largely a collection of anecdotes, and is always directed toward the personal side.

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[1] The Art of the Prado. By C. S. Ricketts. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $2, net.

[2] Rembrandt. By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2, net.

[3] Painters and Sculptors. By Kenyon Cox. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.50, net.

[4] Portraits and Portrait Painting. By Estelle M. Hurll. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $6.

[1] North Italian Painters of the Renaissance. By Bernhard Berenson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[2] Famous Painters of America. By J. Walker McSpadden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $2.50, net.

As a character-study, not only of an art-worker, but also of his times, Miss Cary's "Honoré Daumier"[1] occupies a unique place. It consists of a collection of his social and political caricatures, together with an introductory and explanatory essay on his art. Daumier was a real force. He had apparently all the qualities that belong to the great caricaturists, certainly he had the sense of sheer fun and the possession of marvelous technique. While Mr. Berenson's volume contains but one illustration, the others in the foregoing list are amply supplied. Most of the pictures really illustrate. They are not lugged in because the originals happen to be by the painters described. As they should, the illustrations shed special light on special features of the text. But they greatly differ in execution. It is, of course, a far cry from the Timothy Cole to the McSpadden book. All these volumes, however, have one merit in common. Whether written by erudite or more superficial and slap-dash critics, in the text of all there is an avoidance of merely technical terms.

The special popular interest now shown in the pottery collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is accentuated by the publication of a second edition of Chaffers's "Keramic Gallery."[2] The work has been revised by Mr. Herbert Minton Cundall, and contains a hundred additional illustrations. We have thus a treasure-house of information concerning ancient pottery, the majolica of Italy and Spain, the faience of France, Germany, Holland, Sweden, and Russia, and the porcelains of almost every European and of several Asiatic countries. Unfortunately, the index is not ample enough for so exhaustive a work.

So much for books on art. As to so-called "Art Books," a prominent place should be given to those which describe particular countries, in text, and especially in picture. Those books have æsthetic value apart from any profit to the reader in illuminating his mind or refreshing his memory concerning particular places described. In such works, published during the past month, we may journey round the world.

First of all, we note a book with the title "The Color of London."[3] The sojourner in London is always impressed by its value in line—the lines of its site and architecture; for instance, of the twist of the Thames, with the Houses of Parliament to the left and the Embankment with the National Liberal Club and other great buildings to the right, as you look at them from Westminster Bridge. Or, to change to the perpendicular, take the dome and portico of St. Paul's as seen from one of the narrow alleys off Paternoster Row. What city affords more admirable studies in line than these? We are thus apt to think of London as emphasizing this feature rather exclusively. But some years ago a great artist turned men's appreciation in another direction. By unrivaled sketches Monet pictured London's atmospheric charm. Through his genius, men in general then began to comprehend the moods of nature with wider eyes, and Londoners in particular began as never before to realize the æsthetic values of their warm, moist fogs, finding in them every color of the rainbow. Misty London became a city of luminous color as well as of strong line. A Japanese artist, Mr. Yoshio Markino, for ten years a London resident, has now accentuated this appreciation. His drawings are equally admirable for simplicity, spontaneity, and sincerity—so much so, indeed, as quite to take all of one's attention in opening the well-printed book, even though its text be by such an erudite authority as is Mr. W. J. Loftie. As may be fancied, Mr. Markino's art is a thing quite apart from Monet's, Marshall's, Menpes's, or any notable delineator of London color and atmosphere. The Japanese artist naturally unites the qualities of the

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[1] Honoré Daumier. By Elisabeth Luther Cary. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.75.

[2] The Keramic Gallery. By William Chaffers. (Second Edition.) Revised and Edited by H. M. Cundall, I.S.O., F.S.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $12.50, net.

[3] The Colour of London. By W. J. Loftie, F.S.A. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $6, net.

Orient and the Occident. His pictures are immediately to be differentiated from others by their lightness and delicacy of touch as well as by the few colors which furnish his palette.

But England, the country, has a subtler appeal than London, the city. From Gretna Green to Land's End one may trudge afoot through leafy lanes, beside lovely rivers, past historic places, and amidst a deliciously atmospheric scenery, continually varied. The pleasure is doubled if one has a sympathetic companion. Such is Miss Katharine Lee Bates. She has a keen sense of the picturesque and the worth-while, and she knows well how to find color in what might appear but gray to others. This, however, is but half her worth. Hers is a literary journey. She takes us not only to well-known but also to little-known places, and tells us of their connection with tradition and with books. Her volume[1] is illustrated with reproductions of excellent photographs.

From Enlgand it is but a step to Holland. How close the step we may learn this autumn through Miss Silberrad's delightful "Good Comrade," a story reminding one of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell. Who can read this tale, or that other story of Holland, so unlike it, Dumas's "Tulipe Noire," without desiring to know more about the Dutch? Much can be learned if one will take such a guide as Edmondo de Amicis. But there are other guides, and one of them is Mr. Edward Penfield, whose "Holland Sketches"[2] have been superbly printed by the De Vinne Press, and quite ideally illustrated with colored pictures pasted on the pages. From the Lowlands is only a little longer step to Italy—countries always united by art. Yet their respective manners in art have been thoroughly unlike. The sumptuous volume[3] which Mr. Trevor Haddon has illustrated with fifty colored and other pictures, and in which Mr. Okey records his impressions of the old Venetian palaces and the old Venetian folk, testifies to the worth of both. From Venice it seems but a step to Florence. As Miss Bates's book shows how good it is to have a companion in England, Mr. Hutton's[1] does the same service for Tuscany.

If a Japanese has essayed to picture London, so an Anglo-Saxon has done somewhat the same thing for Japan, as may be seen in the fifty colored sketches on "Old and New Japan."[2] The text leads open the way for some specially good illustration; for Mr. Holland has much to say about the superstitions, legends, and stories of Japan concerning the national spirit of Japan and her legendary genesis, concerning Japan's religions, her Buddhist and Shinto temples and ancient shrines, concerning the quaint, pathetic, and beautiful Japanese festivals, concerning Japanese gardens, old and new, and the life of the country folk—in short, this is just the book and these just the illustrations to make one who has not seen Japan long to see it, and to make the one who has sojourned in Japan long to return. A work different in character, but also of compelling charm, is Mr. Inchbold's "Under the Syrian Sun,"[3] published in two volumes with forty very sunny-looking colored illustrations. It pertinently follows Miss Bell's "The Desert and the Sown," which seemed to gather the real spirit of Syria from Jerusalem to Alexandretta as have few books. Like the author of "Under the Sun" in India, so the author of "Under the Syrian Sun" seems thoroughly warmed by that sun. He basks in it as if he were a Bedouin himself, and it invigorates him as well. His description of Syria, therefore, is real, vital, pulsating with light and warmth, not that far-away, seemingly impossible place which we used to hear about in Sunday-school. We did not realize then that Palestine covers but a small part of Syria, and that Judea is but a small part of Palestine. And yet, somehow, Judea became almost a synonym for all Palestine, and Palestine for all Syria. One might almost as well say that Mr. Markino's London was exactly the type of all England, or Mr. Trevor Haddon's "Venice" the type of all Italy. Two volumes which, because of similar size, printing, and manner of illustration, give the impression of being "made to order" are "Turkey and the Turks"[1] and "Mexico and Her People."[2] The text of each, however, reveals a distinctly individual account of the two countries, their peoples, institutions, and resources.

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[1] From Gretna Green to Land's End. By Katharine Lee Bates. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $2, net.

[2] Holland Sketches. By Edward Penfield. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50, net.

[3] The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk. By Thomas Okey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6, net.

[1] Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany with Genoa. By Edward Hutton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2, net.

[2] Old and New Japan. By Clive Holland. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5, net.

[3] Under the Syrian Sun. By A. C. Inchbold. In 2 vols. J. P. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $6, net.

Crossing the Rio Grande to our own land, we come to historic landmarks which have greater atmosphere of personality than have those which we have left in Mexico. It is appropriate that excerpts from the descriptions of historic landmarks in our own country should be collected into a single volume;[3] and it can be no surprise to the reading world to find that the collector is Miss Esther Singleton, who has already done much to make interesting cities and countries still more interesting by the simple process of gathering together particularly apt bits of description. Her books have real value. They may be taken up at a stray moment, and one will find the moment not only well occupied but quite complete in itself, so short and pithy are some of the quotations. In the present volume the descriptions come from Washington Irving, Daniel Webster, Francis Parkman, James Anthony Froude, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, and others. Like those in Professor Brown's and Mr. Monroe's volumes, the pictures, which are supposed to heighten the effect of the text, are, however, only fairly good. Better illustration may be found in the portraits adorning Mr. Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Orators."[4] His scope is catholic enough to include Pericles and Robert Ingersoll, Marat and Henry Ward Beecher. But what does it matter? For the book has real interest, especially to that curious boy, or man, who "wants to know."

"Art books" includes the more or less artistic editions of well-known works. This year we have, for instance, a complete, definitive, illustrated edition of Coleridge's poems.[1] There is an introduction by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, and there are over a hundred illustrations by Mr. Gerald Metcalfe, in which the weird seems generally to predominate over the beautiful. But perhaps this is appropriate in illustrating the output of a seer of things hidden from the sensual eye. Weird, too, but often deliciously humorous, are some of Mr. Arthur Rackham's drawings in color and line for the latest edition of the Ingoldsby Legends,[2] like some of his illustrations to last year's "Peter Pan." The present is certainly an advance on the edition of the Ingoldsby Legends published some years ago with illustrations by this very artist. He has now added new drawings, and worked out some of the illustrations in his previous volume to a considerable extent. In paper, print, illustration, and binding the new volume seems well-nigh ideal. Another work to attract interest is the collection of short stories of heroes[3] taken by Violet Pasteur from the sacred writings and ancient histories of Japan. She tells us that the early legends are miraculous, but that the later tales are historically true. Indeed, the last of the stories correspond to our own age of chivalry, the age of Agincourt and Crécy. The work should appeal to young and old readers alike, not only the charming text, but the equally charming illustration and decoration by Ada Galton. A work of more popular appeal is the Peter Newell edition of "Favorite Fairy Tales,"[4] a novel collection of the best known and best loved of those tales. Each has been the childhood favorite of some well-known American man or woman of to-day, whose name is given with the story; for instance, "Hop-o'-My-Thumb" is the choice of Mr. Henry James, Hans Christian Andersen's "The Wild Swans" is the favorite of Dr. Henry van Dyke and Mrs. Alice Meynell, while "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" from "The Arabian Nights" is the choice of President Eliot, Mark Twain, and Dr. Lyman Abbott. Based upon this original plan, the book stands quite by itself. There is no pretense, of course, of including all good fairy tales. That would be too cumbersome. But the sixteen included are certainly among the best. Mr. Newell's illustrations are, of course, delightful. The mention of "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments" brings to mind a new edition and arrangement.[1] The gray-haired yet always delighted reader of the "Arabian Nights" will be interested to see how this arrangement differs from others, and may heave a satisfied sigh when he detects that the edition is designed *virginibus puerisque;* Mr. Batten's over forty illustrations surely are so meant. Another book for young and old alike—it is pleasant that there are so many of them!—is Mr. Howard Pyle's "Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions,"[2] the third of those volumes which the distinguished writer and illustrator has put forth concerning the history of King Arthur and of the puissant knights who were of his court and of his Round Table. To those who know "The Story of the Champions of the Round Table" and "The Story of King Arthur and His Knights" it will be simply necessary to name the title of this volume to arouse instant interest. But to those who, alas! may not know Mr. Pyle's earlier books, a beginning may very well be made with his latest.

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[1] Turkey and the Turks. By W. S. Monroe. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $3.

[2] Mexico and Her People. By Nevin O. Winter. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $3, net.

[3] Historic Landmarks of America as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Collected and Edited by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

[4] Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Orators. By Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

[1] The Poems of Coleridge. Illustrated by Gerald Metcalfe. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.50, net.

[2] The Ingoldsby Legends of Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6, net.

[3] Gods and Heroes of Old Japan. By Violet M. Pasteur. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.50, net.

[4] Favorite Fairy Tales. The Childhood Choice of Representative Men and Women. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3, net.

The old-fashioned "gift-book" was generally fit for the "center-table," if the center-table were big enough and heavy enough to bear its cumbersomeness. The new-fashioned gift-book is entirely different. It is a satisfaction to be able to chronicle the appearance of small-sized, well-printed, well-illustrated books, which one might almost slip into one's overcoat pocket—certainly those which one holds in the hand with a grateful sense of their lack of physical weight, books which one would even take to bed for a quarter of an hour's reading before going to sleep. Such a volume is Maeterlinck's "Intelligence of the Flowers."[1] The translation preserves most of the original's charm, is well done, and the text has received proper and respectful treatment from the printer and illustrator.

Another such book is Theodor Storm's "Immensee."[2] Here the translator has had an even harder task; for Storm's stories depend for their effect largely upon the peculiarly Teutonic vein of poetry, romance, and sentiment, as of course best expressed by the German language. Of all Storm's stories none ever attained the popularity of "Immensee." Though written over half a century ago, its popularity persists to such a degree that last year's German edition was the sixty-second. The present edition is particularly well printed and illustrated. Another slender volume is the *édition de luxe* of Dr. Henry van Dyke's "Story of the Other Wise Man."[3] Like "Immensee," this deeper, more moving, and better-told story seems to gain in popularity with every year. It has been translated into a number of foreign languages. The present edition has the advantage of a new preface by Dr. van Dyke, who tells us that he had studied and loved the curious tales of the Three Wise Men of the East as told in the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine and other mediæval books; but of the Fourth Wise Man he had never heard until the long, lonely night when the story came to him. The volume has been embellished with interesting decorations by Enrico Monetti. "Gallantry,"[4] the collection of a number of episodes dealing with that subject, is described as "an eighteenth-century dizain in ten comedies with an afterpiece" by Mr. James Branch Cabell. It is illustrated in color by Mr. Howard Pyle. The new edition of Mr. Cable's "Grandissimes"[1] also has the distinction of being illustrated by one whose pictures are always interesting, Mr. Albert Herter, and the book is beautifully printed. The new edition of Mr. Howells's "Venetian Life"[2] has been revised and enlarged, and is illustrated by twenty full-page pictures in color by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett. This book is also beautifully printed, and Mr. Garrett has satisfactorily caught the spirit of what seems to many of his admirers Mr. Howells's most characteristic and successful book. When such illustrators as Mr. Cole, Mr. Pyle, Mr. Herter, Mr. Markino, Mr. Trevor-Batten, Mr. Newell, and Mr. Garrett make pictures for the season's books, the result is surely noteworthy.

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[1] Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights. Edited and Arranged by E. Dixon. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50, net.

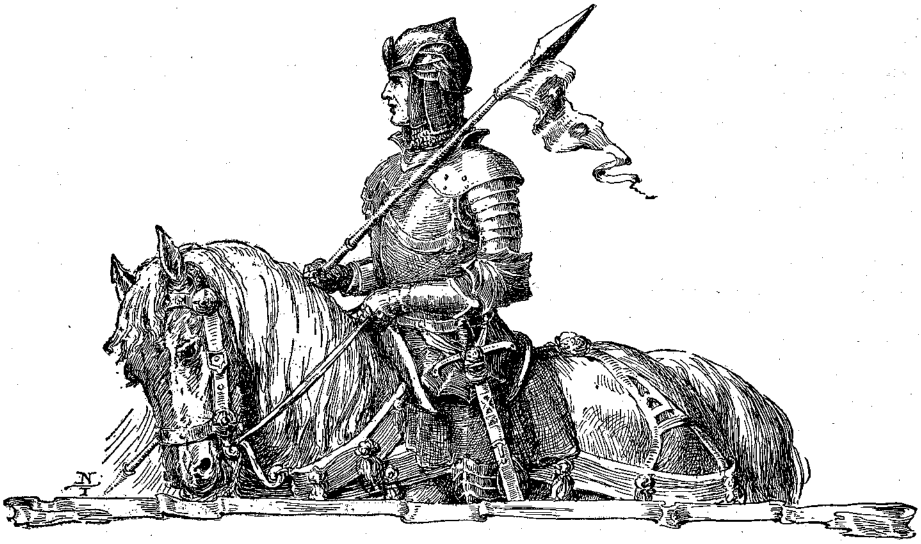
[2] The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions. By Howard Pyle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50, net.

[1] The Intelligence of the Flowers. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.20, net.

[2] Immensee. Translated from the German of Theodor Storm. By George P. Upton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.75, net.

[3] The Story of the Other Wise Man. By Henry van Dyke. Harper & Brothers, New York. $5.

[4] Gallantry. By James Branch Cabell. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.



Novels and Tales

IT is the habit of some critics to represent the readers of novels as "sated," and to dismiss the fiction of each succeeding season as the dullest in the history of story-writing. It is quite evident, however, either that there are always fresh fields awaiting the novelist or that the old fields are not entirely conquered; for the stories still flow as if they came from an inexhaustible source, and, taking into account their number, they are not as bad as some people would have us believe. It were better if there were fewer of them, and if the competition of other kinds of books were more keen; it were better if some story-tellers took more time for their work, and some readers gave more thought to the books they choose; but there are always a few novels in the most prolific and uncritical season that are well worth reading, and there are always many that help men and women to escape from the drudgery and limitations of their lot into a broader field of action. Critics whose meat and drink it is to destroy have not sufficient sympathy with those who are condemned to the monotony of quiet, non-belligerent lives; and who, not being able to express their evil passions in their own persons, refresh themselves by entering into the experience of heroes and heroines who breathe fire and speak with the voice of thunder. If a man cannot murder a book out of hand after breakfast, the next best thing is to commit crime by proxy, and read a good, old-fashioned novel of violence.

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[1] The Grandissimes. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

[2] Venetian Life. By W. D. Howells. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $5.

Mr. Hewlett made a bold venture when he took an Irish girl in the London of 1808 as a heroine, and told the story of her great adventure in the romantic manner which gave such a glow to the "Forest Lovers" and the "Little Novels of Italy." He might have fallen, in "The Stooping Lady,"[1] like Lucifer, from the high heaven of pure romance; but he sustained himself to the end without giving any sense of fatigue or making his readers nervous about his safety. He has put himself beside Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith in the front rank of living English novelists. His latest story is brilliantly written, full of color and life, and of a spirit which most novels utterly lack; characterization is achieved by great precision of adjective and individual method in the ordering of words. Mr. Hewlett is often abrupt and apparently indifferent to the canons of highly organized prose; but he has the courage and the genius to secure his effects in his own way. His drawing of his latest heroine, Hermia Chambre, is masterly after the manner of the most sympathetic of Mr. Sargent's portraits; she is captivatingly Irish and irresistibly human from cover to cover. Her grandmother is also drawn with insight and vital skill; the butcher, on the other hand, does not come to life; the political setting is not distinct enough, and the chief personages do not sufficiently indicate their relation to a story which belongs at the head of the autumnal list, but does not quite reach the solid ground on which "Little Novels of Italy" rest. It must be added that Mr. Hewlett never loses that quality of distinction so uncommon in current fiction.

Mrs. Wharton has a wholly different method, but she, too, invariably gives her reader the impression of thorough-bred competency in literary craftsmanship. She is always serious, though never heavy; she treats her art as if it were an achievement and not a dexterity; and she touches nothing to which she does not bring an insight, a knowledge, and a skill which set her apart from the host of easy producers of popular stories. One may dislike her work, but one cannot escape the charm of its quality, nor close his eyes to its deep if not always well-rounded truth. "The House of Mirth" was both interesting and profitable—a novel of genuine power; "The Fruit of the Tree"[1] is not a bringer of joy, but it is penetrating in analysis, and evades none of the issues it raises. The industrial situation with which it deals is wholly subordinate to the questions of character it asks and does not always answer. Like the notable novel which preceded it, it lacks humor and contrast of character. The luxury and frivolity of a certain set of society people are almost too insistently driven home. A touch of futility often lies on the people who move in Mrs. Wharton's novels; they are caught in a tangle which a little vigor of will would cut with a stroke. The central figure in "The Fruit of the Tree," however, does not bend, but he is swept bare of joy by a too rigorous fate.

Miss May Sinclair also belongs with the most serious and able practitioners of the art in the pursuit of which she has already attained real distinction. "The Sacred Fire" had many faults, but it was packed with vitality and ability from beginning to end. "The Helpmate"[2] is equally able and courageous; it stands apart from conventional love stories in its full, free, and brave acceptance of the tremendous significance of sex and of the futility of trying to evade or minimize it. More than this, it is a really adequate recognition from a woman of the immense and mysterious place which sex holds in the development of the race and its purity and sanctity as an expression of the highest love. The story is, however, one-sided to a degree which is distinctly inartistic. The self-conscious purity of the wife is mercilessly bereft of all shading, and she is pursued from chapter to chapter with unconcealed dislike. The husband, on the other hand, comes off much too easily; his sin pursues and overtakes him, but he never seems conscious that it is more than a venial fault. The truth of the book lies in its deep understanding of sex, in its searching exposure of the hardness of a goodness which cannot escape from self-complacency, in a phrase which many women do not understand—"Love is a provision for the soul's redemption of the body. Or, maybe, for the body's redemption of the soul;" its untruth lies in its lack of abhorrence of the sin, its slurring of moral consequences, its effective but unfair contrasts of a goodness which is close to hate and an immorality which is next of kin to love. It is a good book for some women to read, and a dangerous book for some men. A wider knowledge of life would have made "The Helpmate" a great story.

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[1] The Stooping Lady. By Maurice Hewlett. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

[1] The Fruit of the Tree. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[2] The Helpmate. By May Sinclair. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

One comes into a more comfortable atmosphere when he opens Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Major Vigoureux"[1]—the humorous tale of an old officer, who is a man of honor to the ends of his fingers, and who survives his garrison and almost his salary in an abandoned fortification on the Scilly Islands. The breath of the sea sweeps through the story, and up from the sea comes the brilliant woman who brings color and romance into the quiet narrative of local humor. The story verges on melodrama and barely escapes tragedy; the ending lacks definiteness; but "Q" is never commonplace.

Sir Gilbert Parker, as a novel writer, is not always convincing, but he is often brilliant and very readable. "Pierre and His People" had the touch of reality born of the conjunction of heart and brain in a piece of writing; "The Seats of the Mighty" carried one along on a splendid current of energy and vivacity; "The Weavers"[2] is full of brilliant and striking passages, but the parts of the story do not perfectly cohere, and the tale is a series of dramatic episodes rather than a well-knit narrative of action. The young Quaker who goes out from a quiet English village to become the real ruler of Egypt is vividly presented and his adventures hold the attention, but the story is clever and dexterous rather than vital and convincing. General Gordon and Lord Cromer are suggested by the glorified imperialism of this very interesting story.

"Arethusa,"[1] Mr. Crawford's new novel, is less ambitious in scope but not less bold in invention. The background is Constantinople, which the novelist knows intimately and of which he gave a wonderfully graphic picture years ago in "Paul Patoff." A beautiful Venetian, in a mood of noble self-sacrifice, sells herself into slavery to keep those who have befriended her from starvation; falls into the hands of a high-minded man, wins his affections, secures his support in an attempt to overthrow a usurping emperor, saves his life at great risk of her own, and becomes his wife. The tale is told with Mr. Crawford's usual skill and more than his usual vivacity.

Two short stories from American hands are full of clever characterization and fresh humor. In "An Encore"[2] Mrs. Deland describes a frustrated elopement brought to grief by unfeeling parents, and accomplished years later by the ill-judged interference of children. Dr. Lavendar appears at the psychological moment and marries the belated lovers. The tale is told with delightful ease and humor. There are both humor and pathos in Mrs. Riggs's old-fashioned romance of a little Maine village, "The Peabody Pew,"[3] a characteristically bright tale of a New England life full of sentiment and humor.

Anthony Hope's "Helena's Path"[4] is light-hearted farce, unexpected in incident, witty in dialogue, and wholly entertaining, except the extracts from the hero's diary, which may be skipped to advantage.

A book of short stories, loosely connected as parts of a narrative but singularly harmonious in atmosphere, is Miss Zona Gale's "Loves of Pelleas and Etarre."[5] Readers of The Outlook are not unfamiliar with the charm of style, beauty of sentiment, light and gracious humor, that run through these chapters in the life of two lovers old in years but young in spirit. There are still a host of people who know in their heart of hearts that the great romance of life is the love of man for woman and of woman for man, and have not fallen away from this faith by reason of those arid and doctrinaire theories of sex relations which treat men and women as simple economic factors. To all who know the hidden sources of human joy and have neither grown old in cynicism nor gray in utilitarianism, Miss Gale's charming love stories, full of fresh feeling and grace of style, will be a draught from the fountain of youth.

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[1] Major Vigoureux. By A. C. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[2] The Weavers. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

[1] Arethusa. By Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

[2] An Encore. By Margaret Deland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

[3] The Peabody Pew. By Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

[4] Helena's Path. By Anthony Hope. The McClure Company, New York. $1.50.

[5] The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre. By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

The Outlook has already expressed its opinion that Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman"[1] is both beautiful and true—a charming portrait of a type of man too rarely met in current fiction; that the perfection of Miss Sedgwick's art in "A Fountain Sealed,"[2] its admirable character-drawing, and its distinction of style, will add to a reputation already secure; and that Mr. Harben's "Mam' Linda"[3] illustrates afresh his direct and effective style and his ability to tell a love story full of purity and sweetness in a natural and delightful way. A short story of the old-time Christmas flavor and sentiment comes this year from the practiced hand of Mr. Crawford—the tale of an inventor who is halted at the moment of long-delayed success by lack of means, of his loyal and inventive son, of his equally loyal wife who incarnates the Christmas spirit, and of the building of the "The Little City of Hope."[4]

Mrs. Burnett's "The Shuttle"[5] at one and the same time provokes the reader to sharp criticism and extorts the confession that the book entertains and holds the attention unflinchingly. Any novel that can do these two things will make its way; and we shall therefore be very much surprised if "The Shuttle" is not one of the most widely read books of the season. The real subject is the so-called invasion of England by American brides; and the "shuttle" is the swift steamship bearing Americans to and fro. But one does not feel that the presentation of English and American society is either faithful or subtle, while it would be hard to imagine anything more like the typical bad baronet of the cheap melodrama than Mrs. Burnett's degenerate villain. Moreover, the brutality of this offensive creature is allowed to torture the reader in one scene of agony and suspense far beyond what is legitimate in literary art. On the other hand, there are some charming sketches of England out-of-doors, an attractively self-reliant American girl for a heroine, and a quite irresistible and delightfully slangy New York drummer, whose experiences with the nobility and gentry in England abound in entertainment. Mrs. Burnett is a born story-teller, and her best is very good indeed; it is a pity that her judgment as to what is true art in fiction is sometimes seriously at fault.

Dr. Steiner's "The Mediator"[1] glows with sincerity and passionate love of humanity. The Jewish boy who would be a mediator between oppressor and oppressed, between Jewish hatred of Gentile and "Christian" persecution of Jew, between race prejudices and inherited distrust, is the embodiment of much that is noble and unselfish in both peoples. The description of life in a Polish village a generation ago abounds in quaintness, naturalness, and humor. The old Jewish priest, his faithful wife, and the long-prayed-for son of their old age are moving characters—simple, true, and natural, while the droll, shrewd Jewish doctor, the Gentile nurse of the Jewish boy, and other minor characters keep the narrative animated. When the scene moves to New York, we have a Russian girl Nihilist, a young man who is a Zionist, a Salvation Army converted drunkard, a sweat-shop keeper, and other sharply drawn sketches from East Side life. The story has not a little imaginative power, and "rings true" both as a reflex of actual conditions and a stimulus toward better things.

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[1] The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[2] A Fountain Sealed. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

[3] Mam' Linda. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

[4] The Little City of Hope. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

[5] The Shuttle. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] The Mediator. By Edward A. Steiner. The F. H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

No one among story-tellers since Herman Melville has loved the salt spray and the whistling winds more than Mr. J. B. Connolly. His newly twisted, thirteen-strand collection of yarns called "The Crested Seas"[1] has the spirited style that befits the sea tale of danger, romance, and adventure. The sailors and fishermen are men of genuine qualities—rough, brave as a matter of course, sometimes tender of heart. The author knows how to make them real and how to carry them through moving and thrilling scenes with unconscious heroism and often with equally unconscious dry drollery.

Messrs. Merwin and Webster have again joined forces, and a new and rather unusual kind of a story appears under what may be called the old firm name of Merwin-Webster. It has hardly the ingenuity and force of one or two of the earlier books published under this name, but it certainly deals with a novel subject in fiction—namely, the ascendance attained by a spurious and fraudulent prophet over silly people and the final downfall and ruin of his gigantic and grotesque project. Students of social phenomena will be reminded strongly of "Elijah" Dowie, and those who are conversant with the history of Laurence Oliphant will be perhaps even more reminded of the abominable false prophet who so deluded that brilliant writer. "Comrade John"[2] turns very largely upon the construction, by an architect disguised as a disciple, of a wonderful group of buildings, marvelous in their natural setting and in their design, which are supposed to have been almost miraculously constructed by the followers of the prophet Stein under his inspiration, but which were really put together as a marvel of modern constructive ability by the very ordinary and profane workmen of the architect aforesaid. There is an exciting love story, and altogether the book, while it cannot be very strongly praised as a novel of character and motive, has the story-interest strongly developed and well maintained.

The picture of the corrupt court of Charles II. painted by Agnes and Egerton Castle in "My Merry Rockhurst"[1] is brilliant though rather high-colored, as indeed the subject naturally made almost inevitable. The figure of Rockhurst, apparently named "Merry" because of his saturnine gravity maintained in every sort of intrigue and excess, is carefully wrought out and has all the elements of life and individuality. Vicious as Rockhurst's personal life is seen to be, he is yet capable of tender feelings, of deep parental solicitude, and of generosity to the innocent and unspoiled. The book is really made up from short tales dealing with the career of this boon companion and rival of Charles II., but the tales are so ingeniously and thoroughly welded together that the book as a whole forms a complete and satisfactory romance.

In his latest collection of stories[2] Mr. Howells luxuriates in excursions into the borderlands of the mind. With perfect art, he introduces elusive ideas and their discussion among matter-of-fact representatives of New York club life and talk. The combination is inimitable. In each story the reader recognizes, to his great satisfaction and amusement, the old-time whimsicality and mischievous suggestion as to womankind. True feeling underlies all, especially tender and sincere in the first and the last stories of the collection. When we can read Mr. Howells, why should we waste our time in other forms of mental refreshment? The subtle humor in "A Memory that Worked Overtime" and "Braybridge's Offer" is Mr. Howells's peculiar possession, and we can only congratulate ourselves that he does not sit before his fire enjoying it all to himself, as he might be tempted to do. Minver the cynic, Rulledge the romantic, Wauhope the analyst, Halson the charmer, and Newton who was not a *real* Bostonian, are all so complete that, to trench perhaps upon Mr. Howells's position as observer and appreciator, we are glad we do not know them in every-day life but can read their talk as often as we care to take up the book.

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[1] The Crested Seas. By J. B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[2] Comrade John. By Merwin-Webster. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] "My Merry Rockhurst." Recounted by Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

[2] Between the Dark and the Daylight. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

LITERATURE OR LIFE

By

EDWARD EVERETT HALE
J. T. TROWBRIDGE
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

The reported falling off, within the last few years, of the sales of books, and especially of fiction, has suggested as an explanation the theory that the actual happenings of the world during the past three or four years have been so dramatic, and have borne a personal relation to so many people, that the emphasis of interest has been transferred from books to life; and that people have become so absorbed in what is going on from day to day that, temporarily, they are not reading as many books as formerly. The Outlook has asked Colonel Higginson, Dr. Hale, and Mr. Trowbridge to express their views on this subject, in reply to a question thus formulated: "Is it not possible that in periods of such intense activity the daily story of fact may take the place, to a certain extent, of the serial story of imagination? Is it not possible that there may be, at times, a rivalry in this sense between literature and life?"—THE EDITORS.

NOT LESS READ BUT DIFFERENT STANDARDS

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Your question has interested me very much. There has been hardly a day since I received it when in one way or another I have not started the subject you proposed, if by good luck I were in the company of intelligent people. I wish I could make you read an interesting and amusing discussion of what is practically your subject by my cousin Mr. William Everett, who remembers some things which happened fifty years ago.

You remind me of an interesting conversation which I once had with Joseph Jefferson. I said to him: "How do you account for it that in a dozen years, which include the period of the American Revolution, there existed in London a set of men who wrote plays such as we cannot match to-day? 'The School for Scandal,' 'The Rivals,' and a dozen other plays date within fifteen years of that period. You cannot get such plays to-day. And how do you account for it," I said, "that within a lifetime of one man, in Athens, Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides and Aristophanes wrote a set of plays which you and I regard as masterpieces, as does every gentleman at this table who knows what he is talking about?"

Perhaps you know what Jefferson's reply would be, but all your readers do not know. Jefferson said: "I have no difficulty in answering. The difficulty is with those who do not agree with me in my opinions as to Life. I believe that unseen spirits are all the time affecting you and me and all of us who are in the world. I believe that they come and go as they choose, and that they may be here to-day and there to-morrow. If that is so, why should it not happen that a cluster of these spirits who visited the world in the fifth century before Christ, and chose to live at Athens at that time, should choose to live in London between 1770 and 1790; and should choose afterwards to live in Weimar between the years of Goethe's first tragedy and Schiller's last?"

In referring to Weimar Jefferson was harking back to a story I had told him about Ralph Waldo Emerson. I had been reading Galton on heredity as I went down to Concord, and at supper I told Mr. Emerson that I had been reading it. He replied at once, with some indignation, "It is not so! It is not so! If Galton were right, there would be a group of Herders and Goethes and Schillers at Weimar to-day. They are not there."

Two questions may be asked: One, when we old fellows talk, almost with bated breath, of Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope and Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, does the bated breath spring from a certain affection of the heart which belongs to the seventh or eighth decade of human life, or no? Two, Are there, perhaps, certain changes in people's methods of publication and forms of expression which tend to blind us as to the real condition of things?

I am the president of the American Antiquarian Society. In the course of my duty last year I addressed six or eight men, all of whom you would think were authorities, with this question: "What is the American transaction of the years 1905 and 1906 most worthy of being marked by this Society, if it should issue a gold medal, as being the most important event in the history of those years?" It is just twelve months since I made those inquiries. I have the five answers here. I beg you to observe that they are made by intelligent men, whose opinion I regarded as of the first value. Twelve months have passed by, and I do not think that one of them would make the same reply to-day as he made then.

Let us take such suggestions as a gentle reminder that we probably do not estimate our own time, which is our foreground, very correctly. Anybody who has a camera knows what I mean when I say that if you focus for the lighthouse on Montauk and the ocean steamer just this side of it, both of which are more than twenty-five miles from you, your representation of the middle distance or of the foreground on the same plate will be false and very nearly worthless.

All of which is by way of preface. Permit me to add one or two statements as to facts concerning which you are well informed, but of which your readers are not informed. One: People in general do not know how much is read to-day and where it is read. For we have to-day no leading literary periodical which has anything like the control of opinion which the periodical quarterly had in the middle of the last century.

Because this is so, you and I and the rest of us who are discussing this question really do not know what we are talking about. For instance, the first of Mrs. Holmes's novels were issued in the year 1854. The first of Dr. Wendell Holmes's novels was "Elsie Venner," published in 1861. The last was "The Mortal Antipathy," published in 1885. Now, if I met together for a real symposium all the gentlemen of your staff and all the septuagenarian and octogenarian contributors, of whom I am one, and anybody alluded to "Holmes's novels," it would be taken for granted that one of Dr. Holmes's novels was meant. But, in statistical fact, it would undoubtedly prove that there are in the world at this moment fifty times as many physical volumes of Mrs. Holmes's novels as there are of his.

Ruminate a little on that comparison, and tell me just what you mean when you say that people do not read fiction as much as they did. I am told, and believe, that there are eighty-five literary magazines in the city of New York. I have the honor of contributing regularly to one of these, of which the circulation is three hundred and fifty thousand. I observe that when I talk with a New York publisher, he speaks as if any circulation of less than one hundred thousand copies is not worth while to talk about. I also observe that when I talk with an editor he tells me that each number of his magazine must have one story in it. It is more than likely that he wants three or four. A distinguished author of such stories told me that he writes twelve in every year. Mr. Alden will permit me to say that he told me, twenty years ago, that there must be one love story in every number of Harper. I remember with interest that I shot in, as with a syringe into an open vein, a little stream of love which would not have been in that story had it not been for these words of my chief. For at that time, to use Mr. Moore's words, "I worked for the row."

Now, on the other hand, my memory goes back to 1842, when, in Boston, Bradbury and Soden started The Boston Miscellany, "A Magazine of Literature and Fashion." It had on its regular staff such writers as the two Everetts, as my own mother, Nathaniel P. Willis, James Russell Lowell—a regular monthly contributor—William W. Story, another, and, if anybody cares, my brother Nathan, who wrote as well as the best of them. Really, it was not a bad magazine. And when it was announced that the publishers had printed and sold ten thousand copies of the first number, that was counted as extraordinary success. Please to recollect that not one copy of it went beyond the Mississippi River.

Please to recollect that in 1841 there were perhaps five literary journals in the United States. At the outside their circulation was not more than fifty thousand copies. You who have to do with publishing can estimate better than I can how many copies of the eighty-five literary journals of New York will be printed before this month goes by. But I should say that the probability is that there are four million such copies. I wish you would ask one of the young ladies of your office to count the number of stories contained in those four million issues. Then we shall be able to say what we mean when we discuss the question why fiction is less attractive than it was in the middle of the last century.

I should like to squeeze into a few lines a treatise or two which should be written as to what we mean when we say "We the People." If I could, I should show, I think, what Fame is and what it is not. I do not remember any person born on the other side of the Atlantic who knows. I think I should say that a thousand people know who were born on this side of the Atlantic, but not many more.

I recollect, however, what Edward Everett told me of what the younger Disraeli said to him, about the year 1845. Disraeli said he did not care for an international copyright. He said: "For the compensation for my books I look to England. I look to America for reputation." And he implied that when he was told that a hundred or two thousand people in America read his novels, while, as he very well knew, not more than five thousand people in England cared whether he wrote one or not, he liked one form of compensation as well as he liked another. Here is, by the way, a contribution toward the criticism which worthy people used to heap on us before we had an international copyright.

At an expense for education which no emperor or king or nobleman ever dreamed of, we had created an immense reading class. In England the governing classes had steadily refused to do any such thing. Really, it was hardly decent for them to say to us, "You have created a class of readers in America; we have never created such a class in England, and now we expect you to exchange your million or two of readers against our forty or fifty thousand."

You will find a curious letter in Lockhart's "Life of Scott" describing a conversation with Constable as to the number of readers in Great Britain. Constable says that the immense majority of British families endowed with liberal fortunes had never yet conceived the remotest idea that their domestic arrangements were incomplete unless they expended some considerable sum upon the purchase of books. Then Constable goes on to say that there is an army of old-fashioned men in England who pay a guinea yearly for the privilege of wearing hair-powder. "It is an army compared with the purchasers of the best and most popular of books."

It seems queer to us, but Constable takes that particular class in comparison with the class of people who buy books. And, in fact, he planned his new library, Constable's Miscellany, on the basis of this curious bit of statistics.

In other words, there existed seventy-five years ago what you may call a reading class which numbered perhaps two in a hundred of the grown people of England. The proportion of readers in

America was larger. But all the readers in America in the time when the cheap reprints of Scott's novels were coming out were but a drop in the bucket compared with the people now to whom reading is a part of every day's occupation.

Let me take Dean Stanley's fine parallel between a living dog and a dead lion. I once published a novel, of which you never heard. I have lived more than a generation of men since, and I have never seen a copy of it on any table excepting my own. It was never noticed by Argus-eyed press in any of its issues. So far as the general estimate of success would go, it fell absolutely dead. Now, I have been comparing the sales of that forgotten book against the sales of "Waverley" in the first ten years after its issue in America; and this unfortunate work of the living dog is larger, according to your famous statistics, than the sales in the same period of time of the most famous work of that dead lion. Such is the difference between 1814 and 1884.

To put in twenty lines the essence of what I have been saying, if you mean to take the world of to-day and the people of to-day and to compare their reading of fiction with the reading of 1857, they read at least fifty times as much fiction as men and women did then. If, on the other hand, you mean, "Is there a little Brahmin class which has a right to say what fiction is good and what is bad?" there is no such class now.

If you mean to ask whether we have any young people now writing fiction who can do it as well as Thackeray and Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot and Trollope, and a few more of that generation, the answer is, first, nobody knows. The rocket is going up until it bursts; we do not know how many stars will fall out nor of what colors they will be. Robert Louis Stevenson is dead, the more the pity. Kipling has written books which will be read in the year 2000. I find myself a certain difficulty in reading the great novelists of the advertisements. But I find that my children, and now my grandchildren, finish books of which I can read only a few chapters—whether their judgment is better than mine or mine is better than theirs The Outlook of the year 1999 will know.

PRE-DIGESTED THINKING

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE

The Outlook's question suggests another so nearly related to it as to seem worthy of consideration; that is, whether any books exacting serious thought hold so large a share of the average reader's interest now as formerly. Well-written history, biography, works scientific and critical, literary and religious, are sure of a welcome from the cultivated class, but that class is comparatively small, and the great reading public appears more and more to require that its thinking be done for it, and to find instruction and entertainment in forms that but lightly tax the attention.

I distinctly remember that during my first year in Boston (1849) the "best seller" (strange as it may seem now)—the work most widely read and talked of by all sorts of people—was not romance (although most critics called it so), but history—the first two volumes of Macaulay's History of England. I cannot remember any other work that had so amazing a vogue until the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," three years later.

There have even been fashions in poetry, from Pope's and Scott's and Moore's and Byron's to that of Poe, the Brownings, Whitman, and—but I hesitate to add more recent names. The public shows but a languid interest in any verse appearing to-day; and it would give me a start of pleasurable surprise to hear some poetical work discussed by young people around me as "The Lady of the Lake," "Evangeline," "Enoch Arden," "Aurora Leigh," even "Festus" and "Lucile," were discussed and cited by young and old in the decades I recall.

I received not long since a memorial

tribute to an old and near friend of my own, prepared by her children, in which it appears that through many years of invalidism, when failing eyesight did not permit her to read to her grandchildren, she made their visits delightful by reciting to them poems she had learned in earlier days. She also had the habit of solacing her wakeful nights with remembered poems, psalms, and prayers, which helped her shut out thoughts of care and pain, soothed her lonely hours, and rarely failed to lull her mind to sleep. I have heard of similar cases, and I could name one writer who counts it among the best rewards of authorship that lines of his own are thus used "to go to sleep by." Are many young persons to-day laying up such mental treasures? I should be glad to believe so.

Causes not easy to discriminate have led to this decline of popular interest in forms of literature demanding serious attention. One cause, no doubt, is the rush and hurry, whether in work or sport, money-getting or money-spending, of the age in which we live. Perhaps another dates back even to the kindergarten and primary school, and the efforts of educators to make everything easy for the learner, keep him amused, and spare him the exercise of his powers of application. The omnivorous reading of light and flimsy fiction is also largely responsible for the change. But a more immediate and potent cause is the modern daily paper, including that enormously swollen seventh wave, the Sunday edition, which breaks at our doors in a foam and surge of miscellany—story, gossip, information, illustration, news of the neighborhood and of the world—enough, one would say, to fill the amplest family leisure, not for the day only, but until another Sunday morning brings its own deluge of printed and pictured sheets.

With the consideration of the daily paper comes the question raised by The Outlook, whether the reading public is not turning from literature to the actual happenings of the world, even to the neglect of fiction, the demand for which is said to be falling off in recent years.

The fact of this falling off—if fact it be—has not come under my observation, and I should like to hear what librarians and booksellers have to say on the subject. The assistants in the public library which I most frequent smile incredulously at the hint of any such decline. If you go to its shelves for standard works, even works of the imagination, like those of Scott, Cooper, Hawthorne, George Eliot, you will be pretty sure to find them "in." But the scramble for current fiction shows no sign of abatement, and if you ask for the latest popular novel, you are quite as sure to be told that it is "out."

I like to talk with young men about their reading, and mildly remonstrate when they make answer, as they are apt to do, "I don't have time to read anything but the daily paper." Yet I believe most thoroughly in the daily paper, even in that poor man's library, the Sunday edition, only deploring that it is not better adapted than it commonly is for improving the public taste instead of depraving it, and almost wishing there might be some law to prevent the abominably coarse colored supplement from meeting the eyes of impressible childhood.

I confess that it gives me a sympathetic pleasure to see some spectacled dame appear at her sitting-room window, as I pass in the afternoon, unfold her evening paper just picked up from the doorstep, and settle down serenely to the consolation it unfailingly affords. What a relief to her lonely hours is the coming of this constant gossipy visitor! It is a yet more touching spectacle to chance upon a bright young girl reading aloud, to her rapt and placid grandfather, the columns which even with the help of lenses he finds it painful to peruse. How pleasantly spent the hour for both! If only these columns were filled with things always worth telling and always well told, and were not so largely taken up with every-day accidents, suicides, shootings, divorces, criminal trials, not only profitless to fill the mind, particularly the mind of that fair young girl, but too frequently related in an execrable newspaper style of mingled slang and fustian, which the vulgar admire, but which makes the judicious grieve.

It is life we are ever looking for and are curious about, whether in fact or fiction, in the most ancient history or in the happenings of to-day. The world was never so interesting as it is in this era of electric communication, of scientific discovery and industrial enterprise, of amazing human activity in so many hitherto unimagined fields. The records of the past are indeed priceless, but what is occurring in this most wondrous age, here and now, concerns us more than what befell the Romans or Greeks or Hebrews thousands of years ago; a knowledge of the past having value for us chiefly in accounting for and interpreting the present.

It naturally follows that—as The Outlook suggests—the reading public is turning more and more to the history of the day's doings. This tendency has been met half-way by a class of periodicals that are to the newspaper what the arch is to the colonnade; they complete and crown the whole. The experience of an elderly friend of mine will illustrate my meaning. He does not spend very much time over the daily paper, but looks it through for matters of immediate importance, trusting to the aforesaid periodicals to round out the information he requires. I notice on his table such weeklies as The Outlook, the Independent, the Nation, the Spectator of London, and such monthlies as the World's Work, the Review of Reviews, Popular Science, and Current Literature, and he tells me that he relies on these to give compactness and proportion to what the daily press presents in the rough, to sift out what is trivial, and to supply whatever of importance he may elsewhere have missed. They, moreover, develop and discuss an endless variety of subjects of world-wide interest which it is hardly within the province of the daily paper to treat. He reads no magazine through, not even the best—for life is short—but, with quick, experienced eye, he scans the pages and the pictures for such matters as concern him most; recognizing the fact that not everything in the most judiciously edited monthly or weekly has value alike for all readers.

He who for a similar purpose chooses two or three such periodicals as those named (two or three are better than one, for variety of topics and comparison of points of view) can depend upon their keeping him well informed as to what is happening in all quarters of the known globe—in Russia, India, Korea, at Paris and the Vatican, at St. Petersburg and The Hague; what progress is making in world projects, social and religious movements, in politics, science, literature, adventure,; and he will be guided as to the direction in which he can best seek further enlightenment on any special subject. Some such method of keeping abreast with contemporary events may be safely commended, not, however, to the neglect of the reading of good books, new or old, but as supplementary to it.

LITERATURE AT OFF-TIDE

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

The vast rate at which American schools, colleges, and libraries are just now growing brings back what was said by a keen observer who wrote, more than a century ago, "Literature cannot be expected to flourish so luxuriantly in America as it will in a few years. The useful naturally precedes the ornamental; cottages were built long before the Temple of the Muses." This was written on January 30, 1803, in London, by that far-seeing American, William Austin, who produced, soon after his return home, the earliest bit of thoroughly American imaginative writing in his story of "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man." Austin thus had the advantage, not only of predicting American imaginative literature, but of building its first "cottage," to use his modest symbol. After all, it is apt to be an author's earliest book which counts for fame.

Sir Thomas Aquinas held that a man would most easily become learned by reading some one book thoroughly, and Southey in his "The Doctor" quotes the passage, plainly thinking that he has himself furnished that book. This may not have proved to be so; but it is certain that it is quality which counts in literature, not quantity. Wendell Phillips (who was, among all American public speakers, the readiest with an effective historical illustration) always claimed that in his whole busy life he had read but one set of books completely—those relating to the Revolution; and one needs only to look through his printed speeches to prove how well he had read those books. On a smaller scale, I knew one man of humbler training, a Massachusetts farmer, who never could discuss any social question without drawing illustrations from Lamartine's "History of the Girondists," described by this farmer under the more vigorously secular name of "La Martin's History of the Gyrondists." Every strong book finds some one who has fed on it at some period of his life and been nourished, and I knew a whole group of Massachusetts officers to be cheered through a winter's campaign in the Civil War by a single battered volume of Horace's Latin odes.

"Man is in no haste to be venerable," said Leigh Hunt, very justly, in his old age; yet one of the advantages of old age is that it makes us more indulgent to the world in which we live. There is no real rivalry between literature and life. For some reason or other, the supply of poetry has just now grown thinner in quantity, here and elsewhere; but this will take care of itself. Emerson in his day created American literature; Longfellow and Whittier popularized American poetic feeling. We meet people who know Poe's stories by heart or dozens of pages of Whitman. Emerson at the beginning of his "English Traits" laments that he went abroad too late for Burns and Byron, but meanwhile accepts with reluctance Wordsworth and Coleridge. There occurred a vacuum of a hundred years between Milton and Burns, after which English poetry reappeared in the group of Lake poets, and these in turn gave way to Tennyson and Browning. The temporary disappearance of Emersons and Hawthornes is not more marked in America than that of these two poets in England or that of the Goethes and Schillers in Germany. In America we had at least the Civil War to account for any literary falling off, since life in the field simply turned out too absorbing for poetic expression. It would have been predicted beforehand that a contest so momentous would create a new outburst of American poetry, but it only supplied its material for coming generations to use at leisure. In place of the harvest predicted, there came only a few memorable poems, and these usually were the work of non-combatants, as when a young New York lawyer wrote "The Blue and the Gray," or Emerson "Though Love Repine and Reason Chafe," or Julia Ward Howe "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was something, perhaps, to get three good poems out of five years of fighting.

Literature has this at least which is providential about it, that we must follow, not force, its tendencies. It has its ever-varying forms, and must take its successes and its changes as time measures them. We have got far beyond that period when, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, classical learning was the "parole or countersign of literary men" all over the world. We are also beyond that later time when, as Carlyle wrote in his earlier days, literary men themselves formed "a perpetual priesthood;" or that still later and more secular interval when Sydney Smith proposed as a motto for the Edinburgh Review the phrase from Horace, "*Tenui musam meditamur avena*," which he tersely translated, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." Rather we are at that period of universal appetite and supply when one brother in a family may be found printing and putting on the stage a tragedy on Sappho and Phaon, filled with Greek allusion from the first page to the last, while his own brother is writing grave volumes on contemporary social questions. It is a transition period, but so are all periods when you find the true key to them; it is all as inevitable as the passage from night to day or from day to night.

The truth seems to be that the very best literature is simply a transcript of human life, whether shown in its highest or its lowest forms. As we grow old enough to choose our paths, each finds himself already inclosed in a network of events and influence one-tenth public and nine-tenths private in its origin. By middle life, or much sooner, every one who has come much in contact with the world knows secrets of human life which would convulse the whole circle around him, if correctly told. The simple facts would easily eclipse all the novels, if the very complications of the tale did not forbid its telling. No painter, it is said, ever dares to paint a sunset so bright as the sky often holds, and so the most thrilling novelist understates the mystery and entanglement of the actual world around him. If he has any caution in his nature, he may well say, as the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said when planning his autobiography, "I should like to speak the truth, but if I did I should be torn in pieces." Miss Alcott's heroine, writing her first stories, finds with surprise that all the things she has drawn directly from real life are received with incredulity, and only those drawn wholly from imagination are believed at all. Real life goes so much beyond fiction that those who are brought up on novels are apt to meet with something in later life which so eclipses their mere invention that one grows tired of such a poor substitute for the reality. This is one reason why, as Goethe pointed out, old age makes us more charitable. "I see no fault committed," he says, "that I have not committed myself."

The seeming contradictions in the character of Hamlet, over which the critics have wrangled for a century or more, are not really so great or improbable as those to be found in many youths who pass for commonplace; and that man's experience is limited who has not encountered in his time women of more infinite variety than even Shakespeare's Cleopatra. Character in real life is a far more absorbing study than character in any fiction; and when it comes to complexity of plot, fiction is nowhere in comparison. Toss a skein of thread into the sea, and within two hours the waves and the floating seaweed will have tangled it into a knot more perplexing than the utmost effort of your hands could have woven. And so the complex plots of life are created by the currents of human existence itself—not by the lesser ingenuity of mere romancers. I once heard an eloquent preacher advance the opinion that we shall probably spend a large part of eternity in unraveling the strange history of one another's lives. It might be possible, perhaps, to devise more profitable ways of spending eternity, but there is no doubt that the employment he suggested might well occupy an age or so of it. We must, however, stipulate that the knowledge should not be that contributed by our next-door neighbors, or even by ourselves. To make our friends really most interesting we must discern their secrets in spite of themselves.

The finest statement ever produced in England of the honors befitting a great writer was perhaps that recorded by Lord Selborne, who wrote thus: "My impression is . . . that our great literary men, great poets in particular, are among the foremost and most prominent lights of the world and benefactors of mankind—worthy, therefore, beyond question, of all honor. But their greatest honor is the power they exercise over minds of men, and the *monumentum ære perennius* which they erect to themselves. When titular or other dignities are conferred in recognition of their merits upon such men as Lord Tennyson, Lord Macaulay, and Sir Walter Scott, it is they who do honor to the dignity, rather than the dignity to them."[1]

And if this verdict limits the rewards of intellect to a very few of its highest votaries, it is well to bear in mind also that most consoling of all literary summaries written by Stevenson concerning the life he loved. "The worthless artist," he writes, "would not improbably have been a quite competent baker. And the artist, even if he does not amuse the public, amuses himself; so that there will always be one man the happier for his vigils. This is the practical side of art, its impregnable fortress of the true practitioner. The direct return—the wages of the trade—are small; but the indirect—the wages of the life—are incalculably great. No other business offers a man his daily bread upon such joyful terms."

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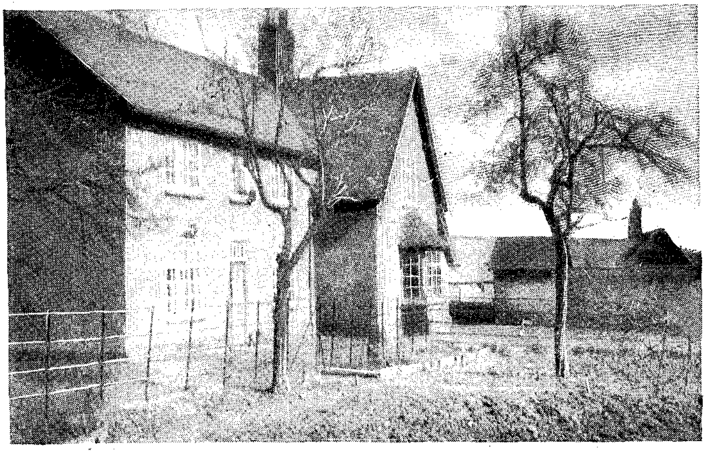
[1] Nicoll's Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century, II., 467.

REAL LIFE IN GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS

I

BY CHARLES S. OLCOTT



GEORGE ELIOT'S BIRTHPLACE

SOUTH FARM, ON THE ARBURY ESTATE, NEAR NUNEATON

GEORGE ELIOT'S contribution to history lies in the fact that she has given the best picture to be found in all literature of English provincial life in the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir Leslie Stephen says: "She has done for it what Scott did for the Scotch peasantry, or Fielding for the eighteenth-century Englishmen, or Thackeray for the higher social stratum of his time."

When George Lewes began to say to her, very positively, "You must try and write a story," he unwittingly set in motion a combination of forces which ultimately transformed a talented editorial writer and translator into one of the greatest of English novelists. In the effort to carry out his suggestion, and in the midst of many doubts of her own dramatic power, George Eliot's mind took the simplest and most natural course. She felt that she could not invent a story—but perhaps she might find one, and she looked for it among the recollections of her childhood. Fortunately, it was there. The habit of close observation coupled with a marvelous memory enabled her to recall with remarkable minuteness of detail the exact scenes and all the particulars of a tale in which the chief characters were intimate friends and neighbors of her father and mother. Nothing was lacking except confidence in her own ability, and when this was created by the faith of Mr. Lewes, the story which she called "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton" seemingly sprang into being of its own accord. The naturalness of its origin sufficiently explains the charm of this tale, so full of sweetness and human sympathy, so vivid in its portrayal of real life, so fresh in its atmosphere, and so simple in its construction.

"Amos Barton" was quickly followed by "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" and "Janet's Repentance," the three forming the "Scenes of Clerical Life." They were all based upon personal recollections of events in the lives of people who lived in and near the town of Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, where George Eliot passed the first twenty-one years of her life.

Half a century ago Nuneaton was not, as now, a thriving manufacturing town, but a straggling village where everybody knew everybody else and the center of gossip was the bar of the village inn. Here everybody's private affairs were well ventilated, and if there chanced to be a choice bit of news it was rehearsed over and over again until every frequenter of the place was able to do his share in repeating it to his wife, and she in turn to her neighbors, without losing the smallest detail.

The year 1857 was a memorable one to this social center, for it brought something really worth talking about. It did more. It stirred up the blood of the inhabitants to fever-heat, and furnished enough gossip to set all the tongues in the village to wagging for the next half-century. The cause of all the excitement was the appearance of the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Nuneaton promptly recognized herself in the village of Milby, and in the *dramatis personæ* found a whole trunkful of caps to be fitted on the heads of her own people. Amos Barton could be no other than the Rev. John Gwyther, curate of Chilvers Coton Church, called Shepperton Church in the story; Mr. Maynard Gilfil was the Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell, the slight change of name confirming the accuracy of the description; Janet was a Mrs. Buchanan, whose story was well known to them all. Some of the old families of Nuneaton still treasure well-worn copies of the "Scenes of Clerical Life," in which are written lists of characters and their real names. One of these lists, made by a resident of the town when the book first appeared, was given to the writer by his son. It corresponds almost identically with another list furnished quite independently by a descendant of one of the most prominent characters. The complete list is as follows:

"THE SAD FORTUNES OF AMOS BARTON"

Amos Barton	Rev, John Gwyther
Milly Barton	Mrs. Emma Gwyther
Mr. Oldinport (who loaned Amos Barton £20)	Rt. Hon. C. N. Newdegate
Mr. Gilfil	Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell
Mrs. Patten	Mrs. Hutchins
Mr. and Mrs. Hackit	Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans
Mr. Pilgrim	Mr. Bucknill
Mr. Spratt	Mr. Hackett
Mr. Ely	Rev. Mr. King
Mr. Farquhar	Squire Harper
Mr. Phipps	Mr. Craddock
Mrs. Woodcock	Mrs. Craddock
Mr. Landor	Mr. Greenway
Mr. Brand	Mr. Harris
Rev. Mr. Fellowes	Rev. Mr. Bellairs
Rev. Mr. Duke	Rev. Mr. Hoke
Rev. Mr. Furness	Rev. Mr. W. Bucknill
Rev. Mr. Cleves	Rev. Mr. John Fisher
Rev. Mr. Baird	Rev. Mr. Sandford
Mr. Bridmain	Sir John Waldron
Countess Czerlaski	Countess Isabel
Fitchett	Baker (The Verger)

Places

Shepperton	Chilvers Coton
Milby	Nuneaton
Whittlecombe	Stockingford
Knebley	Astley
Tripplegate	Higham
Camp Villa	The Poplars (The Briars)

"MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY"

Sir Christopher Cheverel	Sir Roger Newdigate
Lady Cheverel	Lady Hester Newdigate
Rev. Maynard Gilfil	Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell
Catarina Sarti	Sally Shilton
Captain Wybrow	Charles Parker
Lady Assher	Lady Anstruther
Mr. Oldinport	Francis Newdigate
Bates, the Gardener	Baines, Gardener at Arbury
Sir Anthony Cheverel	Sir Richard Newdegate

Places

Cheverel Manor	Arbury Hall
Knebley Abbey	Astley Castle
Knebley Church	Astley Church
The Rookery	North Walk

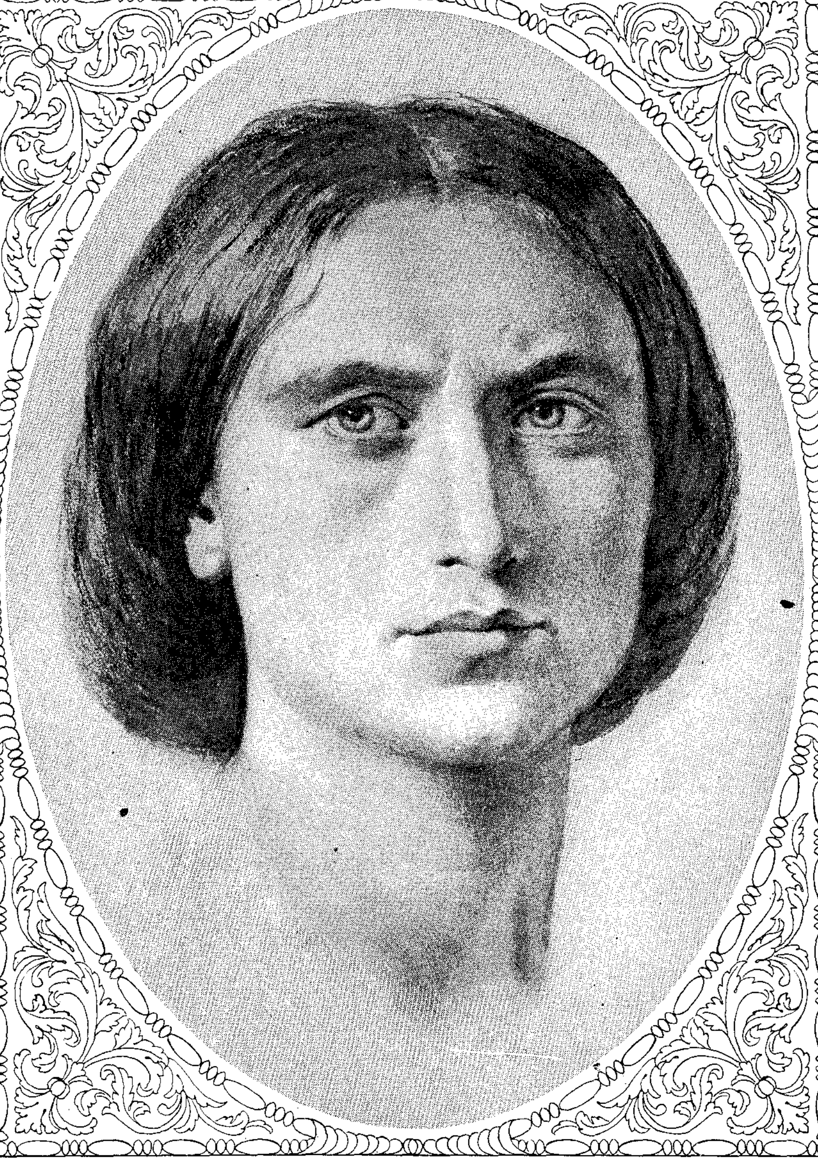
"JANET'S REPENTANCE"

Mr. Dempster	Mr. Buchanan
Janet Dempster	Mrs. Buchanan
Mr. Tomlinson	Mr. Hinks
Rev. Mr. Crewe	Rev. Mr. Hughes
Mr. Pratt	Mr. Bond
Rev. Mr. Tryan	Mr. Jones
Misses Linnet	Misses Hill
Mrs. Pettifer	Mrs Robinson
Mr. Pittman	Mr. Greenway
Rev. Mr. Prendergast	Hon. and Rev. Mr. Stopford
Mr. Landor	Mr. Craddock
Mr. Budd	Mr. Burton
Mr. Lowme	Mr. Towle
Mr. Phipps	Mr. Bull
Mr. Jerome	Mr. Everhard
Mrs. Rayner	Mrs. Wallington
Jonathan Lamb	Wheway

Places

Paddiford	Stockingford
The Red Lion	Bull Hotel
Orchard Street	Church Street

The fact that no less than fifty characters were thus identified makes the "Scenes of Clerical Life" quite unique among works of fiction. The first question which occurred to the astonished people of Nuneaton was, "Who is this George Eliot?" Evidently "he" must



A STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE ELIOT

This remarkable picture only recently came into the possession of the British Museum and has never before been published. It is the work of Sir Frederic Burton, who finished a well-known portrait in 1864, and this was undoubtedly one of his studies for that picture. It was found in his studio after his death. Sir Theodore Martin, who was intimately acquainted both with George Eliot and Sir Frederic Burton, says of it: "When engaged in the execution of a portrait of importance, Sir Frederic was in the habit of making many studies of the face, and head, and the varieties of expression, and I have no doubt he made many in the case of George Eliot, of whom he had a great admiration, before he satisfied himself as to the best treatment of a face that demanded so much subtlety of appreciation."

From the forthcoming Large Paper Edition of George Eliot's Works. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

have been one of their own number. In fact, they argued, he must have been one of those who were wont to spend their evenings in the bar of the Bull Hotel, the original of the Red Lion of Milby, for the first chapter of "Janet's Repentance" contains a conversation held in this room, which many of them remembered almost word for word. It could not have been written by anybody except one who had heard it. But this made the question all the more difficult, for there was no man among them who possessed any literary ability. There was one man, however, who had been known to write poetry. It was pretty bad, but it constituted him an author, and, as he was not known to be good for much else, what was first a mere suspicion slowly crystallized into a fixed public opinion, that this man, Liggins by name, was the real George Eliot. Liggins quite relished the greatness thus thrust upon him, and failed to make a prompt denial. Finally he realized that all the wiser heads of the community believed him to be the author, and therefore, accepting their superior judgment as better than his own, he too came to believe it and "confessed." Many prominent persons and influential journals also accepted the Liggins theory, much to the real author's disgust. A deputation of clergymen visited him to invite him to write for their magazine, and found him "washing his slop-basin at a pump," whereupon they were duly "inspired with reverence." George Eliot almost believed in Liggins herself, because, she said, it is "so easy to believe what the world keeps repeating." The fiction became so serious that sums of money were actually raised for the poor but eccentric author who "would take no pay for his manuscript," and the author was compelled to reveal her identity to prevent a huge imposition upon the public.

The real conversations which were so cleverly reported were actually heard by Robert Evans, the father of George Eliot, who doubtless often visited the Bull in company with his neighbors. He repeated them to his wife, not realizing that the little daughter who listened so attentively was gifted with a marvelous memory, or that she possessed a genius that could transform a simple tale into a novel of dramatic power. Mary Ann Evans had moved to Coventry sixteen years before, and was therefore scarcely known in Nuneaton at the time the stories appeared. She then had no literary fame, and was no more likely to be thought of in this connection than any one of a hundred other school-girls.

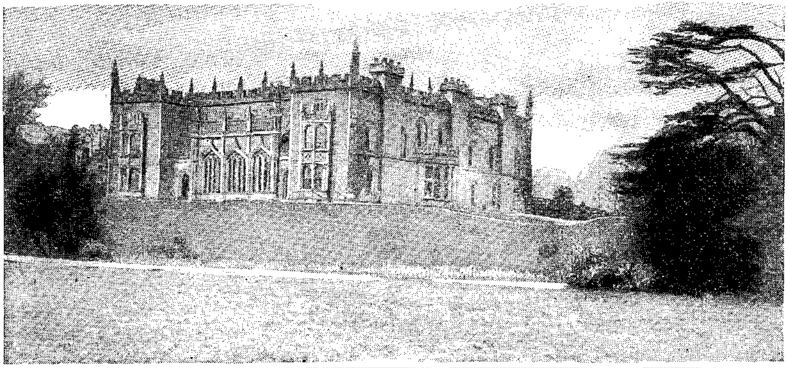
A mile south of Nuneaton the visitor of to-day may see a small stone church with square tower, known as the Chilvers Coton Church. A little flight of steps running up the outer wall to the school-children's gallery identifies it with Shepperton Church. Here George Eliot was baptized, and here was the scene of the labors of Amos Barton and of Mr. Gilfil. Near by is the pretty little vicarage where Milly Barton lived and fought a losing battle with poverty, sickness, and gross imposition. In the churchyard under a fine old yew-tree is a tombstone commonly known as Milly's Grave. This is the inscription:

Within this Tomb
Waiting the summons of the archangel's
trumpet is enclosed all that was mortal of
EMMA
the beloved wife of the
Revd. John Gwyther, B.A.
Curate of this Parish
who departed this life
November 4th, 1836
Aged 34 years.
"Looking for that blessed hope and glorious
appearance of the great God and our
Saviour Jesus Christ." Titus 2: 13
SHE
has left a husband and seven children to
lament their loss; but assured of her
eternal gain, they mourn not as
those who have no hope;
faith enables them to anticipate their
reunion in a state of endless felicity.

(Reverse)

The
various duties of her station, she
discharged with Christian fidelity;
mild amiable and affectionate,
she was beloved by all who knew her;
devout and unostentatious in her piety, she
has left an example worthy of universal
imitation; deeply imbued with the spirit of
the gospel "peace on earth and good will
toward man," she died in the
possession of that peace which arises
only from faith in the finished salvation of
our God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

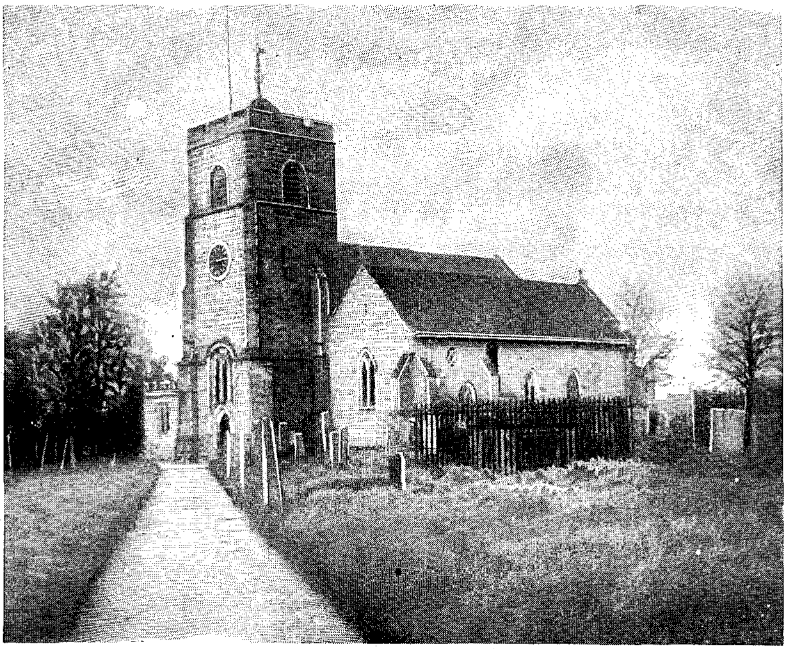
One has only to read this inscription to realize that no artist ever painted a



ARBURY HALL

THE CHEVEREL MANOR OF "MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY"

"Sir Christopher, as I understand, is going to make a new thing of the old Manor House, both inside and out. . . . It is to be cased with stone, in the Gothic style—pretty near like the churches, you know."



CHILVERS COTON CHURCH

THE SHEPPERTON CHURCH OF "THE SAD FORTUNES OF AMOS BARTON"

"Its substantial stone tower looks at you through its intelligent eye, the clock, with the friendly expression of former days."

truer portrait than George Eliot when she drew that sweet picture of Emma Gwyther, and called her Milly Barton.

Some tender recollections of her mother give an added charm to the picture. Mrs. Evans was a true friend of Emma Gwyther, and her kindness to this lovely but needy woman is beautifully recalled by the service of Mrs. Hackit in the story, who sent Milly "a cheese and a sack of potatoes" now and then, relieving her necessities when she could, ministering to her tenderly during her illness, and lovingly caring for the motherless children. For Mrs. Evans was a woman of tender heart, though possessed of a sharp tongue and a ready wit. She was a good housewife, and managed her dairy with excellent business ability. All these characteristics are found in Mrs. Hackit, who is thus described with captivating humor:

> Mrs. Hackit declines cream; she has so long abstained from it, with an eye to the weekly butter-money, that abstinence, wedded to habit, has begotten aversion. She is a thin woman, with a chronic liver complaint, which would have secured her Mr. Pilgrim's entire regard and unreserved good word, even if he had not been in awe of her tongue, which was as sharp as his own lancet. She has brought her knitting—no frivolous fancy knitting, but a substantial woolen stocking; the click-click of her knitting-needles is the running accompaniment to all her conversation, and in her utmost enjoyment of spoiling a friend's self-satisfaction she was never known to spoil a stocking.

Mr. Hackit is one of those pleasant, kind-hearted old gentlemen whom we always delight to meet in novels, as in real life, because the contact makes us better. He, like Robert Evans, was "a shrewd, substantial man, whose advice about crops is always worth listening to, and who is too well off to want to borrow money." George Eliot had a profound respect for her father, and could scarcely refrain from dwelling upon the characteristics which she so much admired in him. In Adam Bede she gave free rein to this impulse; in Mr. Tulliver she pictured the well-remembered love of her father for herself, his favorite child; and in Caleb Garth she revealed the honored father in later years, when his "uncommon common-sense," sterling honesty, and sound judgment had won the respect and esteem of landed gentry and farmer-folk for miles around.

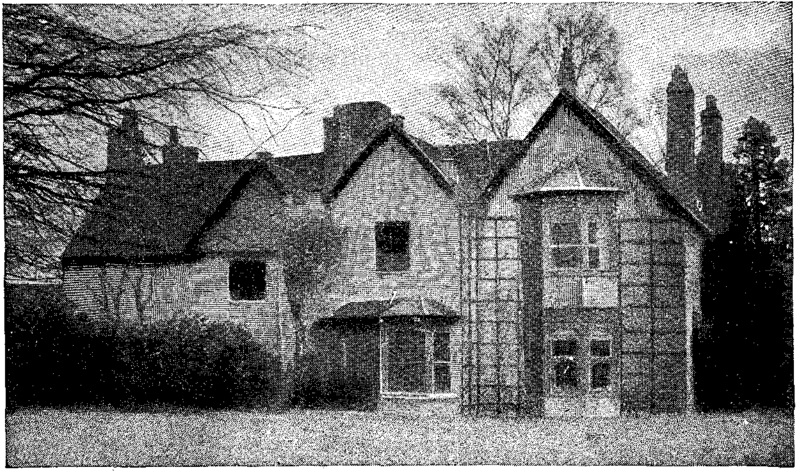
The tombstone of Robert Evans and his wife is in the churchyard of Chilvers Coton, and to find it one has only to ask any villager to point out the grave of Adam Bede.

Returning to Nuneaton, we may pass the workhouse, "a huge square stone building, euphuistically called the College." Here Amos Barton attempted to bring his geographical, chronological, and exegetical mind to the level of Old Maxum, who was ninety-five and stone deaf, Silly Jim, who "rolled his head from side to side and gazed at the point of his nose," and Mrs. Brick, whose only sensitive point was snuff. It is a curious fact that even one of the paupers, Mr. Fitchett, found an "original" in real life, in an old verger named Baker.

The "Oldinport Arms," where Mr. Hackit presided at the annual dinner of the "Association for the Prosecution of Felons," stands in the market-place of Nuneaton. Its real name is the "Newdegate Arms." The obvious change of "new" to "old" and of "gate" to its equivalent "port" suggests that the author intended the name to be recognized. Similar changes are numerous throughout the earlier novels. From the windows of this hotel in 1832 Colonel Newdegate read the Riot Act to an election mob whose turbulent spirit could not be subdued by a detachment of the Scots Greys, and the gallant colonel was wounded in the tumult, which did not subside until the following day. George Eliot, then a girl of thirteen, witnessed this stirring scene, and thirty-three years later wrote a vivid description of it in "Felix Holt."

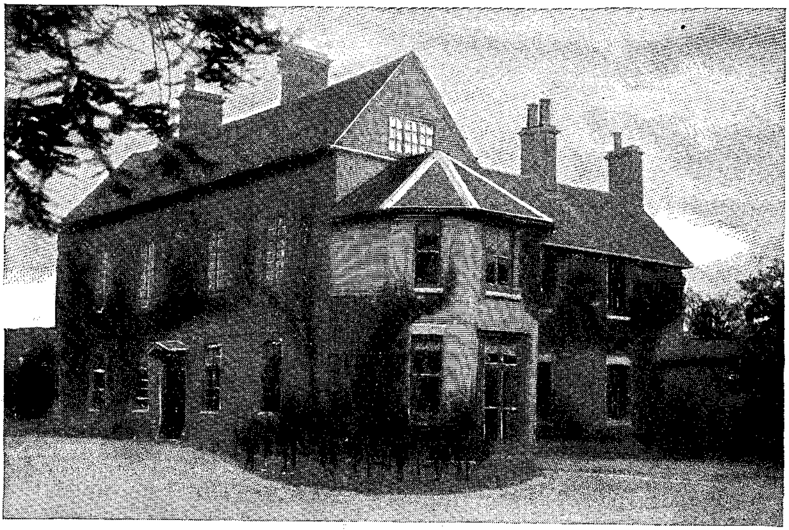
Mr. Oldinport, who loaned Amos Barton twenty pounds, was the Right Honorable Charles N. Newdegate, a distinguished member of Parliament for many years. His predecessor, with whom Mr. Gilfil quarreled, was Mr. Francis Newdigate, the great-grandfather of the present owner of Arbury Hall. He was also "the old squire" of "Adam Bede."

The Bull Hotel, just around the corner from the Newdegate Arms, played an important part in "Janet's Repentance"



CHILVERS COTON VICARAGE

THE HOME OF MILLY BARTON



GRIFF HOUSE

WHERE GEORGE ELIOT LIVED UNTIL TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE
THE WINDOW UNDER THE ROOF IS IN "MAGGIE'S GARRET"

as the "Red Lion" of Milby. Here, in the bar-room, Lawyer Dempster insisted that the Presbyterians were a sect founded by "John Presbyter," forcing poor Mr. Byles, who dared to dispute him, to beat an ignominious retreat. Here the conspiracy against the Rev. Mr. Tryan was hatched, and from the front window Mr. Dempster harangued the crowd in the interests of "True Religion," going home a little drunker than usual to give his beautiful wife a terrific beating. Dempster's house in Orchard Street (Church Street) may still be seen, and a few doors below is the arched passage through which poor Janet fled for refuge to Mrs. Pettifer's on the night when her brutal husband thrust her into the street in her night-dress. This incident really happened. The persecution of the dissenting minister, Mr. Tryan, is also a matter of local history. The mob, headed by Dempster's hired lieutenants, jeered and hooted as the brave preacher marched up Orchard Street to Milby Church. The scurrilous hand-bill, remarkable only for its venom and not for its wit, actually existed. It is doubtless, as the author says, "a faithful copy" of the original.

MRS. ROBINSON'S HOUSE

THE MRS. PETTIFER OF "JANET'S REPENTANCE"

"Mrs. Pettifer's house did not look into Orchard Street; it stood a little way up a wide passage which opened into the street through an archway."

THE GALLERY, ARBURY HALL

"A gallery running along the whole eastern side of the building, where it was her [Catarina's] habit to walk when she wished to be alone."

BRIDGE TO THE MOSSLANDS

"MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY"

"The pretty arched wooden bridge which formed the only entrance to the Mosslands for any but webbed feet."

The church to which Mr. Tryan made this painful journey is a large and handsome structure at the head of Church Street. The oldest inhabitants still recall the "Honorable and Reverend Mr. Stopford," who fulfilled the duties of Rector by coming once a year, when he preached one sermon and dropped a guinea in the plate. He was the original Mr. Prendergast. The vicarage near by was the home of Janet's dear friend, the curate's wife, Mrs. Crewe. In the story of Amos Barton it was the scene of the "Clerical Meeting" where all the clergymen of the neighboring country assembled to discuss the Epistle of Jude, and incidentally to dine quite comfortably while dissecting poor Mr. Barton.

Across the street the visitor may, if he choose, visit George Eliot's school, an ivy-covered building, where Mary Ann Evans was sent in her eighth or ninth year. A quaint little book-rack, with labels in her own handwriting, may still be seen, as the only remaining relic of her presence. The curious may also visit the White House, where good old Mr. Jerome lived, and the Briars (or the Poplars), the lodging-place of the bogus Countess, who brought ruin and death to poor Milly Barton.

Arbury Park, lying some three miles to the southwest of Nuneaton, is a place of rare beauty. It is an inclosure of perhaps three hundred acres, and a part of the Arbury Estate which extends over something like ten thousand acres of rich mining and agricultural land. The present owner is Mr. Francis Alexander Newdigate Newdegate, who is a great-grandson of Francis Newdigate, the employer of Robert Evans, and the original of Mr. Oldinport in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." It was Francis Newdigate, the grandfather of the present Mr. Newdegate, who introduced Robert Evans to his father and urged his employment. Mr. Newdegate was a Member of Parliament for fourteen years, and is highly esteemed.

The Newdegates first came into possession of Arbury in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when John Newdegate obtained the estate from Sir Edmund Anderson in exchange for the manor of Harefield, where the Newdegate family had settled since the reign of Edward III. Harefield is now one of the estates of the present Mr. Newdegate, who is also the owner of Astley Castle and Weston-in-Arden in Warwickshire, and of West Hallam in Derbyshire.

The charming old Gothic manor, with its romantic surroundings, its beautifully kept lawns, its fine old trees, its sparkling pool, the gardens, the drawing-room, the dining-room, the library, the long gallery upstairs, the housekeeper's room, the ancestral paintings, and even the old harpsichord, are to-day almost exactly as they are described in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story."

In the saloon two striking portraits are hung side by side on the wall opposite the door. The fine old gentleman is Sir Roger Newdigate, the original of Sir Christopher Cheverel, a man of generous disposition and kindly nature, the reminiscences of whose real life correspond with the agreeable impression of his character left by the story. Unfortunately, his good wife, whose portrait hangs by his side, does not fare so well at the hands of the novelist, for Lady Newdigate was a woman of far lovelier character than might be inferred from the somewhat unsatisfactory description of Lady Cheverel. The author never really knew her, and did not obtain sufficient information to paint her portrait as accurately as she seems to have done that of Sir Roger, whose strong characteristics were well known.

Sir Roger Newdigate was born on the 30th of May, 1719, and died, in his eighty-eighth year, on November 25, 1806. He was the owner of one of the finest estates of coal in Great Britain, and a Member of Parliament for many years. He was a liberal benefactor to the poor of his neighborhood, and a great friend of Oxford University, to which he made many munificent gifts. Like another "grand old man" of England, he was well versed in Homer and all the best of the classics. He was extremely fond of art and architecture, to which he devoted a large share of his time, traveling extensively, and sketching ancient ruins, buildings, statues, and landscapes. He was an indefatigable collector of paintings, curious antique marbles, vases of exquisite workmanship, and casts from the best statuary of Rome and Florence. He also collected a library of rare and valuable books.

His study of the best types of Gothic architecture led him to rebuild his house in that style. He cut through the thick walls of the ancient house to build three ample Gothic arches, which to-day serve as the most distinguished feature of Arbury Hall, lighting a dining-room said to be one of the noblest in the Kingdom. The library and drawing-rooms, with their arched ceilings, and the magnificent saloon, modeled after the style of the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, were completed only a few years before his death.

The real Lady Cheverel was Sir Roger's second wife, Hester Margaretta Mundy, whom he married in 1776. She was very fond of music, and took lessons in London of an Italian music-master named Motta—the original of "Sarti." One day, while driving over the estate in her carriage, the attention of Lady Newdigate was attracted by a little girl, the daughter of a collier, sweetly singing as she sat upon the doorstep of her father's cottage. The child, whose name was Sally Shilton, was taken to the Arbury home and Signor Motta was engaged to give her lessons. She developed so much musical talent that Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate, who were both much attached to her, had high hopes of a great professional career. She was soon promoted from the housekeeper's room to the drawing-room, and became a much-loved member of the family. Her health, however, proved too delicate for a professional career, and this was eventually given up, although the young girl was in much demand for private musicales, and at one time assisted in a grand party at Packington, the seat of the Earl of Aylesford.

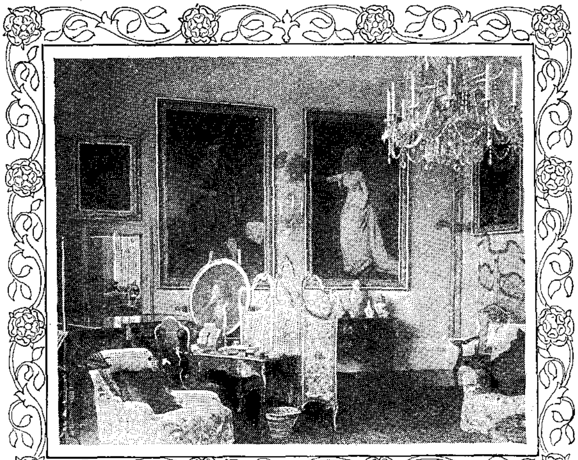
When George Eliot wrote "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," she found a charming heroine in little Sally Shilton, whom she only faintly disguised as an Italian and the daughter of Sarti. But there is no evidence that the love affairs of Catarina and the Captain ever had a counterpart in Sally's history. Mr. Charles Parker, the presumptive heir of Sir Roger, was the original of Captain Wybrow of the story, and Miss Anstruther was a convenient model for Miss Assher. But it is hardly likely that Sally Shilton was ever in love with Charles Parker, for she was only eleven years old at the time of his marriage to Miss Anstruther.

She had a lover, however, in the curate of Shepperton Church, and the chaplain of the family. His name was Bernard Gilpin Ebdell. George Eliot altered the name but slightly—Bernard Gilpin being easily transformed into Maynard Gilfil. Sally married the young clergyman, and moved into the pretty vicarage, which later became the home of another of the author's heroines, Milly Barton. She did not die, as told in the story, in which Mr. Gilfil only "tasted a few months of perfect happiness," but made him an excellent wife for twenty-two years. The jealousy of Catarina and the tragic death of Captain Wybrow are, of course, pure fiction.

Mr. Gilfil "had a large heap of short sermons, rather yellow and worn at the edges, from which he took two every Sunday, securing perfect impartiality in the selection by taking them as they came, without reference to topics; and having preached one of these sermons at Shepperton in the morning, he mounted his horse and rode hastily with the other in his pocket to Knebley, where he officiated in a wonderful little church, with a checkered pavement which had once rung to the iron tread of military monks, with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof, marble warriors and their wives without noses occupying a large proportion of the area, and the twelve apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons, painted in fresco on the walls."

Astley Church, near the Arbury estate, is the original of Knebley Church. It is still in the same condition as described. It is interesting to note, however, that the "twelve apostles with didactic ribbons" are not apostles at all, but saints. There are eighteen in all—nine New Testament saints with halos, and nine Old Testament saints without.

George Eliot was born on this beautiful estate of Arbury, within a few hundred yards of the old Manor House. When his daughter was only four months old, Mr. Evans moved to Griff House,



THE SALOON, ARBURY HALL

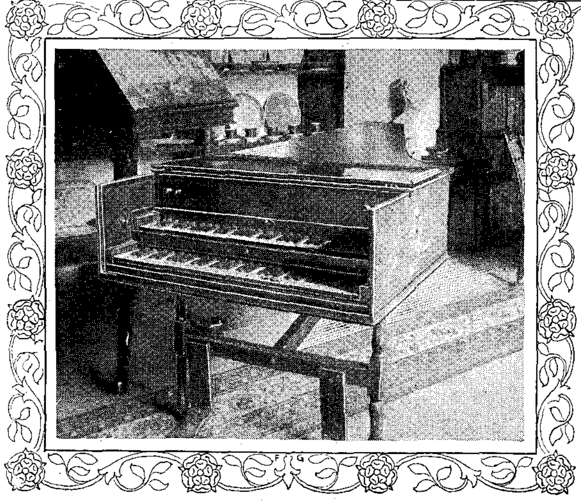
"Sir Christopher was a splendid old gentleman, as any one may see who enters the saloon at Cheverel Manor, where his full-length portrait, taken when he was fifty, hangs side by side with that of his wife."

not far away, and there George Eliot passed the first twenty-one years of her life. Mr. Evans, as agent of the estate, frequently visited the Manor House on business, and no doubt his daughter often accompanied him. In the housekeeper's room, which may still be seen with its motto[1] over the fireplace, she doubtless heard over and over again all the history and legends connected with the place, and through the favor of the housekeeper was permitted to see all the rooms of this fine old house. Upon a young girl of her sensibilities such a charmingly romantic place must have made a deep impression.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT'S FATHER

Cottage near Norbury where Robert Evans, to some extent at least the original of Adam Bede, was born.

After Mr. Lewes had finally succeeded in persuading her that she might be able to write fiction, nothing could be more natural than that her thoughts should revert to this place, where the story would almost seem to write itself. The only wonder is that "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" did not appear first, instead of "Amos Barton," for the setting of the former is far more enchanting, although the story itself does not contain so true an account of what really happened.



THE HARPSICORD, ARBURY HALL

"Catarina sat down to the harpsicord at once, and had no sooner begun to sing than she perceived with delight that Captain Wybrow was gliding toward the harpsicord, and soon standing in his old place."

The practice of painting into her canvases the portraits of real people, which George Eliot followed in the "Scenes of Clerical Life" with such accuracy of detail that nearly all were readily identified, was not abandoned in the composition of "Adam Bede." Not that she intended to paint portraits. On the contrary, she has explicitly stated, "There is not a single portrait in Adam Bede." But neighbors, friends, and relatives, pointing to her vivid word pictures, could not help saying, "This is Robert Evans" when looking at that superb specimen of an honest workingman whom she named Adam Bede, and "This is Elizabeth Evans," when referring to the beautiful blending of love, devotion, and piety in the person of Dinah Morris.

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[1] The motto as quoted by George Eliot is, "Fear God and honour the King." It really reads: "Truste · in · God · and · Feare · Him · with · al · thy · Harte." She wrote from memory, not having seen the place for many years.

George Eliot has herself told us the origin of "Adam Bede." In 1839 her aunt, Elizabeth Evans, was a visitor at Griff House. While there she related one of her early experiences, which made a lasting impression upon the mind of the future novelist. An ignorant girl, named Mary Voce, was accused of poisoning her young child. She was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. The case aroused the sympathy of the Methodists of Nottingham, where the trial was held, and two of them obtained permission to visit the condemned girl in her prison cell. One of them was Elizabeth Evans. They remained all night praying and seeking to comfort the poor woman, who at last confessed her guilt. Mrs. Evans rode with her in the cart to the gallows where the execution took place. This anecdote became the germ of "Adam Bede." It is woven into the career of Hetty Sorrel, who, however, finally escaped the gallows. There is nothing else in common between the history of Mary Voce and the story of Hetty Sorrel. The real value of the anecdote to literature lay in the fact that it immortalized the loving service to mankind in the life of Elizabeth Evans, by transfusing her character into that of Dinah Morris.

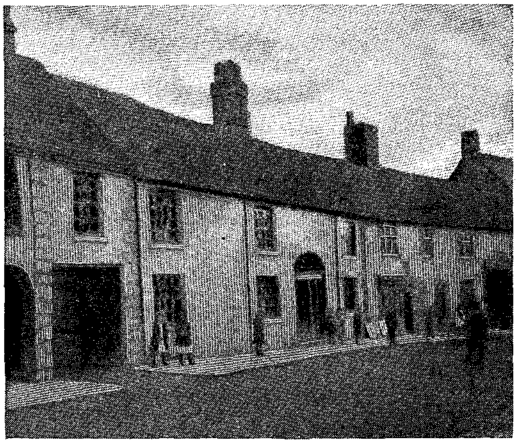
The husband of Elizabeth Evans was Samuel, the brother of Robert, and he, like Seth Bede, was a devout Methodist. In the story Seth is anxious to marry Dinah, but is refused, Adam being the man of her choice. In real life "Seth" was more fortunate, and for nearly half a century, with hearts united in strong spiritual as well as temporal bonds, this devoted pair went about doing good. There exists to-day in Wirksworth (the Snowfield of the novel) a "Bede Memorial Chapel," "erected to the glory of God, and in memory of Elizabeth Evans, immortalized as Dinah Morris," and in the Wesleyan Memorial Chapel, in the same town, a marble tablet commemorates the life-work of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris.

A writer who was acquainted with the family of Mrs. Evans for many years has pointed out the fact that in her dress, her manner, and the scenes of her labor Elizabeth Evans was exactly like Dinah. Many of her forms of expression were the same. Most remarkable of all was the musical sweetness of her voice, which seemed to exert a kind of magnetic attraction.

Such complete recognition proves that there were portraits in this novel after all, in spite of the author's denial.

It is so, too, with Adam Bede. George Eliot had a strong feeling of reverence for her father. When a mere child, she delighted to drive about the country with him. Her mother died in 1836, when she was only sixteen, and from that time until her father's death in 1849 she was his devoted companion. Every reference to him in her letters shows her high esteem of his personal character and respect for his achievements. He began life as a village carpenter, not only building houses and barns, but manufacturing furniture and even coffins for the neighboring farmers. When Mr. Francis Newdigate, who made him the agent of his estate, inherited the larger and finer estate of Arbury, Robert Evans went with him, settling at South Farm, where his distinguished daughter was born. He acquired a wide reputation as a man of business who could be trusted implicitly, not only for his ability, but for his integrity and moral worth.

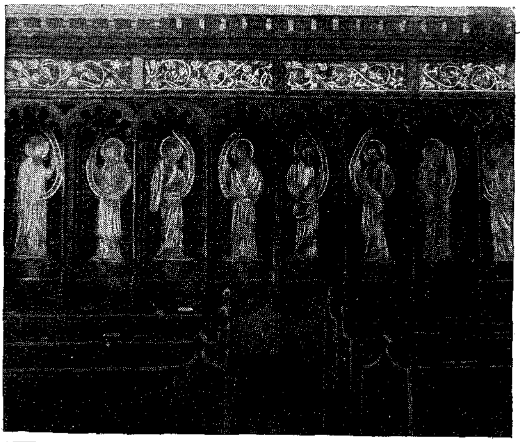
He was a man of extraordinary physical strength, and Mr. Cross mentions an incident confirming this. "He happened to pass one day whilst a couple of laborers were waiting for a third to help



THE HOUSE OF MR. LUCHANAN

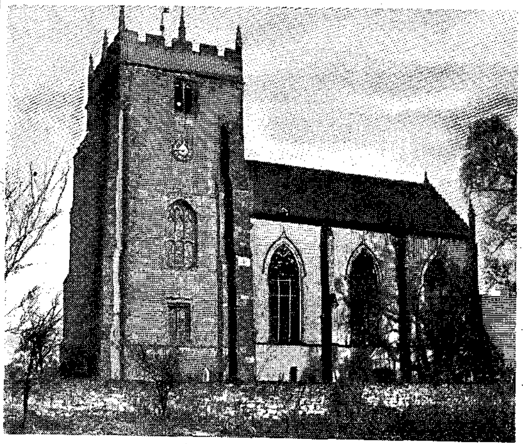
THE LAWYER DEMPSTER OF "JANET'S REPENTANCE"

"His house lay in Orchard Street, which opened on the prettiest outskirt of the town."



INTERIOR OF ASTLEY CHURCH

"The twelve apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons, painted in fresco on the walls."



ASTLEY CHURCH

THE KNEBLEY CHURCH OF "MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY"

"A wonderful little church, with a checkered pavement which had once rung to the iron tread of military monks."

move the high heavy ladder used for thatching ricks, braced himself up to a great effort, and carried the ladder alone and unaided from one rick to the other, to the wide-eyed wonder and admiration of his men." Compare this with the picture of Adam Bede: "Look at Adam . . . as he stands on the scaffolding with the two-feet ruler in his hand, whistling low while he considers how a difficulty about a floor-joist or a window frame is to be overcome; or as he pushes one of the younger workmen aside and takes his place in upheaving a weight of timber, saying, 'Let alone, lad! thee'st got too much gristle i' thy bones yet.'"

The guiding motive of Robert Evans's life must have been expressed in the hymn which we hear in the strong baritone of Adam Bede as we are introduced to that hero:

"Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways."

It is safe to say that in all literature there is not a more attractive picture of an honest workingman than that of Adam Bede. He is strong and determined, brave, self-reliant, and vigorous, but kind, gentle, and patient. It is easy to see that Adam Bede grown old would make a Caleb Garth, and that one plus the other would equal Robert Evans. No man could have been more active in protecting the interests of his employers, and yet the tenants when in trouble found him kind and patient, and he commanded their affection as well as admiration. A critic has said that, with the exception of Adam Bede and Felix Holt, George Eliot "nowhere presents to us a young man fitted in every way to command our esteem." Whether this be true or not, it is certain that Adam Bede stands out like a statue of heroic proportions when placed by the side of those other young men, like Arthur Donnithorne, Stephen Guest, the Cass brothers, Tito, Fred Vincy, and Grandcourt, all of whom serve a purpose in the stories, but none commands our respect or admiration. Even Daniel Deronda, in whom no fault can be found, fails to evoke the enthusiastic applause with which Adam Bede is called before the curtain. The reason is that here the author is painting a portrait of one whom she loved and revered, and all the great force of her matchless genius is expended as she puts her own heart upon the canvas.

The third portrait in this remarkable book, where none was intended, is that of the worthy Mrs. Poyser, whose practical common sense, revealed in a succession of lightning flashes of pithy aphorisms and quick repartee, gives her a place by the side of Sam Weller among the most delightfully humorous characters of our literature. A whole column could not have described the conceited Mr. Craig so well as her remark in confidence to her husband—"You're mighty fond of Mr. Craig, but for my part, he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow." When the old squire calls to suggest a new arrangement of the lease, concealing his real purpose under veil of a pretense to benefit the occupants of Hall Farm, Mrs. Poyser instantly sees through his design and forthwith "has her say out," until the squire flees in dismay before her fury. Her parting shot is a perfect gem in its way:

> "You may run away from my words, sir, and you may go spinnin' underhand ways o' doing us a mischief, for you've got Old Harry to your friend, though nobody else is, but I tell you for once as we're not dumb creatures to be abused and made money on by them as ha' got the lash i' their hands, for want o' knowing how t' undo the tackle. An' if I'm th' only one as speaks my mind, there's plenty o' the same way o' thinking i' this parish and the next to it, for you're name's no better than a brimstone match in everybody's nose—if it isna two-three old folks as you think o' saving your soul by giving 'em a bit o' flannel and a drop o' porridge. An' you may be right i' thinking it'll take but little to save your soul, for it'll be the smallest savin' y' iver made, wi' all your scrapin'."

In argument of any kind she was a dangerous antagonist. Bartle Massey makes a disparaging remark about the women:

> "Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser; "one 'ud think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, they can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't." . . .

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women

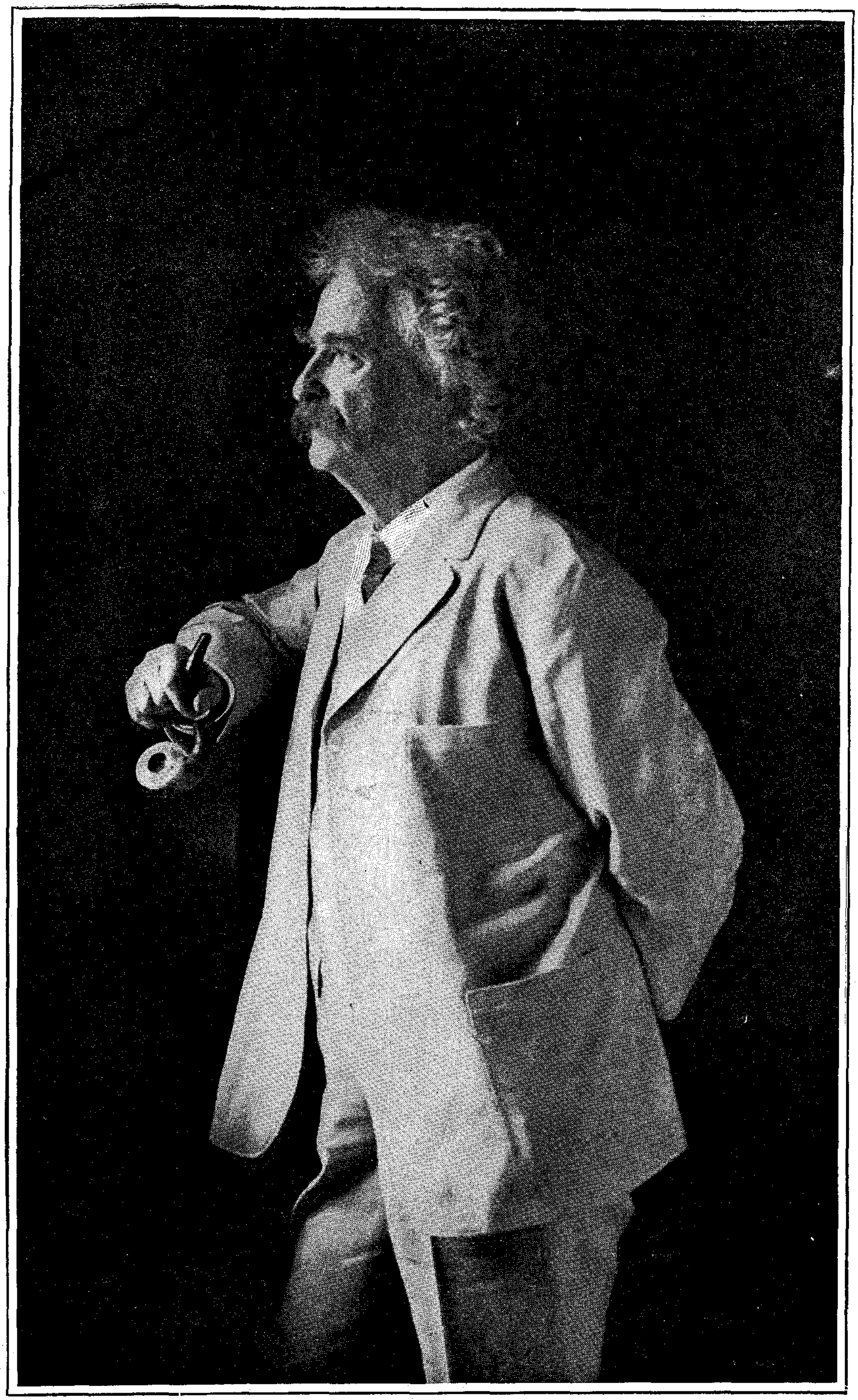
> are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."
>
> "Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's gettin's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."
>
> "Match!" said Bartle; "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she'll match him with a whimpering. She's such a match as the horse-fly is to th' horse: she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."
>
> "Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur' o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

We are told by Mr. Cross that Mrs. Evans, George Eliot's mother, was a "woman with an unusual amount of natural force—a shrewd, practical person, with a considerable dash of the Mrs. Poyser vein in her." She was a capable manager, a successful dairywoman, and a devoted wife and mother. Doubtless she was gifted with a clever tongue, and from her, we can readily believe, the daughter inherited that keen wit and quick sense of humor which have given a sparkling brilliancy to all her work. There were no family traditions through which the sayings of Mrs. Evans were handed down to a subsequent generation, and all the humor is therefore original.

If Mrs. Poyser has a sharp tongue, there was a kind heart back of it:

> "She's a downright good-natured woman," said Adam, "and as true as the daylight. She's a bit cross wi' the dogs when they offer to come in th' house, but if they depended on her, she'd take care and have 'em well fed. If her tongue's keen, her heart's tender: I've seen that in times o' trouble. She's one o' those women as are better than their word."

Members of the family and friends of Mrs. Evans, who knew her kind heart as well as her bright mind, have had no doubt that the person whom the author chose to represent in these words could be no other than her own mother, to whom she had been devotedly attached.



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MARK TWAIN

CREATIVE AMERICANS

MARK TWAIN THE HUMORIST

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE name under which Mr. Samuel L. Clemens has written for many years, and which has become so much a part of him that one has to remind himself that it was assumed, was a stroke of genius. It is unique, and sets him in the environment and amid the vital circumstances which he, and he alone, has brought into literature. In him the Mississippi Valley found a reporter entirely and instinctively at one with its attitude toward life, its bearing in the presence of new conditions, its turn of thought and manner of speech. La Salle was the first man to make the voyage of the great stream to which a host of smaller streams are tributary; but Mark Twain was the first man to chart, light, and navigate it for the whole world. He has written many books of humorous invention and fresh, audacious spirit since the publication of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and "Life on the Mississippi River," but the heart and soul of his work are revealed and preserved in these earlier books, and by them he will stand or fall.

He is the most widely known American writer of his time. In the interest and attention of foreign readers he ranks with Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, and Poe; among Americans none is better known by other peoples save Washington, Lincoln, and President Roosevelt. To this host of readers beyond the sea and to the host of readers at home he is known chiefly as a humorist; but it may be suspected that fifty years hence, when his unique personality and laughter-provoking manner and mental attitude have become traditions, there will emerge a reputation based securely on a little group of books which many of those who are familiar with his later work have never read.

When Mark Twain was born, the first great tide of emigration, which had gathered itself in quiet places along the Atlantic seaboard, and sent manifold streams through the passes of the Alleghanies, and fertilized the vast central valley of the continent, had touched the edges of the plains; and the man of prophetic mind, discerning the significance of its high-water marks, might have foreseen the second great wave which, after the close of the Civil War, was to sweep from the prairies across the Plains to the Pacific and obliterate the Great American Desert that stretched, like a vast blight, across the old school maps. St. Louis was so small a town that Mark Twain has somewhere remarked that he could have bought it for a million dollars if he had happened to have the money at hand; there were great lonely wastes which later were to be fertile and populous; but when the creator of Tom Sawyer was a boy in Hannibal, Missouri, the Mississippi Valley was under human control, the river was crowded with craft of many kinds, and a unique habit of life had been developed along its banks. Of this primitive and powerful outgo of human energy and activity the river was both the occasion and the shaping force. The majesty of it appealed to the earliest voyagers, but its magnitude can only be seen by the imagination; for it drains half a continent, is fed by fifty-four navigable streams and by several hundred more of sufficient depth to float craft of light draught. It penetrated and opened up to trade and travel the very heart of the continent; it was separated by many days' hard travel from the early settlements on the seaboard; news of the older world was slow in getting to the river population, and they were not much influenced by it.

The cry "Westward Ho," heard on the Thames in Shakespeare's time, had summoned the adventurous, the restless, the lawless, from the older communities north and south and sent them into the immense section drained by the Mississippi. The East from which they came was still in the provincial stage of its growth, with its eyes toward Europe; the Southwest that was to be soon detached itself from the ideas and interests of the older world and boldly gave itself up to the work at hand and to the manner of life which its new conditions and tasks rapidly fashioned. The earlier immigrants had brought with them a complete stock of religious and social standards, which were gradually subdued to the new soil; the men of the Mississippi Valley were deeply affected by certain fundamental ideas of conduct, but they were very little embarrassed by external conventions of manner, dress, or speech. They developed the primitive virtues of courage, resourcefulness, self-reliance, a sense of reality impatient of the circumlocutions of formality, a speech which gained in vigor and vividness what it lost in breadth of expression. Men went straight at the fact, and brushed aside everything that hindered the shortest and swiftest hitting of the nail on the head. On the river a vast and appalling profanity was developed, but it was less a matter of conscious irreverence than of surplus imagination and a primitive instinct for the picturesque. A few oaths are binding, many are loosening; and the profanity of the Mississippi Valley was largely "giving the imagination a loose." Conditions were hard and work was harder; vocabularies were limited and, beyond the demands of routine activity, inadequate; exigencies of all kinds evoked a variety and force of expression to which the resources of profanity were equal. In the Far East cursing is a solemn and elaborate ritual of imprecation, casting the shadow of a terrible blight on one's remotest ancestors and projecting it over one's fathest descendants. It shadows one's entire racial career. In the Mississippi Valley, on the other hand, cursing was mainly an illicit use of picturesque language, or a reckless excursion into the realms of humor. Life was essentially fraternal and kindly; a broad, genial humor underlay and enfolded it, and much of the profanity was fundamentally humorous. Its interest lay in the striking effects of broad contrasts; it reveled in audacious comparisons, far-fetched similes, epithets that overflowed with suggested insult.

The life of the river and of the communities that were tributary to it was probably as democratic as any the world has known. The squire, who was usually of Virginia or Kentucky descent, and was believed to be "worth" twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, but, as a matter of courtesy, was credited with the possession of fifty thousand, was looked up to in a way, but without a particle of subservience. Every other man in the community was as good as he, only less fortunate. There was thrift, but very little greed; great wealth was unknown, but it was easy to make a living. Everybody was religious, but the current form of religion, although bristling with theoretical difficulties, was of a very comfortable sort and full of adaptations to local conditions. In Hannibal, when Mark Twain was a boy, the Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists were, he says, "the three religious disorders." He heard Presbyterian preaching for family reasons, but he went to the Methodist Sunday-school because "the terms were easier." There was a good deal of profanity, drinking, and loafing, but the more sophisticated forms of immorality were unknown. Certain points of conduct were also points of honor; the statute of limitations ran against legal but not against moral responsibility for debts; there was a spirit of universal kindliness and a charity which enfolded even the town drunkard, and treated him not as an outcast but as a ward of the community and an illicit local institution. He was a weaker brother, whose sins were condoned because he belonged to the family. Society in the Mississippi Valley in Tom Sawyer's time was a pure democracy, in easy circumstances, free from anxiety, charitable of everything except cowardice and meanness, taking life comfortably, with a broad margin of humor. It was as free from introspection as if Puritanism had never brooded over its sins and worried about its soul; it was as unconscious of traditional standards and classical models as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Innocence, and it led a happy-go-lucky life with serene trust in the good faith of Providence and in the square deal at the hands of the ruler of the universe. The light-hearted industry and contagious force which mastered the perils of the river and gave it a vast neighborliness are thrown into striking relief by the somber and sordid temper and the tragic conditions of life on the Volga as they have been drawn in black and white by Gorky.

Of this old-time life under conditions which will never be reproduced, Mark Twain was the interpreter and recorder, and long after he has ceased to be remembered as a fun-maker he will remain the historian in a vital dialect of the early Mississippi Valley. The facts of his career are well known and not important for the purposes of this article. He was born in the thirties, and spent his boyhood and youth in the little town of Hannibal, Missouri, as his friend John Hay was born in the little town of Warsaw, Ohio. Commenting on these facts at a dinner given in his honor several years ago, Mark Twain said incidentally that there was something in the air of the West at that time which made great men! He had little formal education, but his opportunities of training in the secrets and crafts of the human boy have never been surpassed. He learned how to set type, but his heart was on the river, the romance of which no imaginative boy who lived on its banks escaped. He reached in time the zenith of every boy's ambition: he became a pilot. He was in the war for a short time, but he was not "with Grant;" he went to Nevada and became a reporter of extraordinary audacity of invention; later he tried mining; visited the Sandwich Islands; and gave his first lecture in San Francisco. The "Jumping Frog of Calaveras" appeared about this time and was widely read. Then came the excursion to the Orient, and the vastly entertaining letters to newspapers at home, which presently appeared in that classic of American exaggeration, "Innocents Abroad." The humor of contrast—the uttermost modern against the innermost antique, the most radical and free-spoken Americanism against the most sacred and traditional Europeanism—was so striking in this volume that it escaped at once the limitations of one language and appeared with astonishing celerity in half a dozen tongues. Mark Twain became what the newspapers call a world-figure.

From the oldest world he passed, in "Roughing It," to the newest; from the tomb of Adam to the far Western frontier. The record of a second visit in Europe bore fruit in "A Tramp Abroad." Then came work of a very original and unique character, "Old Times on the Mississippi," "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn." In these books Mark Twain was dealing at first hand with a life which he had lived and which had so long been part of him that in transcribing and reporting it he gave the full force and flavor of his personality. "The Prince and the Pauper" was a surprise to those who regarded him as a mere fun-maker; and "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" was a disappointment to those who knew that a vein of pure gold of idealism ran through his nature. "Pudd'nhead Wilson" was a mine of odd wisdom as well as a picture of a life; while "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" struck the highest note of reverence, and was in some respects the most extraordinary tribute ever paid to a marvelous character and a romantic career.

Mark Twain had so long been a humorist of national significance that, when the world suddenly realized the rugged integrity and splendid courage of the man, it realized as well that it had seen the author of "Tom Sawyer" from one point of view only, and that it was dealing with a profoundly serious man. The instant girding of his loins to bear the weight of a heavy indebtedness, at a time of life when he might have been easing his load, the setting forth on a journey round the world to meet self-assumed obligations, the full payment of a great sum of money—these constitute an Odyssey of wandering full of honor; the heroic struggle and victory of an honest man.

Mark Twain is so much a world-figure and so entirely the product of the old-time Mississippi Valley life, with its vast friendliness and its unconventional intimacy, that the extraordinary frankness and detail of the autobiography which he is now publishing need not disturb the more reticent and circumspect; like those very early ancestors of ours whose diaries he has edited, he has nothing to conceal or be ashamed of, and the material which he is storing up with a prodigal hand will enrich some future biographer beyond the dreams of avarice. It is a long way from Hannibal, Missouri, to Oxford, from the apprentice pilot on a Mississippi steamer to the scarlet and gray of the Doctor of Letters of a great and venerable university, and the record of it, in its final form, will be an American document of high value.

The free, unconventional life of the Mississippi Valley of Tom Sawyer's town was an Iliad in shirt-sleeves, and there was grave question in the minds of some people whether such a stage of society was a proper subject for literary presentation; whether it was not too rudimentary for art. Mr. Howells, who is a humorist of very delicate and charming quality, has described Hannibal, Missouri, as "a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-heels, slave-holding Mississippi town;" and Mark Twain's records amply confirm the general accuracy of this description loosely applied to a whole section. Mr. James is reported as saying that one must be a very rudimentary person to enjoy Mark Twain. This is quite true; as true as that one must be a very sophisticated person to enjoy Mr. James. Provincialism is not a matter of locality but of attitude, and the provincialism of the Boulevard des Italiens is quite as pure a product of local ignorance as that of a frontier mining town. Extreme sophistication and extreme rudimentariness are alike interesting, significant, and partial.

In his records of old-time life on the greatest of American waterways Mark Twain deals with those facts of experience which, stripped of the accidents of dress and manners, are the supreme concern of the artist because they furnish the richest and most suggestive material. Into the unconventional, lawless, devil-may-care activity and overflowing high spirits of such a stage of development only a boy could enter, and in the stories of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn Mark Twain has penetrated to the innermost recesses of that life, and, with its crudity, profanity, and reckless indifference to conventions, has made us aware of its wholesome courage, its gay audacity, its indomitable temper, its contempt for artificiality, its superstitions, and its homespun idealism of courage, loyalty, and comradeship. Under an immense pretension of loafing it was a hard-working life; under an aspect of overflowing humor it was in dead earnest. Not until one understands that in the Mississippi Valley humor was the language of a brave, generous, and laborious people can one estimate the work of Mark Twain at its true value; not until one recognizes that the author of "Tom Sawyer" is a profoundly serious man at heart will he get any real insight into his significance as a figure in American literature or into his work as a vital contribution to that literature.

Mark Twain is not a mere fun-maker, like Artemus Ward and John Phœnix; he is, in his time and way, a true humorist—a man, that is, who sees life, not irresponsibly and superficially, but in its broadest and most fundamental contrasts. Cervantes, Molière, Shakespeare, and Carlyle were great humorists; Gilbert and Sullivan were fun-makers. It was not lack of seriousness which made the old-time people of the Mississippi Valley humorists; it was ease of spirit, surplusage of cheerfulness, a sense of being on good terms with Providence in an inexhaustible country, a prevailing disposition to put a friendly mask on the face of Fate. This is a fundamental attitude toward life, full of character, rich in eccentricity of speech and manner, redolent of that originality and spontaneity which have always been the joy of the great artists. What rich adventures of the spirit Shakespeare would have had in the Mississippi Valley of Mark Twain's boyhood!

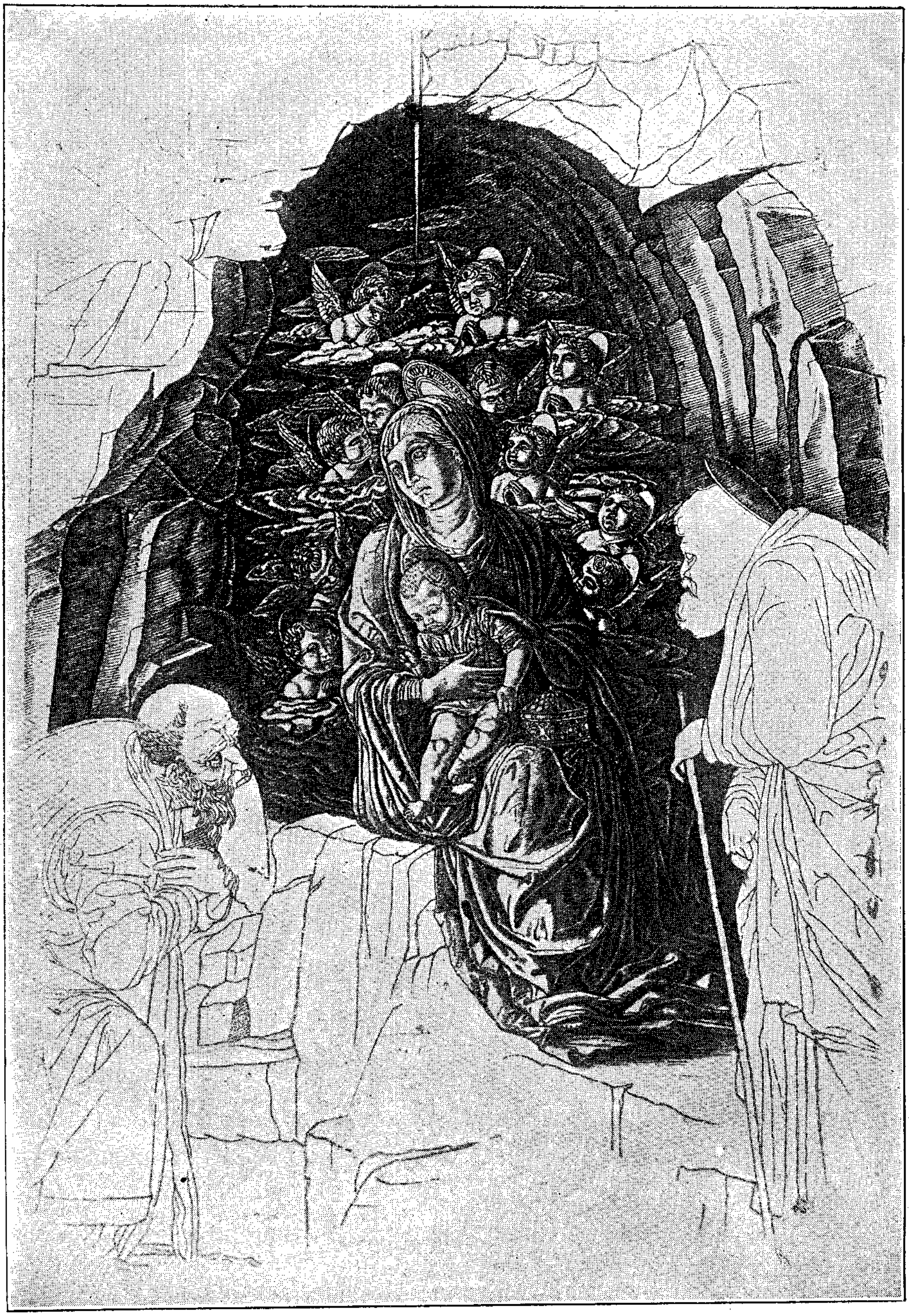
Mark Twain's material was not of the classic kind; and his manner fits his material; that is the proof of his calling and election as a writer. He not only sees with the eye of the artist—which differs chiefly from the eye of the artisan in its ability not to see that which is of no consequence—but his phrase travels straight to the imagination of his reader, and conveys a fresh, vital, and vivid impression; it is a genuine transference of perception, and not a mere arrangement of adjectives.

His power of characterization, of suggesting what is unseen by what is visible, is illustrated in a passage from "Life on the Mississippi:"

> The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book—a book that was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day. Throughout the long twelve hundred miles there was never a page that was void of interest, never one that you could leave unread without loss, never one that you would want to skip, thinking you could find higher enjoyment in some other thing. There never was so wonderful a book written by man; never one whose interest was so absorbing, so unflagging, so sparklingly renewed with every reperusal. The passenger who could not read it was charmed with a peculiar sort of faint dimple on its surface (on the rare occasion when he did not overlook it altogether); but to the pilot that was an *italicized* passage; indeed, it was more than that, it was a legend of the largest capitals, with a string of shouting exclamation points at the end of it; for it meant that a wreck or a rock was buried there that could tear the life out of the strongest vessel that ever floated. It is the faintest and simplest expression the water ever makes, and the most piteous to a pilot's eye. In truth, the passenger who could not read this book saw nothing but all manner of pretty pictures in it painted by the sun and shaded by the clouds, whereas to the trained eye these were not pictures at all, but the grimmest and most dead-earnest of reading matter.

Such writing as this involves the literary instinct and art in a high degree. Mark Twain confesses without shame that there is a great deal of literature which does not interest him, much of which he has not read; he confesses to a love of history and biography, but for poetry and fiction he has no liking. He probably thinks of himself as plain man and not at all as Man of Letters, very much as Shakespeare did. But his art lies beyond the reach of all save the few to whom the gift of style is intrusted. He has that feeling for words in their first estate, when they are still warm with human association and belong to the family instead of the Academy, which is the exclusive possession of the masters of speech. He has never been on good terms with the dead languages, but his intimacy with living speech is so great that he uses it with the assurance of original proprietorship. He writes vividly, with a kind of vibrating energy, with precision, and with the freshness and audacity of a man who is not afraid of the authorities, because he obeys the law of his own nature. The telling phrase which has made him at times a master of the difficult art of description has made him also a master of the art of characterization: boys and men and women stand out in his stories in the old clothes which a less artistic writer would have exchanged for their Sunday wear.

Mark Twain has written much that has only a heightened comic newspaper quality and interest, and it may be suspected that a good deal of his popularity rests on such fun-making as the "Jumping Frog" and upon those speeches which, at their best, are mirth-provoking monologues reinforced by a striking personality and a voice solemnly evoking a laughter which seems alien to its fathomless seriousness. No one will question his right to a vogue which is without a parallel in the experience of American writers; but there is a reputation before him which will rest on a surer basis. When the fun-making has been forgotten, the humorist will come to his own; the man of the fine sense of honor and the deep underlying seriousness, who saw life in its broad contrasts and was on good terms with every sort and fashion of man, who lived the life of a great thoroughfare when it was thronged with boys and men of a new type, and reported them with a fidelity and reality born of a true catholicity of spirit, will emerge as one of the little group of creative writers on this continent.



VIRGIN OF THE GROTTO

Original engraving by Andrea Mantegna.. Born near Padua in 1431; died 1506

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS IN ART

BY FREDERICK KEPPEL

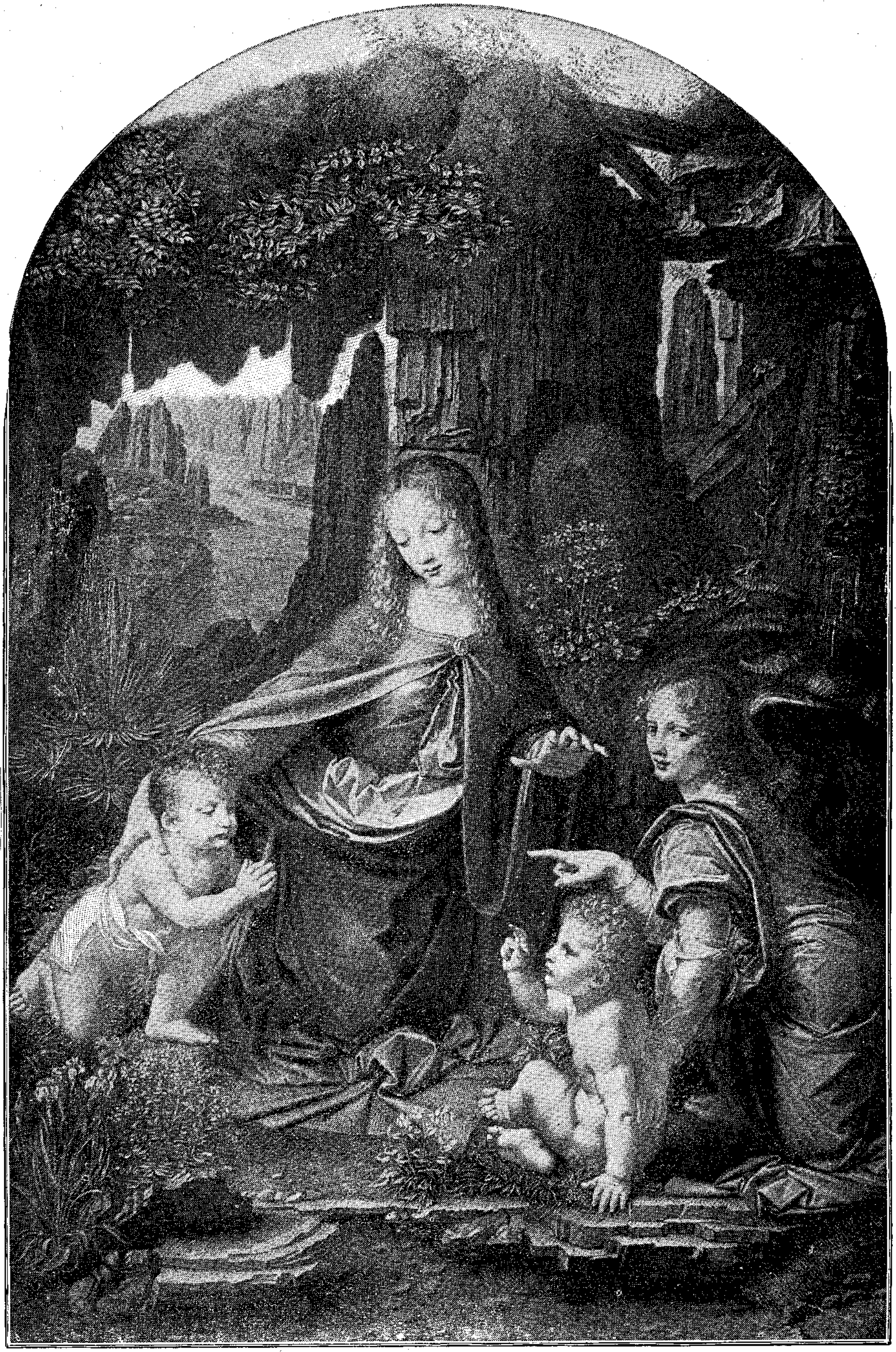
IN one respect a picture is like a dinner; verbal description of either is inadequate, and one must view the picture or eat the dinner, as the case may be, if one desires to form an opinion of the quality of the one or the other. In view of the title of this article, it would have been my duty to write a careful description of each illustration were it not that we lay before the reader the pictures themselves.

In the case of Biblical pictures, as in the case of ecclesiastical architecture and sculpture, the finest are certainly those produced in centuries past and not those of our own too sophisticated day. The really great works of Christian art were made in the epochs of simple and unquestioning faith. Take the case of the churches of Paris. Four very ambitious ones are of the nineteenth century, namely, the Madeleine, St. Augustin, La Trinité, and the Panthéon. All of them are superb and scholarly edifices from the architect's point of view, but where do we find in them the truly religious inspiration of simpler churches which were designed and built centuries earlier? The stately pile of the Panthéon is only a modified echo of St. Peter's at Rome or of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; but if one turns from the Panthéon to the adjoining ancient parish church of St. Etienne du Mont, he will at once see and feel the difference. This much less ambitious and less pretentious old church "shames" the modern one "as daylight doth a lamp."

It is the same with pictures. Albert Dürer, who was born at Nuremberg in 1471, was full of simple credence in the Catholic Church of four centuries ago, although he lived to see his native city a center of the Reformation, and although he engraved a fine portrait of the reformer, Philip Melancthon; but from Dürer we get some of the most heartfelt and truly beautiful pictures of the Nativity. Notice the original engraving done by him in the year 1504. Here we see the Virgin Mother adoring her Holy Child, while Saint Joseph is engaged in the prosaic domestic employment of drawing water from a well. The surrounding buildings are entirely in the manner of Nuremberg and not at all like those of Palestine, but what does that matter?—the picture as it stands is a beautiful one, and full of genuine inspiration.

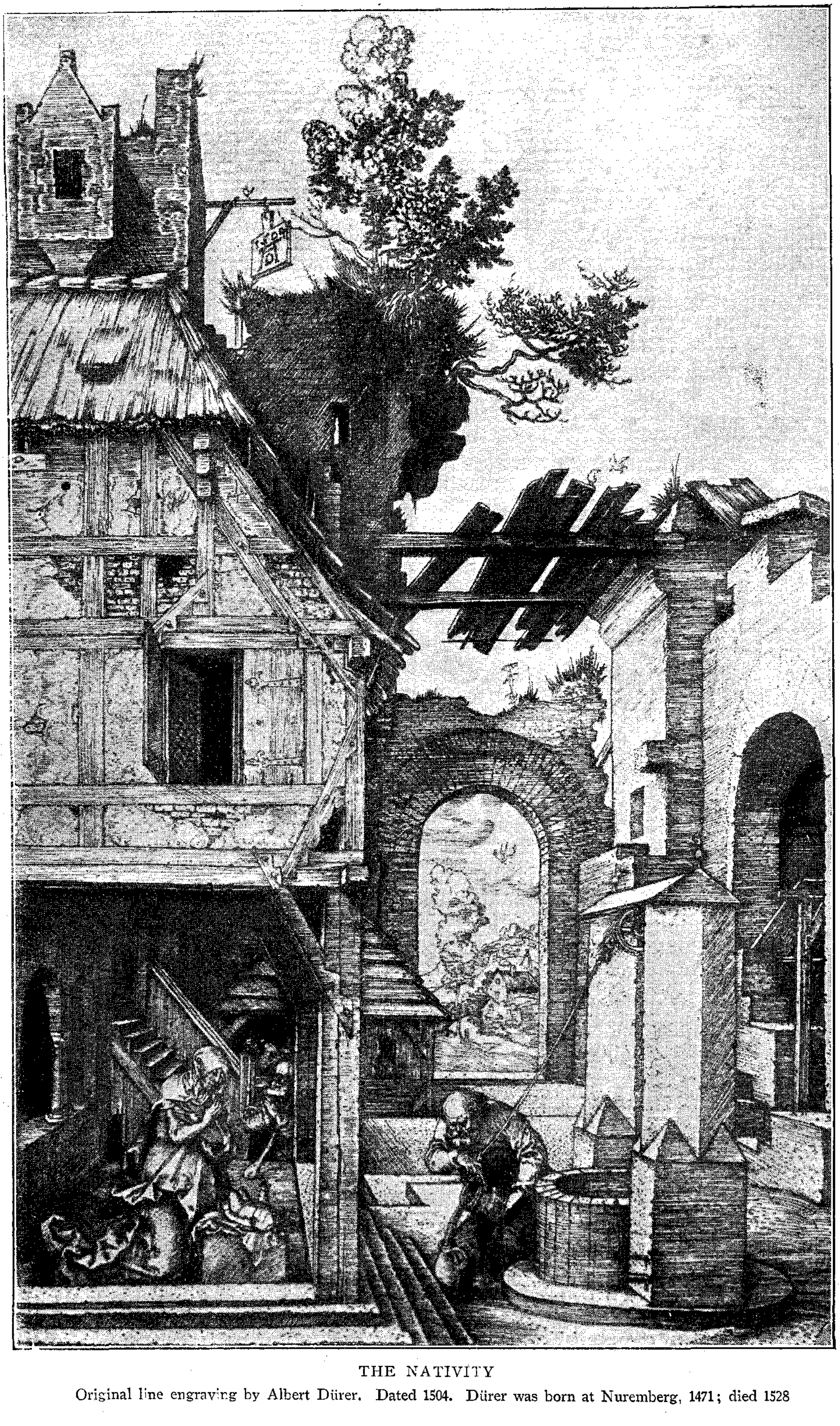
Take again the original etching by Rembrandt, the angel announcing the birth of Christ to the shepherds. The picture was etched in the year 1634. It is really a sublime composition, notwithstanding its close approach, in parts, to the ludicrous. The whole conception of the scene may justly be called noble and exalted, but such details as the heavy Dutch angel and the "pinwheel" of cherubs whirling above him, as well as the consternation of the cattle and the shepherds below, are, to us, perilously near being ridiculous—although the master never meant them to be so. In this old picture, I repeat, we have genuine feeling. The artists made their pictures just as they *felt* them, and genuine feeling is the source of all great art, no matter through what medium the artist may express himself.

In considering the pictures of sacred subjects, produced in the early ages of faith and simplicity, we must not forget that the chief intention of the artist was to stimulate the piety of the spectator, and not to make a "pretty" picture. Thus it is recorded of the saintly Florentine monk, Fra Angelico (1387–1455), that before he began the painting of a religious subject he fasted and prayed, and that while he was at work on his picture he always remained kneeling. That was the true spirit for the production of works of art which rank as being permanently great. John Ruskin has an



MADONNA OF THE ROCKS

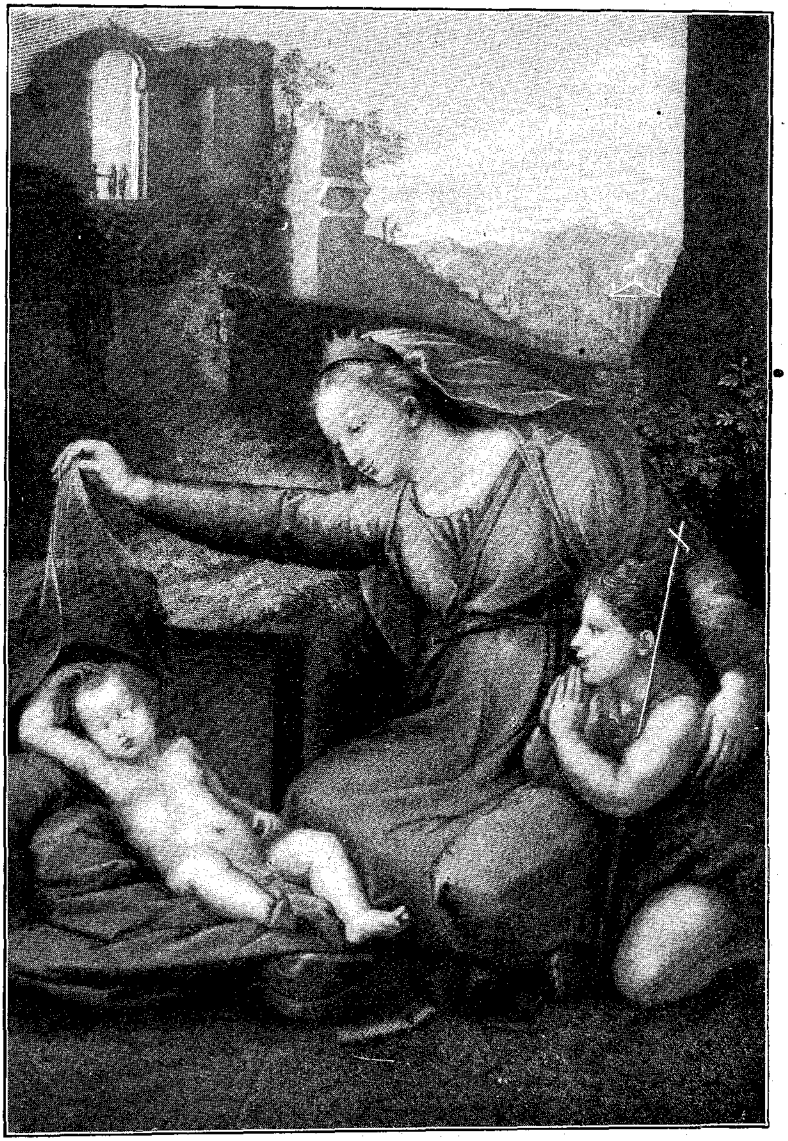
Painted by Leonardo da Vinci. Born near Florence (1452-1519). Line engraving by Desnoyers, of Paris



THE NATIVITY

Original line engraving by Albert Dürer. Dated 1504. Dürer was born at Nuremberg, 1471; died 1528 eloquent chapter in which he describes the building of a great cathedral. Not only did the hirelings work for their wages, as they do in our own day, but noble lords and ladies dragged great stones to the base of the building as a direct act of devotion, and while so engaged continued to repeat their prayers.

It seems a pity that the conscientious, grim old Puritans seemed to hate beauty in every form—just as they hated wholesome human mirth. To them Christmas was a Popish superstition, just as were the festivals of Corpus Christi or the Immaculate Conception. In the United States, forty years ago, the great Christian festival of the birth of Christ was observed only by the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal Churches, while such great religious bodies as the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Congregationalists neglected it. To be sure, they kept up, for

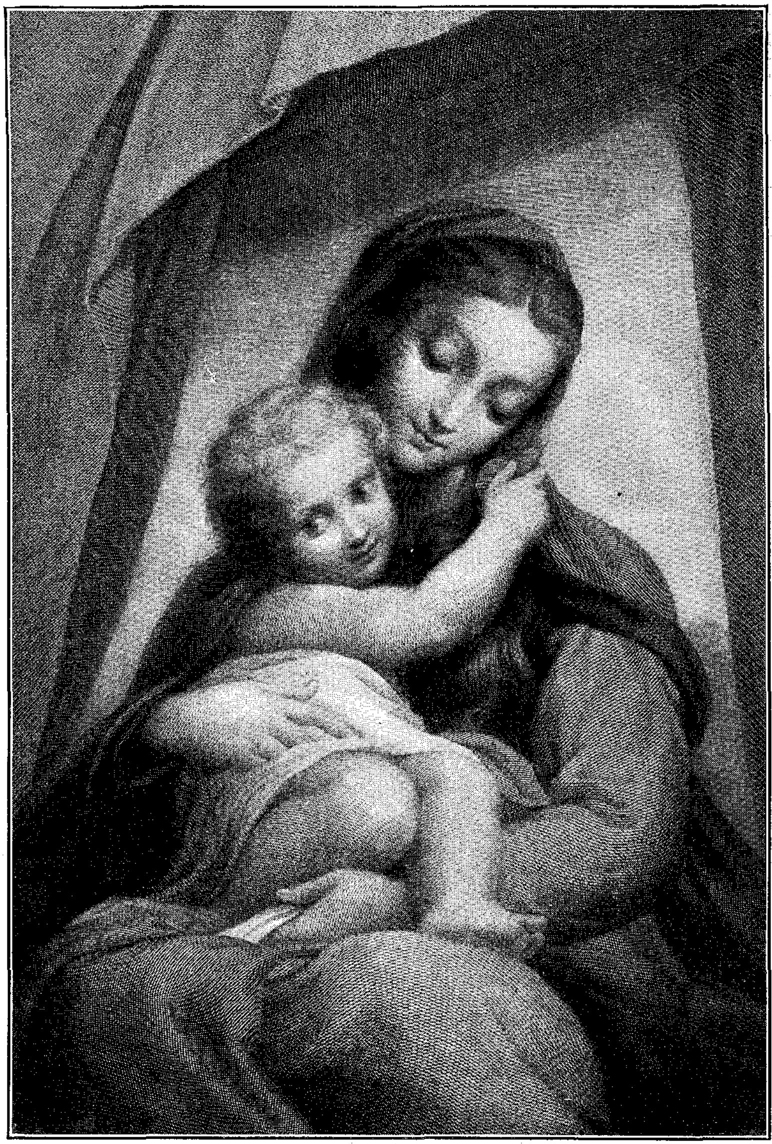


THE SLEEPING INFANT CHRIST

Line engraving by Desnoyers from the painting by Raphael, who was born at Urbino in 1483 and died at Rome, 1520 the children, the myth of Santa Claus, but what a poor substitute was this for the beauty and poetry of Christmas Day!

Meanwhile, and for centuries, Christmas was, and is now, the greatest day of the year in England, in Germany, and throughout the Catholic and the Greek Churches. All the happy home-comings of grown-up sons and daughters, all the festivity, good will, and good cheer which belong to our own festival of Thanksgiving Day belonged in Europe, and still belong, to Christmas.

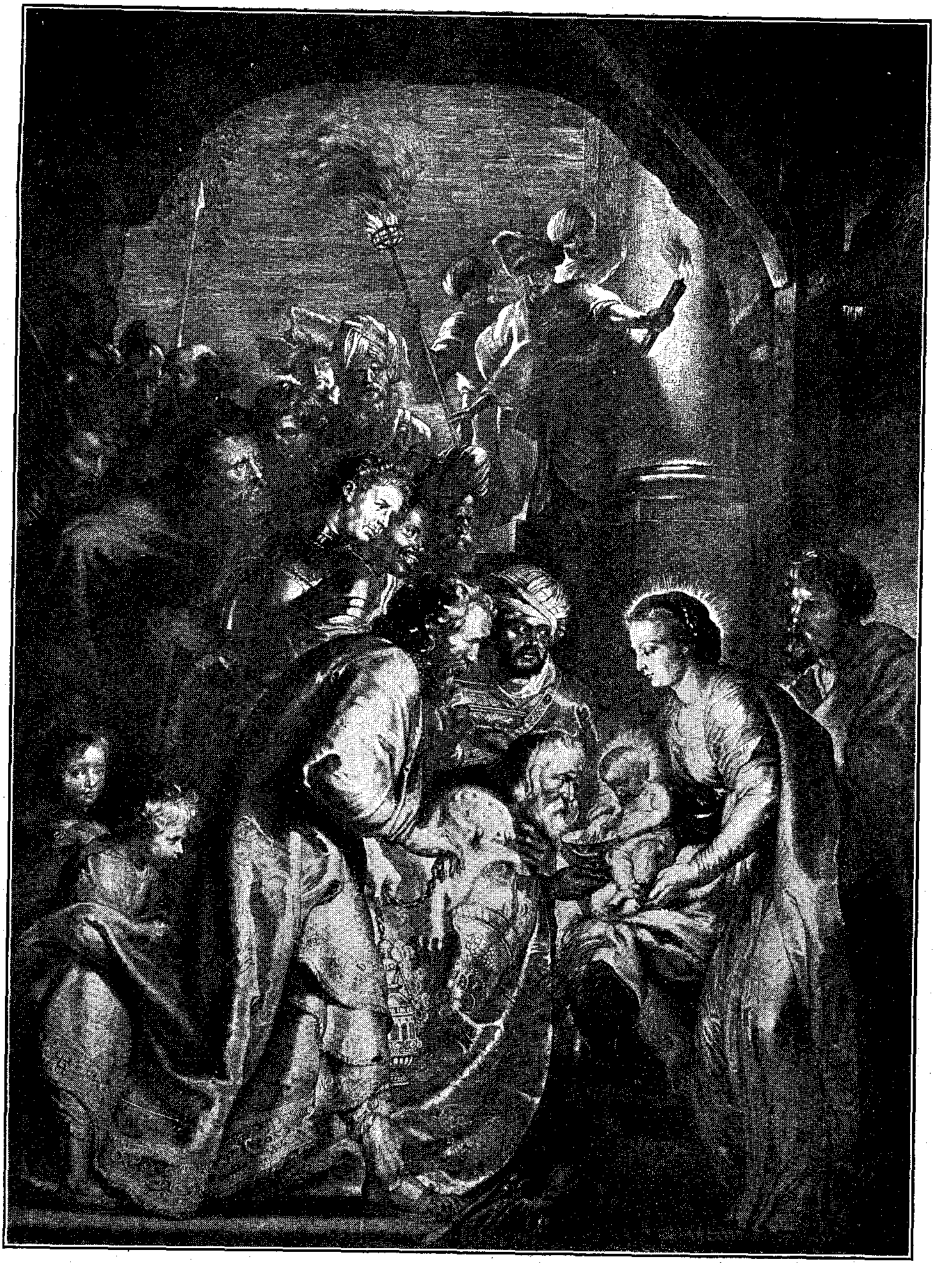
Other artists besides the painters and engravers have made the day glorious. Shakespeare was full of the Christmas spirit when (in the first scene of the first act of Hamlet) he makes the soldier Marcellus say to Horatio:



THE MADONNA DELLA SCALA

From the painting by Correggio (1494-1534). Line engraving by Paolo Toschi

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:



ADORATION OF THE MAGI

Line engraving by Lucas Vorsterman, dated 1620. After the painting by Rubens, who was born in Westphalia, 1577; died 1640

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

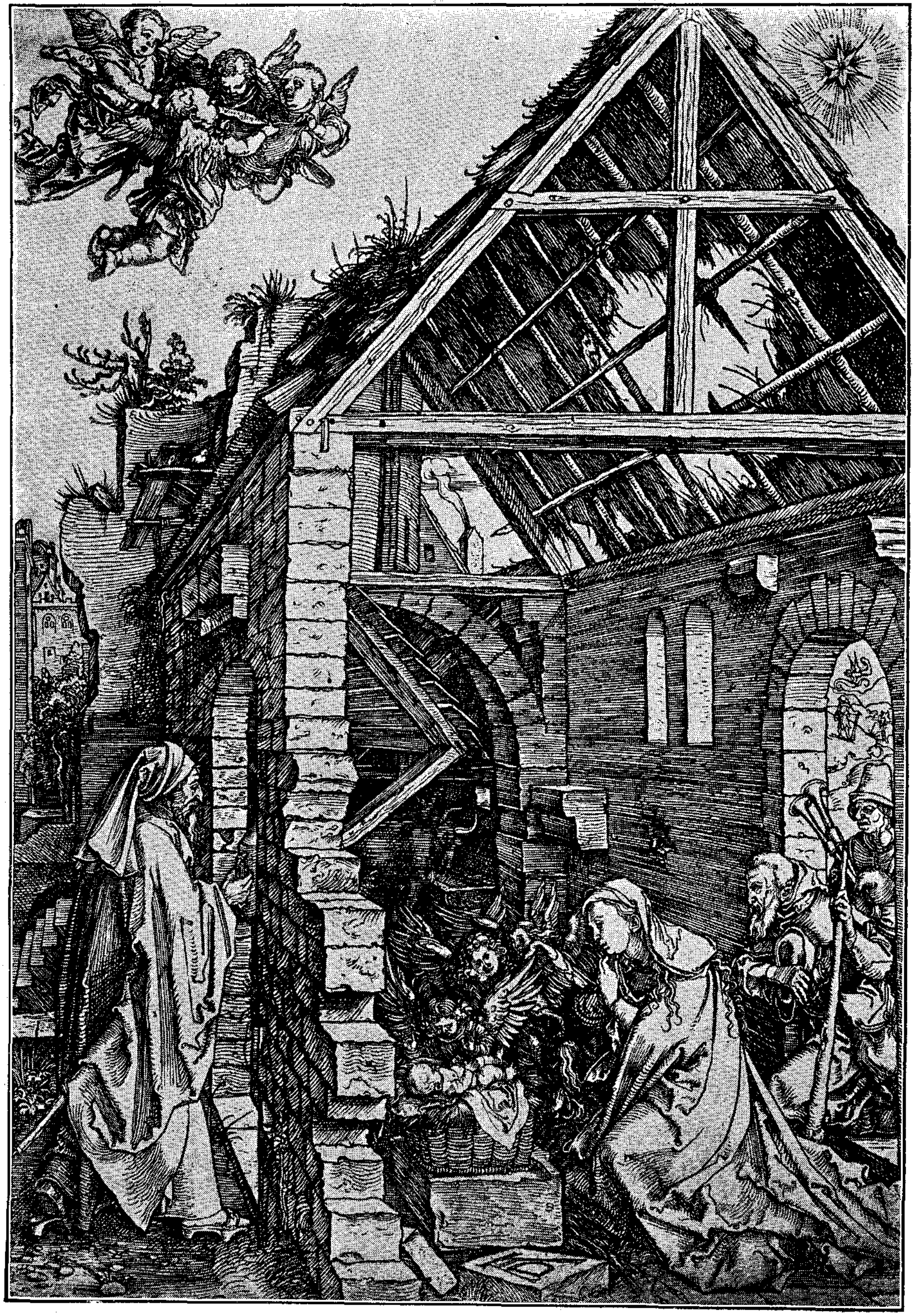
His comrade, Horatio, who was a scholar, evidently was not prepared to swallow the statement that when Christmas was coming the cocks crew all night long, and so he answers:

" So have I heard, and do, in part, believe it."

John Milton's magnificent hymn in his Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity is familiar to us all. I mean the poem beginning:

"It was in winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Hath doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize."

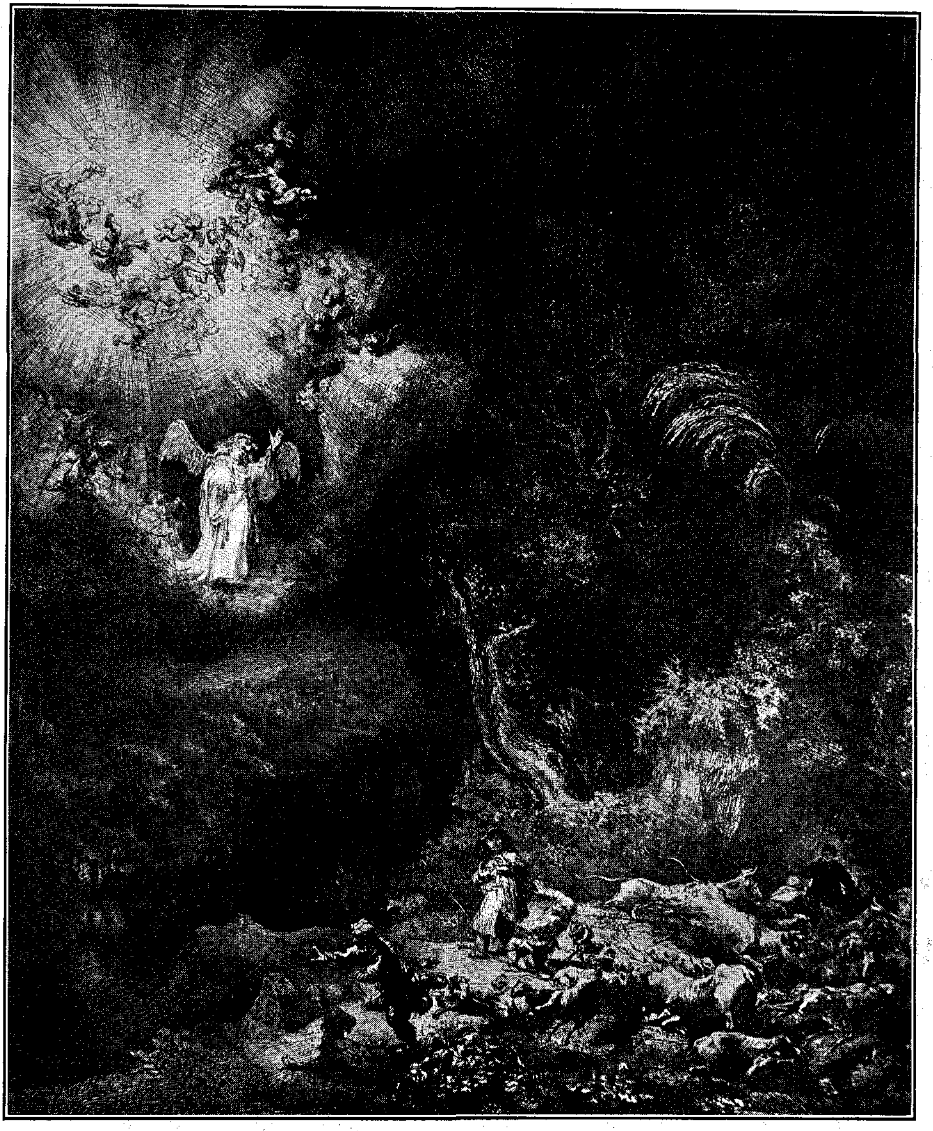
Still another memorable monument to the spirit of Christmas is found in the first part of Handel's Messiah. Never can I forget the first time I heard great music sung by a great singer. It was at



ADORATION OF THE MAGI

Original woodcut by Albert Dürer

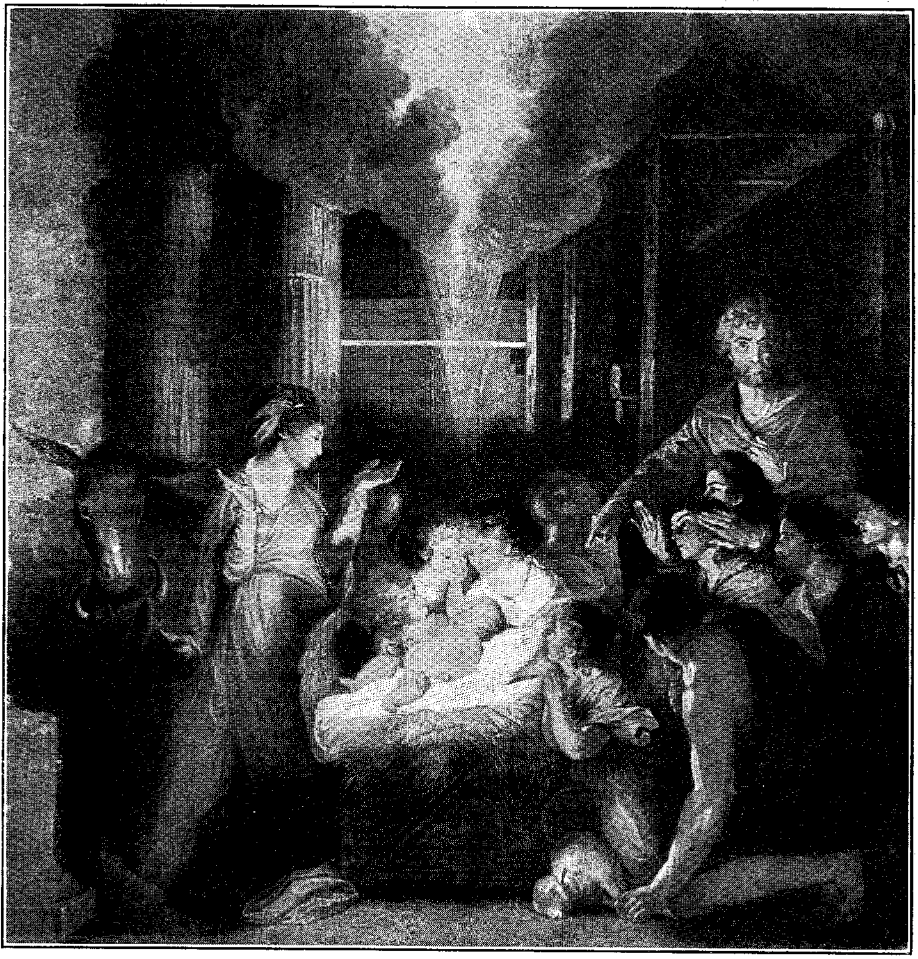
Steinway Hall, New York, and the singer was Christine Nilsson. Her first number in the oratorio was the recitative, "There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Then the movement of the music changes, and Nilsson sang on, "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying"—the solo here leads up to the magnificent chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."



THE ANGEL ANNOUNCING THE BIRTH OF CHRIST TO THE SHEPHERDS

Original etching by Rembrandt, executed in 1634. Rembrandt was born in Holland in 1607 and died 1669

I will here digress to quote a fine saying of a great Frenchman about Nilsson. In those days the two greatest soprano singers were Nilsson and Patti, and Sainte-Beuve was the great critic of the day. Some one, praising Patti and quoting from Shakespeare, said to the critic that her voice was like "the lark" which "at heaven's gate sings." "Yes," responded Sainte-Beuve, "but Nilsson's is like a voice from the *other* side of the gate!"



THE NATIVITY

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, born in England, 1723; died 1792. From the engraving by the brothers Facius, done in 1785

It cannot be proved that the twenty-fifth day of December is the actual day of the year when Christ was born; but what of that? It is the Event itself which all Christendom celebrates, and for that purpose one day of the year is about as good as another. Moreover, the existing date has been observed ever since the fifth century.

I recall a most ingeniously chosen text for a Christmas sermon preached in old Trinity Church, New York, by the eminent rector, Dr. Morgan Dix. His subject was the Nativity, together with the progress of the Christian faith, and his text was only this fragment of a sentence in the Gospel: "For they are dead which sought the young child's life."

O the power of utter helplessness, the beauty of innocent simplicity! Our world is bad enough as we know it—but how much worse would it be had a new spirit not entered, to change and better it, on that first Christmas day! Truly the ancient Hebrew seer—who was poet as well as prophet—foresaw the better time to come when he wrote the words, "And a little child shall lead them."

THE TREE OF LIFE IS THEIR CHRISTMAS TREE

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

Where are the lilies that swayed and bloomed
  In the garden that summer day?
Tell me, thou Christ-child, Lily of God,
  Where have they passed away?

In Paradise fair
They blossom rare;
Never more shall they feel the wintry air;
And the Tree of Life is their shading-tree.

Where are the doves with the rose-red eyes,
  That cooed in the wood at night?
Tell me, thou Christ-child, Dove of the World;
  Where have they taken flight?

No net is spread,
No shaft is sped
In celestial groves where they seek their bread,
And the Tree of Life is their nesting-tree.

Where are the fleecy, snow-white lambs
  That once in the grasses played?
Tell me, thou Christ-child, Heavenly Lamb,
  Where are their dear heads laid?

Of immortal sheen
Are their meadows green;
Clear fountains of water flow between;
And the Tree of Life is their shelt'ring-tree.

Where are the little ones, dimpled and soft,—
  The lost ones we loved so well?
Where are their voices, the sound of their feet?—
  Pitying Christ-child, tell!

In Heaven's own hall
They are gather'd all,
With the morning stars for their tapers tall;
And the Tree of Life is their Christmas-tree.

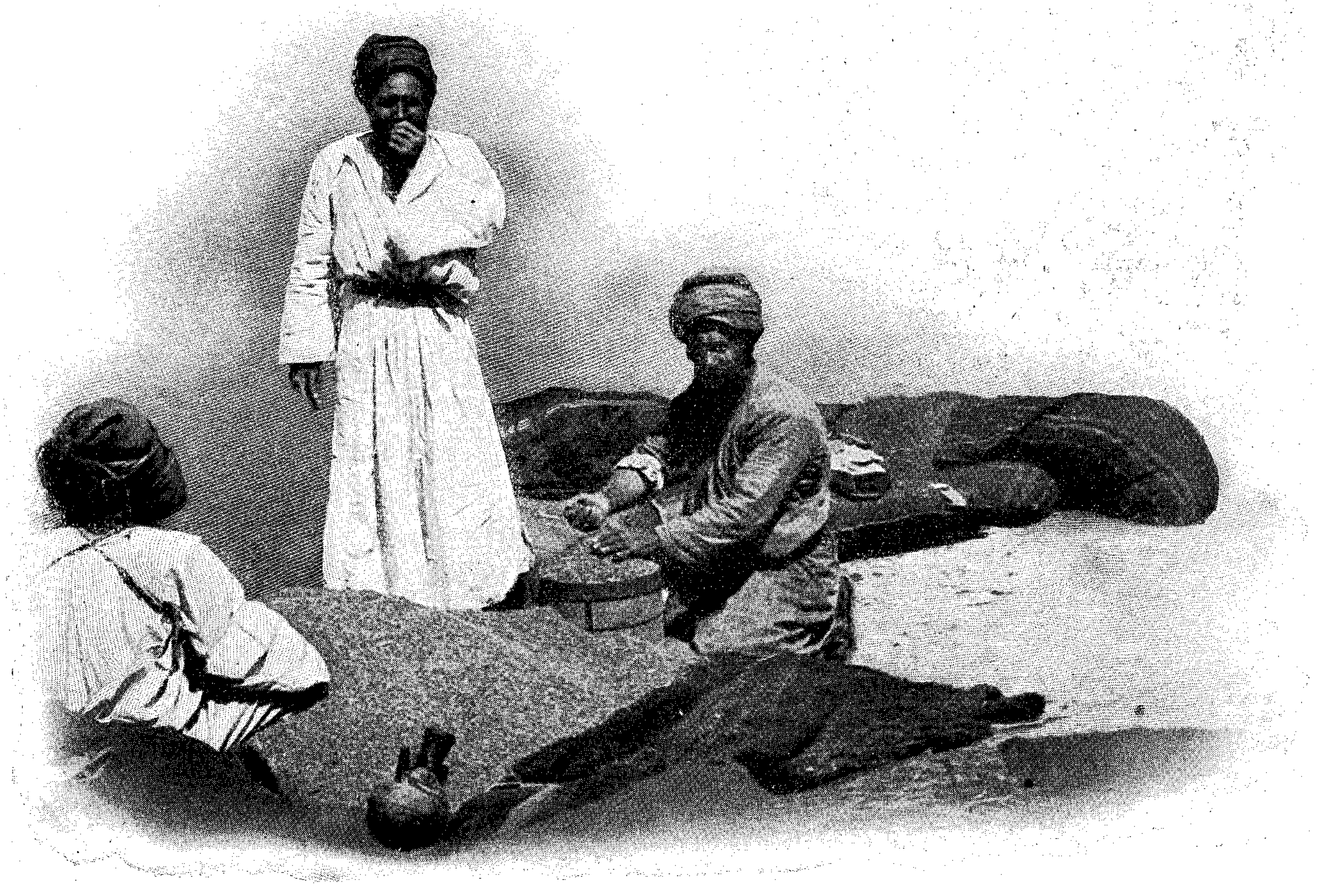
BETHLEHEM: A CHRISTMAS VISIT

BY AMORY H. BRADFORD

PALESTINE in the winter is a land of cold and desolation; in the springtime, a land of fertility and beauty. If it is visited for pleasure or general information, the time chosen should be March or April; if an impression as to the scenery of the Advent is sought, January is preferable.

The Holy City is located at an altitude of 2,550 feet above the sea, where the winds are violent and the cold is accentuated by fierce and frequent storms.

Our visit was in exceptionally cold midwinter weather, when it was impossible for the steamers to land at Jaffa. We entered Palestine at Haifa, which lies at the base of Mount Carmel, in sight of Acre, in a region made famous by the Crusades and filled with the ruins of the castles and cities of the Crusaders. In order to reach Jaffa we had two days of hard riding across the Plain of Sharon, over roads whose roughness could have been equaled nowhere in the world except, perhaps, in some other part of the realm of the Sultan of Turkey, who is responsible for more fiendish highways than any other ruler on the earth. For nine hours one day and for fourteen hours the succeeding day, when the wind cut like a razor, and where the mud reached almost to the hubs of the wheels, in a rough mountain wagon, we moved at a snail's pace along the almost impassable way. On the right, sometimes near and sometimes far, shone the Mediterranean; on the left were the mountains of Samaria and Judea, and around was the Plain of Sharon, richly decorated, even in that chilly season, with



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IN THE MARKET-PLACE

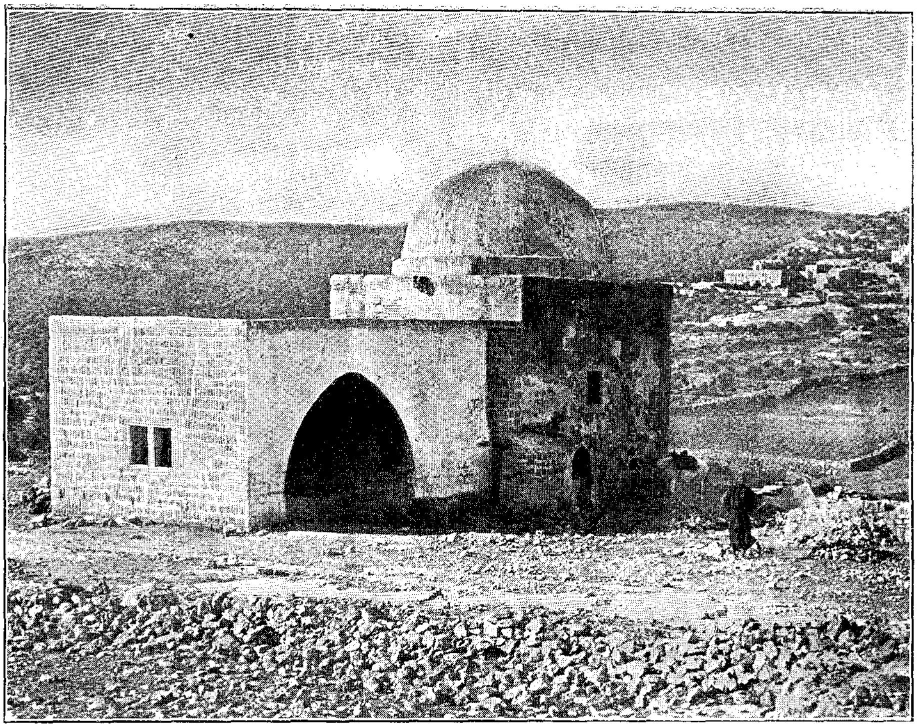
the red poppy which is so well known as the Rose of Sharon. At Jaffa the carriage was exchanged for the train. The distance from there to Jerusalem is about fifty miles, and the time required for the journey not far from four hours. The railway to Jerusalem, after it leaves the plain, winds up deep ravines, over giddy abysses, and between frowning masses of rock which seem to have been piled there, in enormous layers, since the foundations of the earth were laid.

From Jerusalem we turn our steps toward Bethlehem. The time is near Christmas, and it is more informing than pleasing to be assured that we have probably the same kind of weather as prevailed on the first Christmas day. Winter in and around Jerusalem seems vindictively harsh, and the people are never prepared to meet it. Few of them ever have fires, and their clothing is thin and insufficient. Wrapped in all sorts of picturesque and hideous garments, they hurry along the paths or seek refuge from the wind beneath the shelter of merciful rocks. The distance to Bethlehem is five miles and a half, and the road leads out of the Jaffa gate, down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and then up over numerous hills. No place was ever more idealized. The glamour of religion and poetry has made the whole district sacred to the imagination. One expects fertile fields, broad plains, tender skies, soft light, ethereal people; what one finds is a rough ride over rock-bound hills and in sight of far-away mountains, cold light, biting air, dirty streets, ill-kempt dogs, and no end of poor and often villainous-looking people. Romantic ideals of the country and of its population are quick to vanish with travel in the Holy Land. Phillips Brooks's hymn—"O Little Town of Bethlehem"—suggests stillness and beauty; a visit to the place in midwinter is a great disillusionment—but that is really the best time in which to visit it, because then it may be seen in the same kind of light as that which shone on the birth of our Lord.

The country is thinly populated; but at the time of the Advent it was filled with scores of populous cities and villages. The ridge on which Bethlehem stands is divided into terraces "which reach down like gigantic steps to the lower valleys, and bear fig-trees, olives, pomegranates, and vines." A deep but gradual descent sweeps toward the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, beyond which, like mighty sentinels, stand the mountains of Moab; nearer at hand are the mountains which "are round about Jerusalem," which seem to have been laid up tier on tier in some form of primeval masonry. As we move toward the Church of the Nativity, Jerusalem with its towers and domes glows with poetry and beauty—if the sunlight is shining and one is separated from it by a sufficient distance. How far modern Bethlehem, which now has a population of about eight thousand people, resembles the city in which Jesus was born cannot be definitely known, but its inhabitants, no doubt, are much the same, and the natural location is practically unchanged. Its beggars are as numerous and as intolerable and its traders as persistent and impudent as are to be found even in Cairo or Constantinople. One may be ever so reverent as he approaches the Church of the Nativity, and ever so much inclined to meditate upon the sacred events which are associated with our Saviour's birth; his grateful thoughts and reverent feelings will be sure to give place to indignation when he is followed to the church door by a dirty villain who wishes to be a guide, or by a pack of noisy boys who insist on selling their wares. If escape from such nuisances were possible, sentiments akin to worship would be inevitable and constant.

Bethlehem is interesting because of its scenery, its history, and pre-eminently because of the Church of the Nativity.

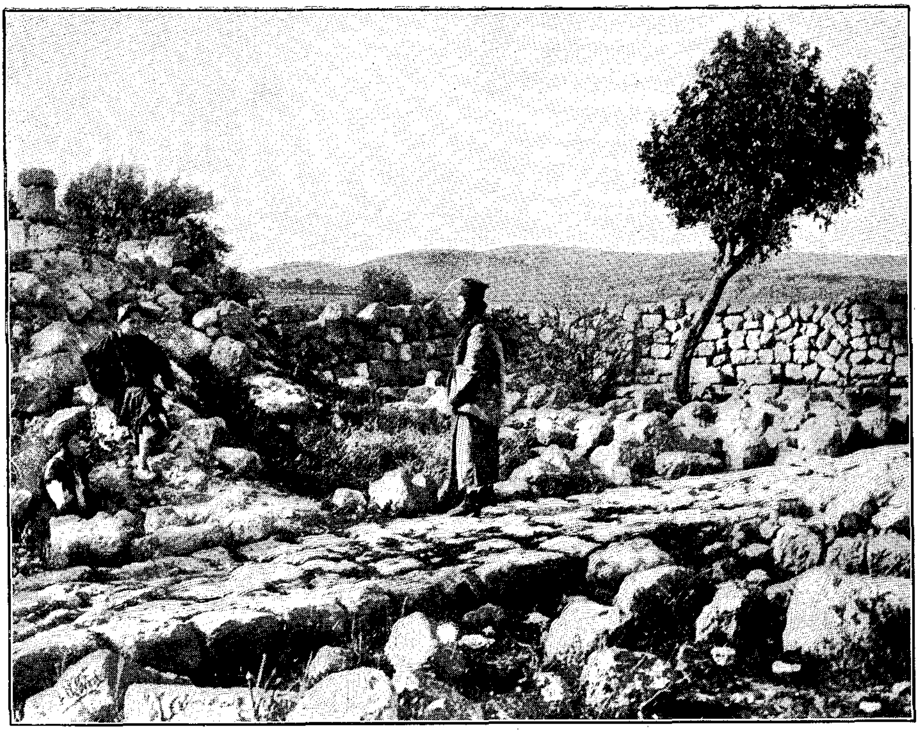
The scenery is rocky and tumultuous. Far-away views of the Holy City, of the Mount of Olives, of the Valley of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea, and of many small towns and villages greet the traveler. Every highway is cut out of the rock and every building in the landscape is founded on a rock. In these very fields Ruth, the Moabitess, gleaned the wheat. This was the ancestral home of David, and probably along this very road he often passed. This scenery



THE TOMB OF RACHEL

suggested the imagery of many of the most vivid of the Psalms. And yet to me, when in Palestine, I know not why, the personages and events of Hebrew history seem more unreal than those of Greece and Rome. It is easy to think of Socrates and Sophocles as having lived in Athens, and of the Cæsars as having witnessed the spectacles in the Coliseum in Rome; but it is not so easy to realize that David, Jonathan, Solomon, Elijah, and Isaiah once lived in or near modern Jerusalem. The reason for this feeling may perhaps be found in the changes which have been inevitable with such a changeful history.

The dragoman halts the carriage at an ancient and weather-beaten building with a dome. Authorities quite generally agree in saying that this dome and whitewashed sarcophagus are located near the burial-place of Rachel, the wife for whom Jacob worked twice seven years, "and they seemed but a few days because of the love which he had for her." A short walk leads to the Field of the Shepherds, where, tradition teaches, the Gloria in Excelsis was first sung. A small grove of olive-trees now stands on the locality where those rustics were startled into worship as they heard the angels sing. Those ancient olive-trees are suggestive and picturesque rather than beautiful. Their trunks are gnarled and worn by the friction of wind and sand. Venerable monuments of an age long gone by, they have witnessed the beginning and disappearance of institutions and forces which have transformed the history of the world. Wonderful as these trees are, they are surpassed, at least in appearance of antiquity, by those in the Garden of Gethsemane; and both are inferior, in age and size, to the matchless orchards of olive-trees in the vicinity of the ancient city of Syracuse in Sicily. As one winds slowly up these rocky hills, in the face of cruel winds, he passes men and women vainly trying to protect themselves by pieces of rough cloth and well-worn skins of animals. The poverty of the people is evident and painful, and the barrenness of most of the country is dreary and full of sadness. Either because of the tyranny of the Moslem occupation or because of the hardness



THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS

of nature, most of the poetry seems to have gone out of human life. And what wonder! Harvests grow reluctantly, and the tax-gatherer comes often and is remorseless. And yet the landscape and the architecture are picturesque. One house, which is a type of many, attracts especial attention by its long, winding, external stairway leading to a flat roof over whose stone parapets people dressed in picturesque costumes are looking. They seem almost to belong to another world.

Near to the Field of the Shepherds is David's well—a large, deep, rock-hewn cistern. Narrow openings in the rock provide means by which the water can be reached. Looking into the rocky basin, we seem to hear the echoes of David's song in the Cave of Adullam—"O that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate!"

The ridge in the center of the town is crowned by a huge, castellated building which at a distance seems to be a fortress. It is the Church of Saint Mary, or the Church of the Nativity. The pile is more than a church, for its ample roof also covers three monasteries. While there is no positive knowledge as to the exact location of the nativity, tradition, with substantial unanimity, places it at or near the spot here designated. This tradition dates back to the second century, and has at least more in its favor than any other. Because of the conviction that this was the birthplace of our Lord, Constantine erected a church here in the year 330 A.D., and from that early church the present Church of the Nativity has been evolved. Some even affirm that the present is the original church built by Constantine, practically unchanged. The vicinity of this church has been the scene of continued strife. Here sanctuaries and monasteries have arisen and been destroyed as one invading army has succeeded another.

On this spot in the time of our Lord an inn was located. Just such buildings are numerous in Palestine to-day. Their walls are usually of stone or stucco, and are erected in the form of a hollow square. The guests sleep and eat in the building proper, and the animals are tied in the

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A JUDEAN FAMILY RESTING DURING A JOURNEY open court. To Occidental eyes these inns are repulsive enough now, and they must have been quite as hideous and forbidding then. This particular inn was full when the parents of our Lord reached Bethlehem, and they probably found shelter in the court where the cattle were stalled. The story seems entirely credible to the modern traveler, with the single exception of the implication that the manger could by any possibility have been less attractive than the inn. In these days that would be impossible. The Church of the Nativity has probably been added to and altered, but never entirely destroyed. It is the oldest Christian church in the world. The plan of the building is said to be exactly the same as that of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. Both are impressive, but neither one is beautiful. There is an outer court or western porch, now much dilapidated, then the wide nave, with two rows of eleven columns each on either side forming aisles, and a shallow chancel with three apses. Beneath the central apse is the Grotto of the Nativity. As there are three monasteries belonging to three branches of the Church of Christ connected with this sanctuary, so also one part of the church is used as a place of worship by the Armenians, another part by the Roman Catholics, and still another part by the Greeks. All these denominations are under strict Moslem control, and each one has its own precincts, its own priests, its own guards, its own hours and methods of worship. Even in this place of sacred memories the frenzied fanatics who inhabit the monasteries often fight with one another in such realistic ways that the soldiers of the Sultan, who are always on duty, find their hands more than full to preserve order. Within the walls of the Church of the Nativity, and also within the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, these Christians love one another very much as do cats and dogs. Their antagonisms, however, are not due to their Christianity, but to their diverse nationalities. It seems to be as natural for these people to fight as for them to breathe. A stronger dose of grace will be required to convert them to peaceable behavior than fully to sanctify other people of less inflammable tempers. A little while before our visit a fierce encounter occurred between them over some question of precedence which it was difficult for us to understand, and for which we should have cared nothing if it could have been explained.

A dark and winding passage, down cold steps, leads from the church to the cavern in which the Saviour is believed to have been born. The whole space seems to have been carved out of solid rock. A silver star in the floor of the Grotto marks the exact location of the Nativity. Around it burn fifteen lamps, of which six belong to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins. On the right of the Altar of the Nativity is the Altar of the Adoration of the Magi. The manger in which Jesus was born is believed by the faithful, who have sufficient credulity, to have been carried to Rome, and there to have been deposited in the church of Santa Maria Maggiori, where it is now preserved.

By another winding stairway one ascends from the foul air of this ancient crypt to the light and somewhat better air of the church. A wealth of lamps and jewels of various kinds burden this massive and impressive sanctuary, which in its decoration, however, is far less gaudy than many of the churches of Italy and Sicily.

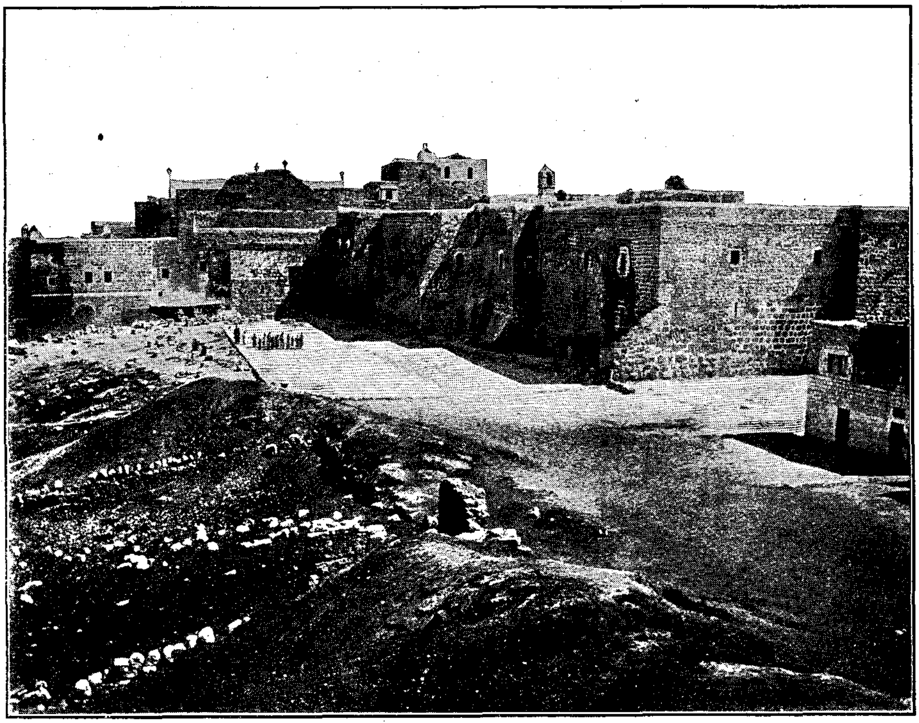
It is easy to distrust the traditions which ascribe sacred events to specific places, but, in spite of the fanaticism and superstition, in spite of the war of the sects, in spite of the fact that the Sultan of Turkey, the head of the Moslem religion, reigns supreme in the ancestral home of Christianity, it is not difficult to accept the tradition of the nativity as substantially correct. No other rational explanation of the facts is offered, and this one, when divested of its exaggerations, is sufficient.

A feeling akin to worship steals over one as he stands in that dim Grotto and looks at that silver star. He must be harder-hearted than most men who can turn from the manger-altar with an undimmed eye, or with no thankfulness in his heart for the life whose beginning was in Bethlehem of Judea. Notwithstanding all that is grotesque in the decorations of the church, and in spite of the contradictions and incongruities of the traditions—and both are numerous enough—a desire to pray and to praise comes into our hearts as we think of that holy night, those angel choirs, those astonished shepherds, those devout Magi, that Virgin Mother, and that divine Child.

Subdued and glad, out of the darkness and dampness we move toward the sunlight, when suddenly our feelings of veneration and worship give place to indignation and disgust as a dirty and impudent mob of men and boys, in fierce competition, crowd around presenting cards, and with violent and persistent vociferation insist on visits to their shops for the purchase of their merchandise. Even in Bethlehem Jesus is forgotten by his own countrymen in their insane passion for business. Perhaps the same is equally true elsewhere. All sorts of trinkets are on sale in the shops, but chiefly crucifixes, rosaries, and paper-knives in olive-wood, mother-of pearl, and bronze. Those shops pressing close up to the walls of the church, those sordid traders, and that babel of strange voices bring vividly to mind the time when Jesus drove the money-changers and traders from the Temple. If he, or some one else with whips equally sharp, would do the same in these modern days, it would make the visit to the place of his birth far more attractive and satisfying.

Bethlehem is nominally a Christian city. It is said that the Moslems are in the minority, and that that is the reason for its being one of the most orderly and decent towns in the Holy Land. That statement may be true, but if so it signifies little, for it has the noise, the confusion, the poverty, the dirt of all Oriental towns. Its virtues, whether Turkish or Christian, are only relative.

Those who would retain their idealization of the scenes of the nativity should never visit Bethlehem in such weather. The drive from the church toward Jerusalem is dreary, cold, inhospitable, and hard. The people seem in the grip of hopeless poverty. Would it not have been better never to have come to Beth-



THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

lehem? Has not the sight of what it is caused all our fair dreams of what it was to flee away? Shall we ever again be able to sing "O Little Town of Bethlehem'? Instead of shattering our ideals, this visit, with all that was disappointing and disillusioning, has glorified them; instead of destroying our faith, this visit has made it stronger. It is inspiring to think that out of such unpropitious conditions as these came the Saviour of the world; that in just such weather as this he was born; that just such people as these were his companions and friends. Could any world-leader, much less the supreme spiritual master of all time, have come out of Bethlehem, any more than out of Nazareth? Bethlehem cannot account for the preternatural personality of Jesus, for his unique spiritual insight, for the message which he voiced, for the gospel which he preached, for his power to lead humanity toward the divine, for what he is in the world to-day. There must be some other explanation of the man and of his ministry than can be offered by that little city among the Judean hills. The answer to the inquiry which has now arisen it is not the province of this article to provide. Enough now to know that the Bethlehem that is has introduced us to the Bethlehem that was, and to Him who was born in Bethlehem, of whom it has been suggestively and significantly written, by one not unduly prejudiced in his favor—"All ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

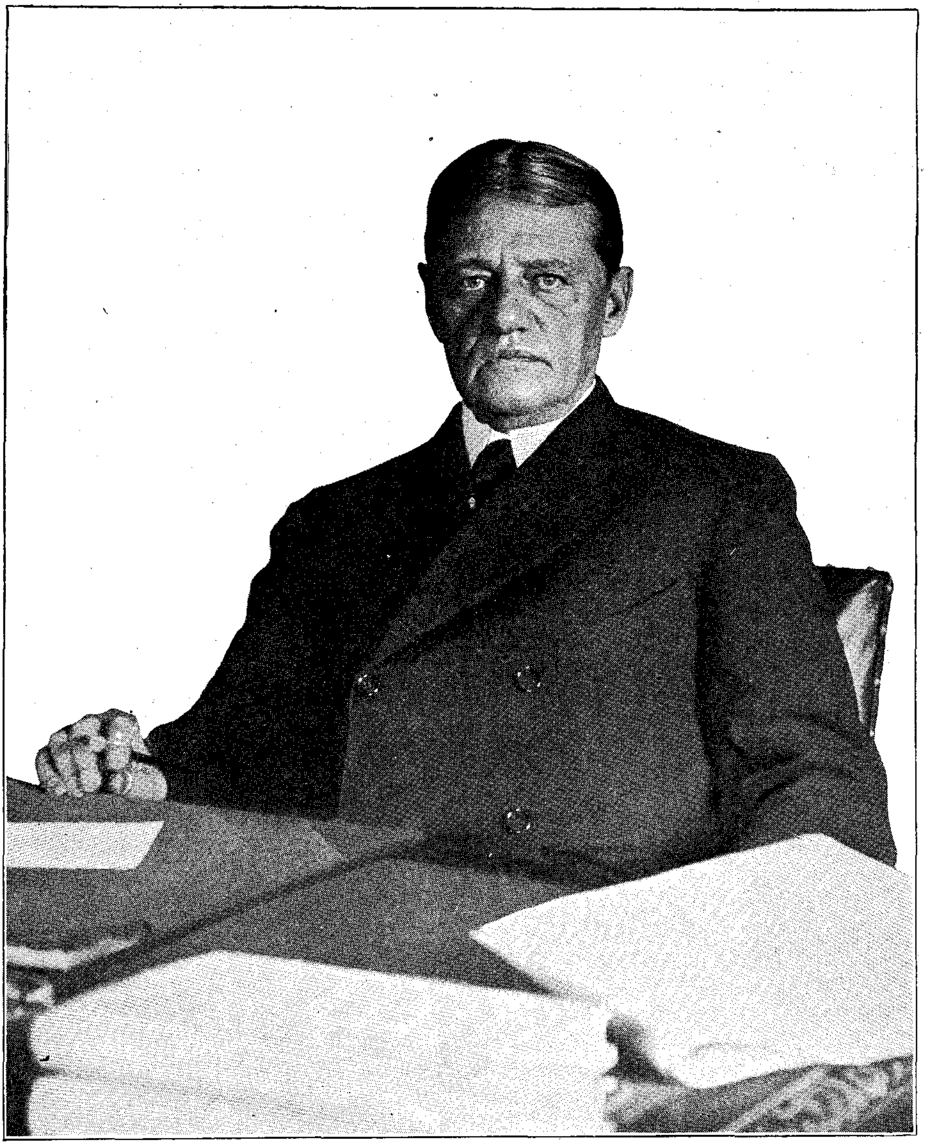
BY PHILLIPS BROOKS

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.



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REAR-ADMIRAL EVANS

Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral

By JAMES BARNES

Author of "Midshipman Farragut," "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," etc., etc.

"SHOVE OFF!"

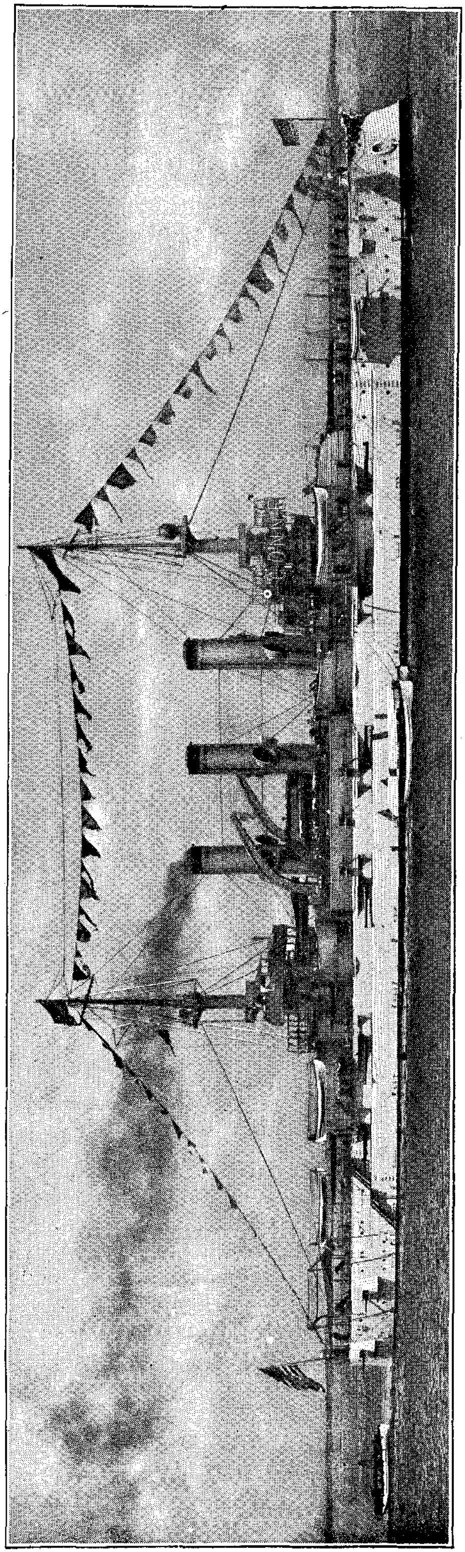
The cabby at the boat landing gathered up the reins with a broad grin on his face. Then he laughed, quoted the words to himself, and touched the horse with the whip.

It was more or less characteristic of Admiral Evans to turn so readily to that nautical order in addressing the driver of a hansom cab; no doubt he had done so with a certain appreciation of its humor under the circumstances; but it was used offhand because the speaker was essentially a sailor.

And now, having referred to the Admiral and humor in connection, at the beginning, it might not be amiss to state that, in the course of his journey through life, Robley D. Evans has never been separated from his appreciation of that attribute, which should be added to the graces of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Its possession has given him and his friends a great deal of pleasure, saved him a deal of trouble, and no doubt a few mistakes—for it is to be noticed that men so gifted, providing they also possess power and knowledge, have a keener insight into human nature, a greater sympathy with others, and see more than one side of any situation or problem. The Admiral has shown this insight and sympathy and endeared himself to the public in the same way that he has endeared himself to his friends. One has only to read his delightful book, "A Sailor's Log," to gain a vivid impression of his personality. No matter how exciting the event, or how graphically told, there is connected with it, or following in the next few lines, some allusion, anecdote, or statement, written—one might almost say—with a twinkling pen, and read, at least, with a grateful and twinkling eye.

Popularity is a hard thing to live down. A man who is generally popular is seldom best suited for posts or duties that his admirers and friends are glad to see him gain. The solid basis of true worth and fearlessness should be the reason for the universal friendly eye. Worthiness to hold his post and fitness for his duties are the attributes that are back of the "popularity" of Admiral Evans.

Within a few weeks after this number of The Outlook appears there will have sailed, unless unforeseen circumstances prevent, the greatest fleet of American war-ships that ever was gathered together under the command of one flag officer. Sixteen, and possibly eighteen, battleships of the first class, convoying a fleet of colliers and supply ships, will steam out for the long voyage into the Pacific, there to be joined by three more, now on the western coast. Supplementing this great fighting force will be a cruiser squadron of four divisions, which will provide for the assembling of thirty-five modern ships of war, with an aggregate displacement of 418,130 tons—the most powerful combination of vessels that has ever appeared in Western waters. And they will be under the direction of the most popular officer of the United States navy, and the best-equipped man for the position. It is the hurly-burly raised by this unprecedented maneuver that brings the subject of this unbiographical sketch at this present time so much into the public eye. The man who is to command this great and expensive experiment does not overrate or underrate, misjudge or miscalculate the value of the forces under him, or misunderstand the purpose or mission of his fleet. Admiral Evans is not a man who deceives himself as to the values of actions or consequences. If any one should ask his principal characteristic in



ADMIRAL EVANS'S FLAGSHIP FOR THE PACIFIC CRUISE

The battle-ship Connecticut

times past or times present, it might be summed up in the words, "an active up-to-dateness, tempered by the growth of a wide experience;" and the added fact is to be noted that he possesses what all great commanders, in the fields of warfare or the paths of industry, must possess—a constructive imagination.

In his book he has made use of this sentence in relating a humorous adventure with the Emperor of Germany at Kiel: "I find myself in some funny positions." The position he now finds himself in may not be so amusing—in fact, it is a serious one, but he is safe and sane; he may fully appreciate his powers, but his conceit has no hair-trigger. He has summed up in a short paragraph his idea of the uses of the navy—let us see what it is. He writes of the time he joined his ship, the Iowa, at Key West, just then to start with the fleet under Admiral Sampson on the cruise that was to end so gloriously at Santiago: "It was borne in upon me that the worst use you could put a navy to was fighting, and the best, keeping the peace. Yet we were to be driven to the former, because our naval force was, and had been, too small for the latter."

The President, in one of his most recent speeches, has referred to the navy in terms somewhat similar, but added—as he probably warmed to his subject—that "the best way to parry is to hit." Now, if hitting is to be the object of this assemblage of war vessels, the people at large can rest assured that the blow will be well directed, and the highest efficiency to which the vessels can be brought will be the Admiral's aim. If the object is work, work that fleet will get. If it is only show and politics—? But enough! we will come back to the man again, upon whose shoulders will devolve the responsibility of getting his vessels there intact, and, let us hope, of bringing them back in the same condition.

Admiral Evans has something short of eight months more to serve upon the active list; yet he has been chosen, not because of his seniority, but for a reason well put by an editorial writer in The Navy: "The simple fact is that while, according to our great American dogma, all men are *born* equal, it is nearly an absolute certainty that when these equal-born men come to be rear-admirals at the age of somewhere near sixty, they will be decidedly not equal in the several important qualities which go to make a squadron commander thoroughly efficient. Success for an officer in command of a squadron depends partly upon his own familiarity with the few really important principles that apply to these matters; and partly upon the speed with which he can 'size up' the relative positions and probable movements of two squadrons." The latter part of the sentence referring to his own and the enemy's.

Now, it is strange that the navy of the United States that we have been so proud of has had an opportunity to indulge in battle practice but twice in its whole existence, and the maneuvers constituting this practice lasted but eight days in August of this year! On this occasion the fleet was split into two squadrons, and the squadron which was given the credit for winning both the bloodless fights was commanded by Admiral Evans, always a great advocate for drill, more drill, preparation, more preparation. Now at last he will have his opportunity for sea practice, if nothing more comes of it. His active naval career will end in a blaze of strenuous effort.

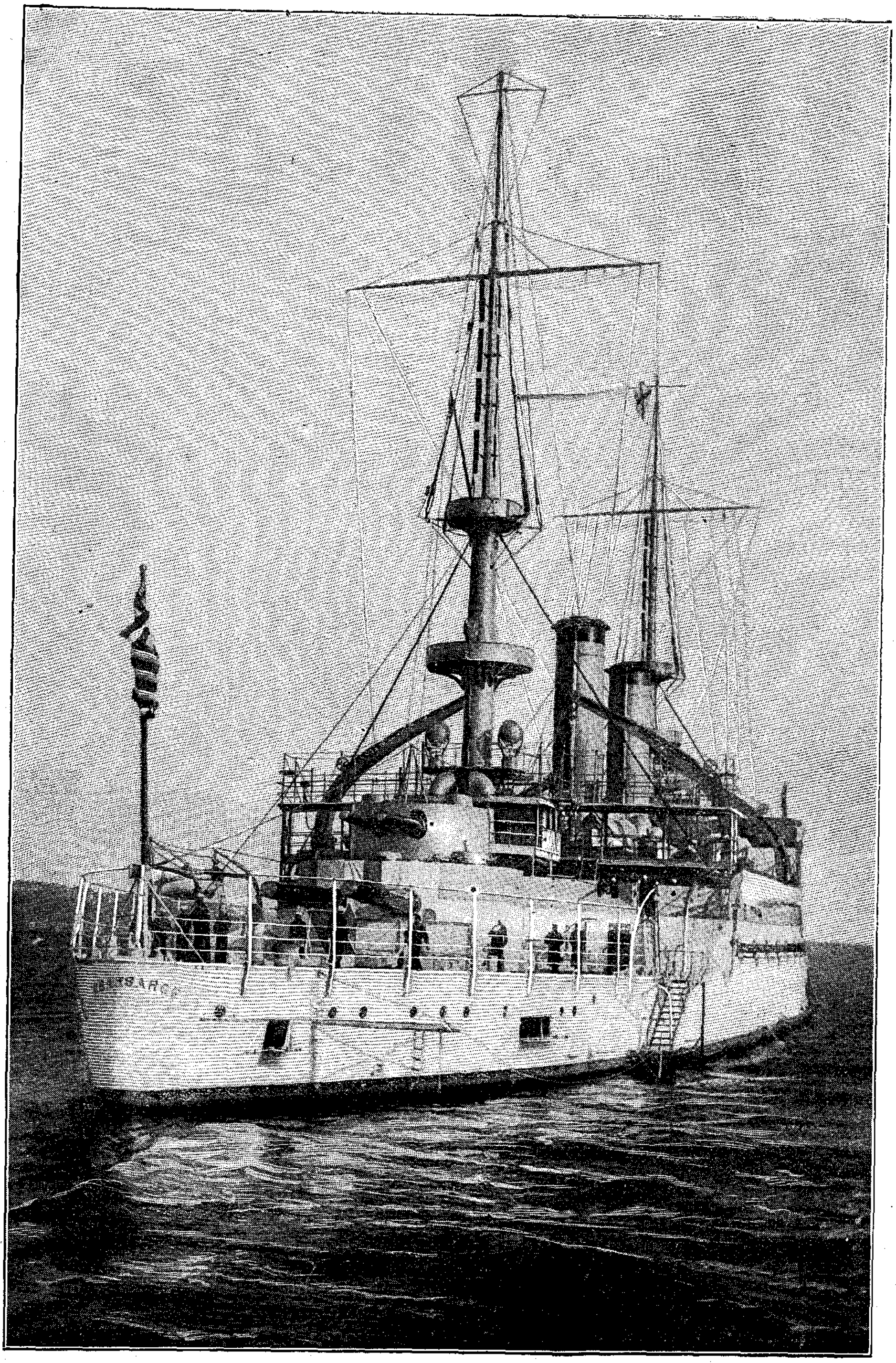
But a strange comment: If the fleet starts for the Pacific on December 15 with the present officers, the four rear-admirals will then have an average of but thirteen months before retirement, while the Commander-in-Chief will have, as we have stated before, short of eight months. The captains will have an average of about three years, ten months. Should war happen seven years from now, not one of the commanding officers who, at the date of this writing, is expected to take this trip to get the fleet ready for war will then be on the active force; in fact, the one who has the longest to serve has little more than six years. This is one of the faults of our promotion system, a fault that in the present necessity has to be accepted and made the best of.

One of the first duties of a commanding officer is to familiarize himself with the material with which he will have to perform his work; and not only does this extend to tools and inanimate objects, but it includes the personality of the men upon whom devolves the carrying out of his orders—their view-points—even their peculiarities.

It is one of Admiral Evans's gifts that he, in meeting with people, seems to be of no definite age—he is in touch with the feelings and the work and the capacities of the younger men, and they have also the feeling that he is one of them in his progressive ideas; "old-fogyism" has never been attributed to the Admiral, and never will be, as long as his personal timbers hold together. There is a strange youthfulness in his appearance; it would be hard to tell why this is so; to say that "he does not look his age" does not exactly cover it. It may be because his mind is young, and that has kept his eyes bright and clear to see things not only close to him but far ahead. In his photographs he always appears to be a much younger man—long sea service, hardship, and bodily suffering have left small trace. Although slightly lamed from the effect of his terrible wounds received at Fort Fisher when he was but eighteen years of age, he is active and quick in his movements, and his figure is still athletic and youthful.

Although this is not intended to be a condensed biography, a few notes on the Admiral's career will not come in amiss.

Robley D. Evans was born in Floyd County, Virginia, on August 18, 1846—the son of a practicing physician, Samuel Andrew Jackson Evans, who died when the future Admiral was but ten years old. He was the first appointment from Utah. The date of his appointment to the Naval Academy was September, 1860, so he had been a midshipman but little over a year when he was called upon to make a momentous decision. His family fully expected him to return and own allegiance to his State as a paramount



THE KEARSARGE

One of the sixteen first-class battle-ships which start for the Pacific on December 16 duty; but he decided otherwise, and he had to go through that unfortunate time knowing that many relatives and his younger brother were fighting on the opposite side. He makes a comment upon this which is short, but shows how deeply the decision must have affected him: "My brother fought gallantly, was twice wounded, and served to the end of the war. As soon as he could make his way North he came, and never showed any opposition toward my course. The other members of my family did not behave the same way, but after some years my mother changed her views and fully forgave me before she died."

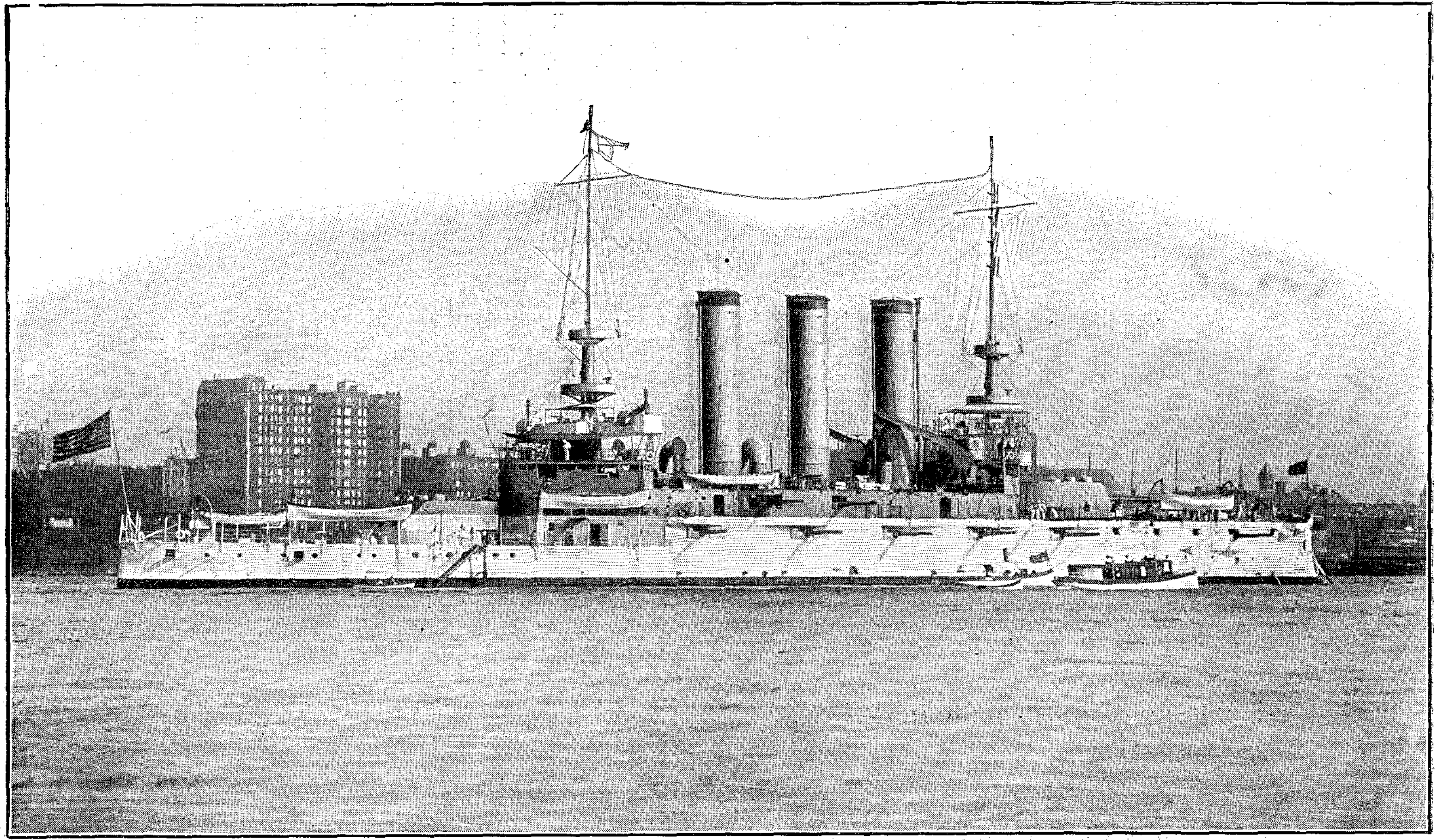
Midshipman Evans's short but crowded Civil War experience can be summed up in the history of the one great exciting day at Fort Fisher on January 15, 1864, and in the long months of subsequent suffering. It is recounted tersely in the report of Lieutenant-Commander James Parker, who was his senior officer: "Acting Ensign (Regular) R. D. Evans was wounded in the leg just after reaching the end of the palisade; he bound up the wound with his handkerchief, and then pressed on until he fell with a second wound in the knee joint. From all I can learn, his bravery and determination to enter the fort were equaled by few and excelled by none. He now lies in a critical state at the Naval Hospital, Norfolk." His own story of this time he has told, but it may be mentioned here that, exciting as it is, it is the least recounted by him of all his experiences, probably because there was little humor in the situation. Those familiar with the story, however, know that on this occasion he saved his legs from amputation by the display of a Colt's six-shooter and a determined will.

Early responsibilities develop some men quicker than others. Just after the close of the war Midshipman Evans was advanced some thirty numbers, thus becoming a full Lieutenant at the age of twenty, and two years later he was made Lieutenant-Commander, consequently he often found himself the superior to men of twice his age. Land service was not to his liking, and, to his delight and surprise, after his partial recovery from his long illness, he received orders for active service and was attached to Admiral Rowan's squadron on the flagship Piscataqua, under command of Captain Daniel Ammen.

There is much in the tales told of him at this period to show that the boy's spirit was still left. He has himself often stated how hard it was for him to maintain the dignity of his position when ashore—his tendency was to get into those scrapes that midshipmen are prone to, and to indulge in youthful practices and youthful larks hardly suited to a watch officer. If he did succumb at times, it apparently did not impair his capacities for duties or his popularity with those above and below him. He was always seeking opportunities for action, volunteering for the suppression of the Chinese pirates, boat expeditions and landing parties, and while not in the least belligerent by nature, one of his fellow-officers in describing him at the time made apt use of the following expression: "Evans had a natural instinct for a scrap, and, like Farragut in his early days, was about ten pounds uniform and the rest plain 'fight.'"

While with the Pacific squadron under Admiral Rowan, he visited China, and saw much, also, of the Japanese—just then emerging from their centuries-old sleep, and beginning to show evidence of changing from a hermit nation to a progressive people. Little, however, did he or others think that the little black-haired men would make so much of their resources and so develop their nationalism that in forty years they would become a world power.

In 1867 there was much feeling between American and European sailors and the Japanese, and the officers of Admiral Rowan's squadron were advised, when coming ashore, to wear two swords as a mark of their higher position—(all Japanese officers of the military or the naval service wore two swords themselves)—a single sword did not command respect. The question was solved, however, by the Japanese authorities being informed that the American officers would add to their personal armament a breech-loading Remington pistol, carried in their belt, and the intimation was made that it was put there to be used.



THE MAINE

A first-class battle-ship

When vessels of various nations meet at the same station, there is more than the interchange of international courtesies; the men, of course, get together in a spirit of rivalry—sometimes, as an old sailor once put it, not to their betterment, but "to their batterment;" and the most peaceful and spectacular meetings were the racing of boats' crews under sail and oars. Lieutenant Evans was coach and cockswain of the champion fourteen-oar cutter of the flagship Delaware, and many a hard-fought race did they pull against vessels of their own squadron and the foreigners whom they met at the foreign ports. Not until the arrival of the frigate Colorado, under the command of Admiral Rogers, was the barge beaten, when the Colorado's cutter, the Daring—that is yet a tradition to the service—lowered the Delaware's colors, and Lieutenant-Commander Evans—for he had just then been advanced to that position—marched on board the flagship, followed by the men of his racing crew, each depositing on the quarter-deck his oar with its silver bands, as a present to the newcomers. Under the young officer's arm was a beautiful game-cock that had always accompanied them during their races, and had on this, their first defeat, refused to crow.

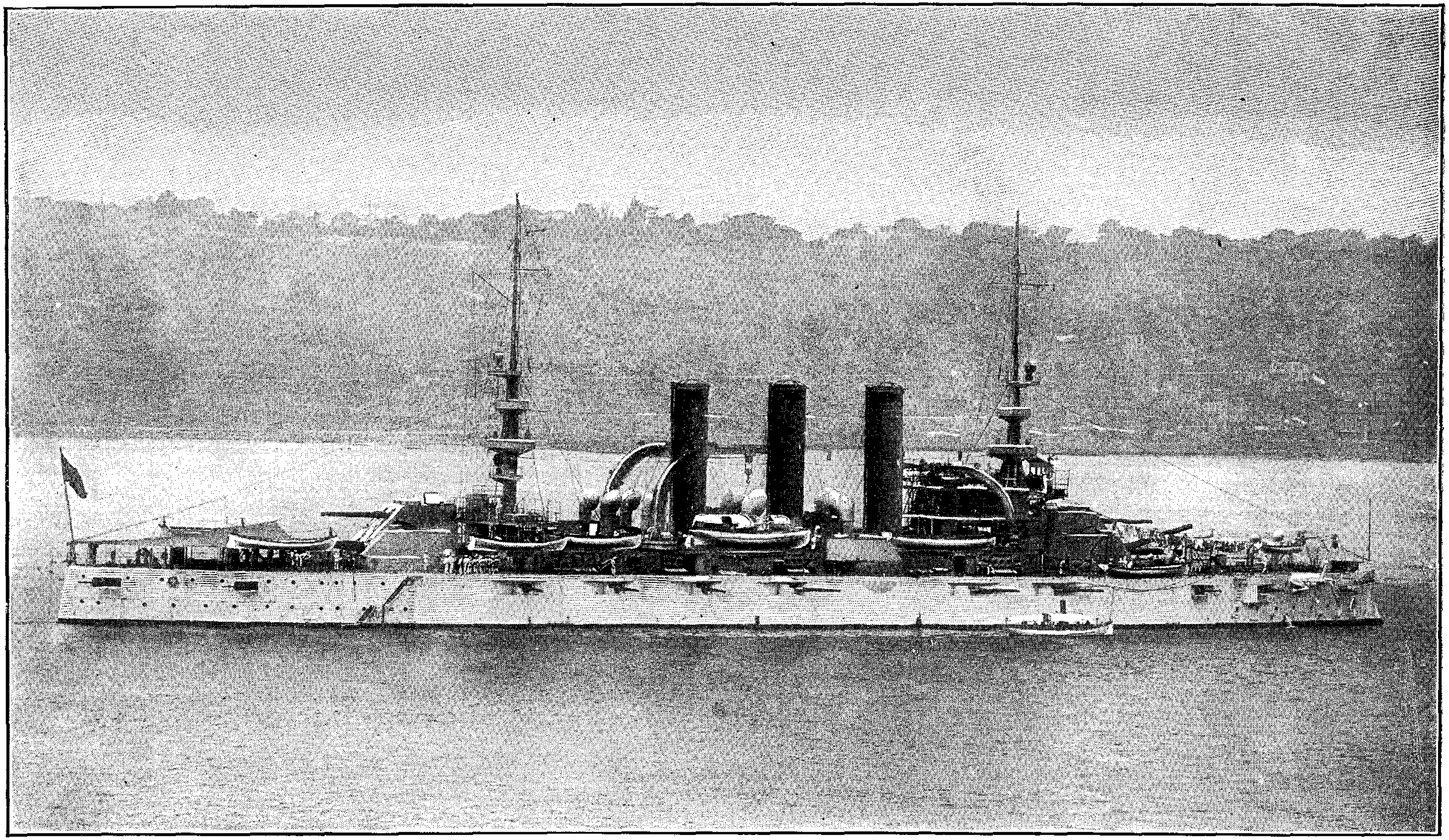
After a short sojourn at Annapolis—that followed the Pacific cruise—Evans succeeded once more in getting sea duty, and joined the Mediterranean squadron, soon, however, being recalled to the United States, owing to the prospect of war with Spain that followed the seizure of the Virginius.

Sea yarns, as told by sailors, run more to the humorous than to the tragic experiences of life. Of this returning cruise the Admiral tells a story: The Shenandoah—the vessel on which he was navigating officer—had left the island of Madeira, headed for the West Indies. But let him tell the story in his own words:

"The paymaster was very ill at this time and growing worse. Many of us, who knew him well, thought the best he could do would be to die—the best for all hands, particularly his wife. The captain, at the instigation of the doctor, purchased a goat, in order that the patient might have the advantage of fresh milk on the passage over. We left Madeira early in the morning, and at eleven o'clock that night the orderly turned me out, saying that the captain wanted to see me on deck. I was at a loss to know what he could possibly want with me at that hour, but, supposing it to be something of importance, hurried into my clothes and reported to him on the quarter-deck, when the following conversation took place: 'Evans, you know the paymaster is very ill and may die?' 'Yes, sir, I hope he will.' 'Well, he surely will unless he can have some goat's milk. I have sent for you to ask you if you won't milk the goat for us. I know you can do it. So far we have not succeeded in getting a drop of milk from the beast, though she seems to have plenty.' To this proposition I was naturally disposed to make a sharp reply, but, having a great regard for the captain, I only said: 'I was not aware, sir, that it was my part of the navigator's duty to milk a goat.' 'Of course not, Evans, of course not; I ask you to do it as a matter of humanity, and to oblige me.'

"That, of course settled the question, and down I went to tackle Mrs. Goat. I found her in a very excited state of mind apparently, having butted out the captain's steward and a marine orderly who had attempted to relieve her of her milk. One of them had tried to hold her while the other went for the milk. I remembered how the darkies in my young days had treated a cow under the same conditions, and, procuring some warm water and exercising a little patience in the premises, soon relieved her of her milk, which was evidently giving her pain. This I sent to the cabin, and went back to my sleep. At breakfast in the morning the whole mess knew what had taken place, and I was, of course, the subject of no end of chaff.

"In the afternoon I was again sent for and requested to milk the goat. I declared that I would 'be jiggered' if I would; but the captain again persuaded me to do it. This time I found the goat standing on her hind legs, snorting at the steward, who was unmercifully jeered



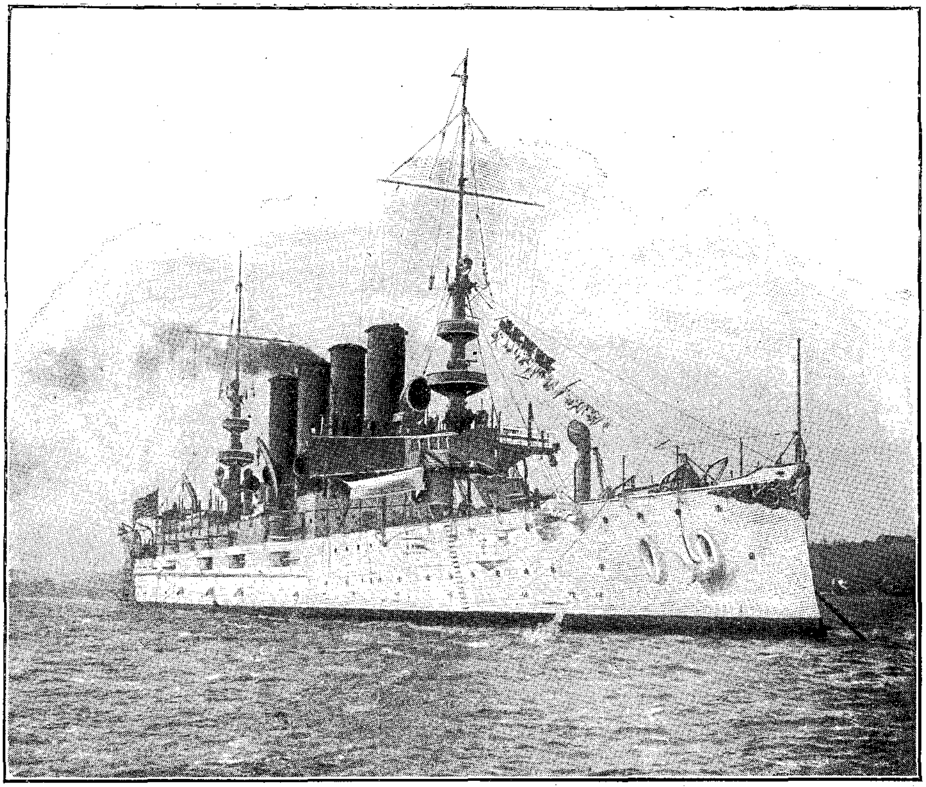
THE GEORGIA

One of the newest battle-ships in the navy at by the crew because he failed in his attempt to procure milk. It now looked as if I would have to go on milking the blessed goat all the way to St. Thomas. However, I found a young marine who seemed willing to assume my duties, if the goat would let him; and I succeeded finally in teaching him the trick of milking her successfully. This was my first and only experience with goats."

The Virginius affair having ended with diplomatic negotiations, Commander Evans again made a trip to the coast of Africa and Liberia, and thence to the Mediterranean in the old sailing frigate Congress, visiting the ports of Europe and Africa, and having, according to his own reports, a most delightful time. But, returning in the Congress in '76, that vessel and the crew were selected to represent the navy at Philadelphia, and made up the whole naval exhibition at the Centennial. Afterwards followed land duties and cruises as the Commander of the training-ship Saratoga, and in August he found himself ordered to command the gunboat Yorktown, then part of the "White Squadron"—the nucleus of the new navy. Every one knows of the part taken by this little vessel and its Commander at Valparaiso, when it was expected that we should have war with Chili after the attack upon the American sailors ashore. Relations were very strained. Evans has spoken of this time in the following words (having read the riot act to Captain Vial, of the Cochrane, he demanded protection for his men ashore): "Of course I shall wire the affair to the Department after I have settled it, but in the mildest way I can. I don't want to be sensational, and I hope the papers won't get hold of it." But the fact was that, although he did not have a chip on his shoulder, he was ready to back up his words; and he won at this time the sobriquet—which he most detests, by the way—that has become so linked to his name through constant use in the papers.

The affair having been "settled," the early winter and spring of 1892 found him, though only a commander, in charge of a squadron of eight vessels, "settling" the Bering Sea troubles, where American and English poachers were playing havoc with the seal trade; and, having endured cold weather, hard gales, and mighty seas in what he stated was the worst piece of water it had ever been his luck to tackle, he once more found himself on waiting orders. During this last cruise he had turned over some six hundred thousand dollars into the Treasury, a fact which gave him some satisfaction, but which, however, was somewhat mitigated, as he wrote in a letter to a friend: "I found that the zealous watch-dogs of the Treasury had checked against my name the sum of three dollars and sixty-eight cents because I had taken five days to reach home instead of four—the difference between duty and leave pay for one day." However, again the Admiral's sense of humor must have been salve to the wound.

Soon he was in command of the finest cruiser then in the United States service, the New York, and, now a captain, he sailed to take part in the Kiel celebrations. Before he got into deep water he came near having to wait a bit, for he writes: "A mud bank tried to stop us, but I said we would go at noon, and so we went. That is about the easiest way to manage—say you are going to do a thing and then simply go ahead and do it." So he got off on the pleasure jaunt, where he had no end of pleasant and amusing meetings and adventures. "At a reception given on board one of the German battle-ships on the Sunday after our arrival I had an interesting experience. When I went over the side, I found a large company, most of them dancing. As I was not a dancing man, I stood to one side to be out of the way, and entered into conversation with a young, clean-cut-looking German captain who spoke English perfectly. It was soon evident to me that he was brilliant in his profession, and we engaged in a rather sharp professional talk. I did not agree with the captain, whose name I had not caught, and did not hesitate to speak my mind—nor did he. After a time he said he would be glad to present me to his wife, which he did, and I found her a very charming and attractive woman. Of course I had not caught her name either, and, after talking with her half an hour, I noticed that a good



THE COLORADO

An armored cruiser of 15,000 tons displacement, one of a squadron of eight which is already on the way to the Pacific. It will join the battle-ship fleet when the latter arrives

many people seemed to be waiting to speak to her, so I took myself off to the smoking apartment to enjoy a cigar. When I entered, Admiral Knorr greeted me and said, 'Evans, the Prince says you are a good fellow, and he wants the Emperor to know you.' I replied, 'My dear Admiral, I haven't seen the Prince and don't know him.' 'Well,' he said, 'you ought to know him; you have been talking shop with him for half an hour, and I don't know what you have been saying to the Princess during your conversation with her.'" Suffice it to say, he did meet the Emperor, who did him the honor of dining on board the New York and staying until two o'clock the next morning. Emperor William found a great admirer in the Yankee captain; somehow, they hit it off together. Evans has spoken of him as one of the most magnetic and companionable of men, who knew more about different things than any man he had ever met.

Back to home waters, he was detailed from the New York and ordered to fit out and command the Indiana—the first real battle-ship built by the United States, and then the heaviest armed and armored ship in the world; he fell in love with her. Although he had some strenuous times, as she was a new departure, she answered all calls upon her, notwithstanding she showed that a great many things would have to be improved before others of her class could be brought to perfection. One night, when the forward thirteen-inch turret got adrift in a terrific gale, and the water came on board, flooding the ship fore and aft, it was only by good management and good fortune combined that the great craft did not go to the bottom. And of this night Admiral Evans has often spoken, stating that he was getting experience in battle-ship fittings, for many of the "gimcracks" which had been intended to hold her turrets were taken out "with a dust-pan and broom." It came near to being a costly education.

Admiral Evans has shown his adaptability in more ways than one. During his land service and his work on the lighthouse board he was always hard at work straightening out tangles or finding time to invent new ways of solving difficulties; and a number of patents used in signaling at sea bear his name. He tried his hand at business, too, while on a long furlough, and, contrary to the usual experiences of naval officers, made so excellent a fist of it as acting manager of a big manufacturing enterprise that his good work lasts to this day.

In '97 the clouds were gathering that portended the approaching storm of war, when "Spain sealed her fate in the western world," and as these clouds gathered thicker, Evans was delighted to be given the command of the fine new battle-ship the Iowa, in which some of the faults of the Indiana had been corrected. He always agreed with Sampson that, if hostilities broke out, the American fleet could have captured or destroyed Havana in a few days after the declaration of war—but in that case Cervera's fleet would not have crossed the Atlantic. Things had to be rushed, for the bases of supplies were rather miserable failures, and necessary shops and machines were not at hand. "A few officers were working their hearts out over the same old impossible scheme of boring a two-inch hole with a one-inch auger, only in this case the auger seemed to all of us like a very small gimlet. However, we did manage somehow to keep the ships in a fair state of preparation, and as the days went by we felt that the important thing of all—our men—were as fit and ready as men ever were, or could be, and only waited the chance to prove it to the country and the world."

The hand that touched the key to the torpedo that blew up the Maine opened the ball with a vengeance; and Admiral Evans's part in the ensuing operations belongs to recent history. After the battle of July 3, in which his son—then serving on the Massachusetts—participated, Evans received on board his ship the unfortunate Cervera, of whom he has spoken as "a gallant Spanish gentleman and a brave officer." The doings of each ship in the fight are still fresh in our minds. Judgment has been accorded and the glory placed where it should rest. But no one, perhaps, has been freer to give that glory where it belongs—to Admiral Sampson—than the commander of the Iowa. He was also free and outspoken in his opinions in other directions when those opinions were called upon; but that, too, is part of court record and naval history—he was as outspoken in his censure as he could be hearty in his praise. In his formal report of the engagement (written on the Fourth of July) he has used the following words: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women." A little anecdote of the day after the engagement, which the Admiral once told the writer, and which has never before been published, shows that even in the reaction of the moment the Iowa's captain could see the amusing side of things: A gun was discharged from one of the cruisers by accident—out of a clear sky, as it were—and an eight-inch shell, to the consternation of all on board, whistled three or four feet over the Iowa's bridge; Evans was standing there at the time. Instantly he turned and addressed a signal boy: "Tell Commodore ——— that it was a good line shot, but a trifle high." The writer does not know whether the accident was ever fully explained.

That the Iowa's crew reciprocated the feelings of their commander is very evident. Months after the close of the war, when the Iowa was in the Pacific station, and her captain had been detached, he received the following letter, which explains itself:

U. S. S. Iowa, First Rate.
San Francisco, California, February 14, 1899.

Captain Robley D. Evans, U. S. N., Washington, D. C.

Sir: The members of this ship's company, who had the high honor of serving you from San Juan to Santiago, beg leave to present this sword as a token of our affection and reverence.

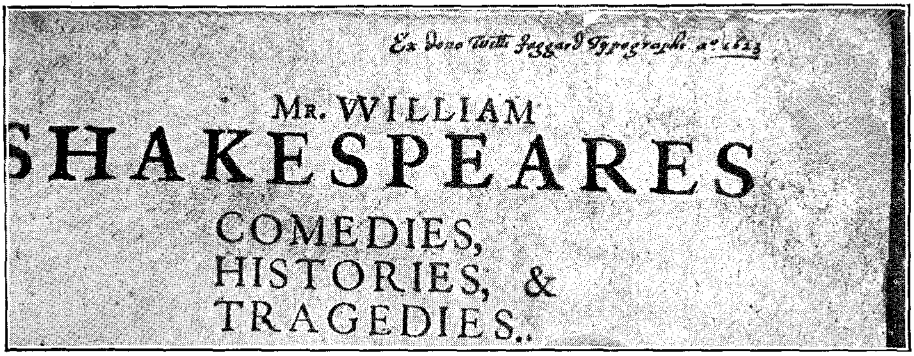
It had been our intention to make this presentation when you relinquished command, but owing to the disintegration of the crew

> following our arrival at New York in August last, and our hurried departure, it was not done. Coming at this late day, it will show you, sir, that this action is not from momentary impulse, but that the affection and respect of this crew for you is deep-rooted and lasting, and that the men of the battle-ship Iowa will ever cherish the memory of their beloved commander.
>
> And with this sword we send our wishes for your health and happiness always. It is an assurance from us that you are *more* than a hero to a *nation—you are a hero to your men.*

No one's official life is so open as that of an officer in the regular army or navy: it is spread out in documentary form in the filed reports; it is emblazoned in some cases in bronze tablets, or carved in stone; but the real record exists in the memories of the men who have the honor of serving under him, and in the hearts of a grateful people.

That wounded boy, dragging his useless legs behind him, but, revolver in hand, fighting his way along the bullet-swept beach under the stockade at Fort Fisher, developed into the keen sailor man and navigator; and from executive officer—the most trying of all positions—to the command of training ships and little tin clads; and thence to a great battle-ship. And now the Admiral, starting on this long voyage with his proud following—but so soon to step out of active life while yet every one knows he would be of value to his service—to him the country wishes a God-speed and safe return. Men like Robley D. Evans do not cease their usefulness when they go over the ship's side for the last time and their flag is lowered.

Once at a reception which the Admiral attended, a white-haired old man stopped in front of him and asked to shake his hand. The old man wished to say "God bless you!" expressing at the time the thought that he was only one of the other seventy million. In referring to this incident the Admiral speaks his epilogue—and let it be the peroration to this short article from the pen of a sincere admirer: "I could have told the kindly old man that it made me feel that if fighting by day and watching by night, that if danger in storm and suffering in tropic calm, were but 'reasonable service' to such a country and such fellow-countrymen as I am bound to by every feeling of my heart—I am repaid."



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MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

A UNIQUE FIRST FOLIO

BY H. C. FOLGER, JR.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DUPONT PRATT

ON Wednesday, August 11, 1596, Hamnet, only son of William Shakespeare, was buried at Stratford. The little lad's father, hurrying from London, was the saddest mourner at the funeral. For the wise Shakespeare, though he wrote for us all a book of life, showed signal indifference about himself. He found his father harassed by creditors, and his wife a borrower to meet her needs. Indeed, one sum remained unpaid five years later, the lender telling his executors to collect from Shakespeare and give it to the poor.

Thus death rudely checked the bard's supreme ambition—to found a line of gentlefolk. While he could "by his right happy and copious industry," as the dramatist Webster puts it, pay the family debts, buy a property, and make for himself a reputation, only the boy Hamnet could pass the name of Shakespeare down to posterity—and Hamnet was gone. For William Shakespeare had already approached the Heralds about a coat of arms, applying in his father's name, as was the practice; and a rough draft by Dethick, Garter King, dated October 20 of this sad year, 1596, can still be seen at the College. Curiously enough, it is in the hand of Vincent, who appears later in our narrative. How its sonorous phrases must have delighted the poet's ear!

> As many gentelmen by theyre auncyent names of families, kyndrede, and descentes, have and enjoye certeyne enseignes and cotes of arms, So it is verie expedient in all ages that some men for their valeant factes, magnanimitie, vertu, dignitie, and desertes, may use and beare such tokens of honour and worthinesse whereby theyre name and good fame may be the better knowen and divulged, and theyre children and posteritie in all virtu (to the service of theyre Prynce and Contrie) encouraged.

Perhaps comments on the financial instability of the father, John Shakespeare, perhaps objections to the son's calling—hardly respected, however remunerative—checked the College; but most probably the death of his heir left the poet, clearly the mover in the suit, less eager for the honor. The grant of arms was not confirmed.

Three years later the application takes a new form. Shakespeare is fast becoming a man of means, with many friends, one of whom, the Earl of Essex, is chief of the Heralds' College, and another, the scholarly Camden, Clarenceux. It is easy now to get his grant, but our poet is more ambitious, and begs permission to quarter the Arden arms with those of Shakespeare. Again the College hesitates, suggesting the device of Ardens more distant and less known than those of Warwickshire. Happily, the poet relieved their embarrassment by accepting the Shakespeare arms alone.

> Gould, on a bend sables a speare of the first, steeled argent; and for his crest or cognizance a falcon, his winges displayed argent, standing on a wrethe of his coullers, supporting a speare gould, steeled as aforesaid, sett upon a helmett with mantelles and tasselles as hath been accustomed.

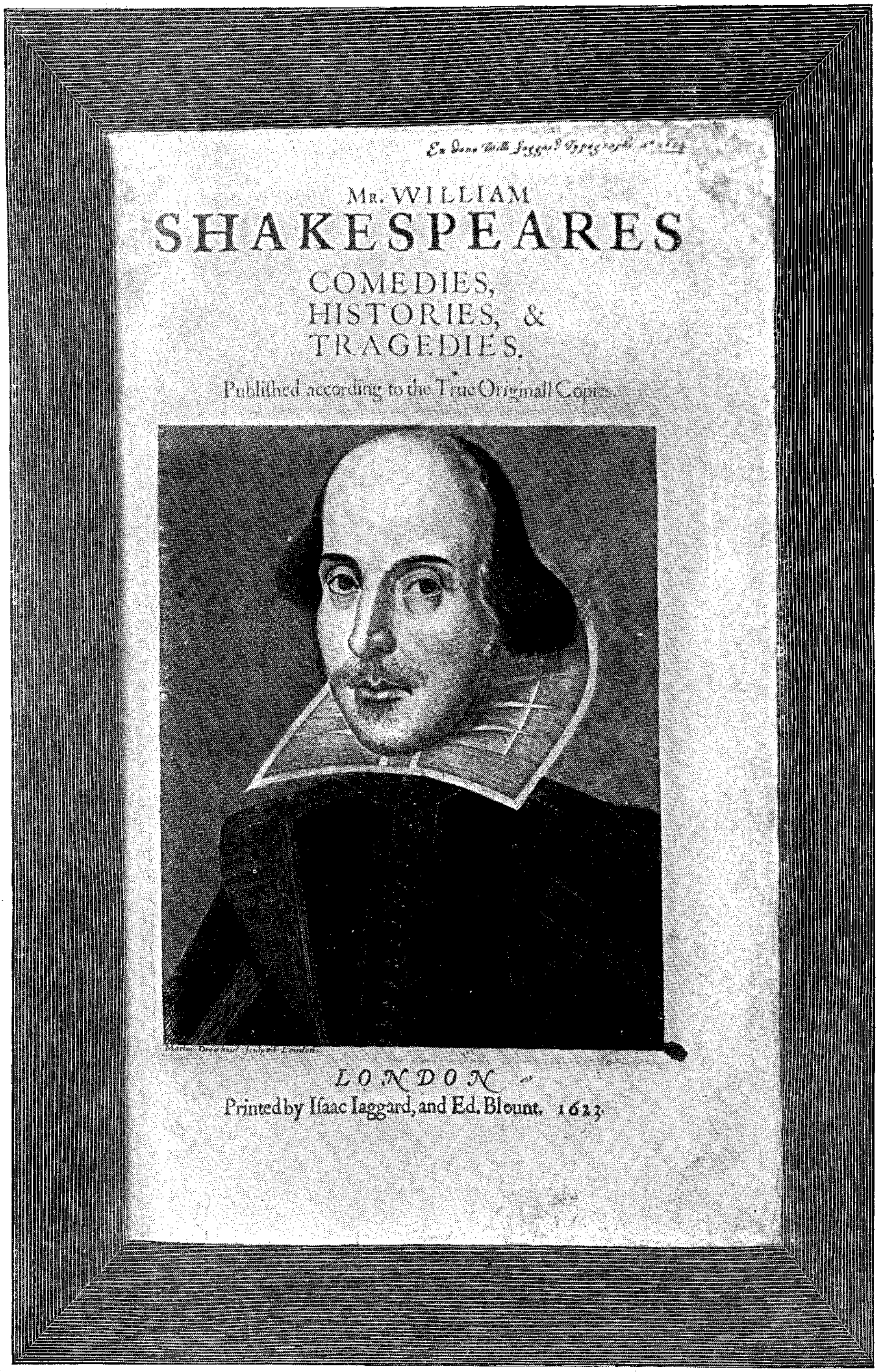
Above runs the motto, "Non sanz droict," which all the world most willingly now grants. This is the beginning of our curious history.

The "Exemplification of Arms" to Shakespeare in 1599 was executed by "William Dethick, Garter Principall King at Arms of England, and William Camden, alias Clarentieulx." Two men could not be more unlike. Dethick was arrogant, grasping, unscrupulous; Camden, surnamed "the learned" by Stow, a man of talent and scholarship. But Camden, two years before, had been advanced by Queen Bess to second place in the College, a step keenly resented by his colleagues. They clung to the old régime, by which the offices were given in succession to Heralds and Pursuivants as of right. So Camden was charged with lack of experience—which could not be denied—and with ignorance, though it was his knowledge and industry that were feared.

Most bitter were the attacks of the York Herald, Raphe Brooke, the black sheep of the College of Heraldry, who had vehemently demanded for himself the office given to Camden unsolicited. There is a touch of humor in our finding Brooke a member of the College at all. That body was established solely to preserve family succession and to reward the services of faithful subjects by honoring their descendants. Brooke, a man without a past, had forced his way into the sacred precincts. His very name and lineage were assumed. He was born Raffe Brokesmouth, but changed his name to Raphe Brooke, and fabricated a line back to the days of Richard III. By trade a "painter-stainer," his ready hand at tricking coats of arms made him a welcome among the Heralds, who were none too clever or industrious. One might think the vigorous language of the time accounted for the keen criticisms by his associates, did we not read in contemporaneous history that he broke open the office and stole the books and muniments of the College, and that he was later found guilty of other felonies, and branded in the hand at Newgate. Those were rugged times of refined barbarity. In order to disgrace a colleague and superior, Segar the Garter King, he arranged, by a hired emissary, for the confirmation of arms to one going hurriedly, it was said, to Spain. Brooke, with the boldest effrontery, used the royal device of Arragon; and Segar, falling into the trap, made the grant for only twenty-two shillings, the real applicant being Brandon, the public executioner. Brooke himself carried the tale to the King, quite oblivious to his own ignominy in his eagerness to involve another.

But our concern is with his assaults on Camden. He objected to the heraldic shield given to the Shakespeares, claiming that it encroached on that borne by the family of Manley. This the shrewd Dethick and the scholarly Camden readily answered, showing at least two other coats of similar design and differentiating the four from one another. But Brooke was not to be silenced. Knowing neither Latin nor French, and ignorant of all history, his instinct of self-preservation led him to attack the learned Camden, whose "Britannia," a book held in highest esteem, had been enriched, in its issue of 1594, with many genealogies. Brooke claimed that this curtailed the emoluments of the Heralds' office, and assailed Camden, in 1596, with "A Discoverie of Certain Errours published in print in the much commended Britannia, 1594. Very preiudiciall to the descentes and successions of the auncient Nobilitie of this Realme. By Yorke Herault." And then, in 1619, he brings out a pretentious, rather than accurate, Peerage of his own, with a title as ambitious as it is ample:

> A Catalogue and Succession of the Kings, Princes, Dukes, Marquesses, Earles, and Viscounts of this Realme of England, since the Norman Conquest, to this present yeare, 1619. Together, with their Armes, Wives, and Children: the times of their deaths and burials, with many their memorable Actions. Collected by Raphe Brooke Esquire, Yorke Herauld: Discovering and Reforming many



Ex dono Willi Jaggard Typographi a° 1623

Mr. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.

Martin Droeshout sculpsit London

LONDON
Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE VINCENT FIRST FOLIO

> Errours committed, by men of other Professions, and lately published in Print; to the great wronging of the Nobility, and preiudice of his Maiesties officers of Armes, who are onely appointed and sworne to deale faithfully in these causes.

The publisher was William Jaggard, afterwards made famous as printer of the Shakespeare First Folio. Camden's friends had little difficulty in turning the tables on the intemperate critic, Camden himself being too gentle to be party to any controversy—so gentle, indeed, that he declined knighthood, unwilling to wear spurs and carry a sword. Most active among his supporters was the Windsor Herald, Augustine Vincent, who of right came to the defense, as Camden long before had befriended him when but a Pursuivant. One of the criticisms of the older man was that he had employed as deputies inferior officers to make visitations in his stead, the young Vincent having been so honored, besides being favored often in other ways by the kindly Clarencieux. Brooke was driven by these disclosures to issue, in 1622, a second edition of his "A Catalogue and Succession," although, as Jaggard declared, "there lay yet of the former impression, almost two hundred of five, rotting by the walles." In this issue he charges the errors, now corrected, upon his "rascally printer," Jaggard, by whom "divers faults and many mistakings were committed."

In the meantime Vincent, now Herald of Windsor, had prepared an elaborate defense of his former patron and constant friend. As Brooke had called his attack "A Discoverie of Errours in the Britannia 1594," Vincent entitled his rejoinder "A Discoverie of Errours in the Catalogue of Nobility, Published by Raphe Brooke, Yorke Herald, 1619." He found an eager printer in Jaggard, glad of the opportunity to add some five pages of the choicest Billingsgate in his own defense. We do not often, even in the frank days of King James, find in print so intemperate phrases as "falsifications, suborning of incestuous matches, bastard issues, and changing children in the cradle, and such scumms of his ranke eloquence."

> Your owne intollerable arrogance and pride of conceite, your vilifying and contempt of others, as if you had stoode on the toppe of Powles, and saw all men under you no bigger than *Jacke-dawes;* your familiar vaine of detracting from the best and Worthiest men; your tongue gliding over no man's name, but that it left a slime behind it.

Brooke was at last silenced. The justification of Camden was complete, including the granting of Shakespeare's arms; and the aspersions on Jaggard's skill as a printer were, to his keen delight, refuted. This was in 1622. In 1623 Jaggard and his associates finished their ambitious task and issued the Shakespeare First Folio—"the greatest of all events in English literary history." In the flush of triumph over a common foe, Jaggard the printer presented to Herald Vincent, the vindicator of his reputation as a typographus, an early copy—perhaps the first—of his new work, binding it in rich full calf, and stamping on its cover the Herald's arms—"a bear, holding in his left paw a banner, and in his right a squire's helmet, surmounted with a crest of a bear's head, standing on a scroll with the motto 'Vincenti Augusta'"—(Laurels for a conqueror). Doubtless Jaggard would have penned a stirring presentation inscription, after the manner of the times, had he not, through blindness, lost the power of writing. But Vincent supplied the lack by himself proudly inscribing in a bold hand at the top of the title-page, "Ex dono Willi Jaggard, Typographi a° 1623." Friendships, like enmities, were strong in those days.

Thus came into existence the subject of our sketch. It is quite incidental that the book, as the librarians of the British Museum state, is "absolutely uncut," being the largest of known copies and unique in that respect; or that, as the same authority puts it, "the Portrait on the title-page is a very brilliant impression, pointing to its being one of the earliest struck off." These facts, not to mention the further one that it still remains in the original binding, would distinguish it from all its fellows—a notable company—and put it in a class by itself. Important as they are, these extraordinary marks become trifling in the presence of this history of the book's genesis, with the stamp of its identity made by the friends whose mutual triumph it records. Nor is it of moment to trace its wanderings since the master printer handed it to the worthy Herald, even if such history could be told. This much is known.

The book was discovered by a member of the London firm of Henry Sotheran & Co., Booksellers to the King. Mr. Railton had been sent, in the spring of 1891, to Sudbrooke Holme, in Lincoln, to weed out the worthless items and prepare a catalogue of the others in the library of Coningsby C. Sibthorp, of Carwick Hall. To use his own words, "Having finished work in the library, I was taken to the coach-house, in which was a large case of books. On the top of the case, outside, were stacked a great number of folios, covered with dust. These were passed to me by an assistant who lived on the estate. On throwing down a volume which was tied tightly around with cord, he remarked, That is no good, sir, it is only old poetry.' I unloosened the string, opened the book, and, at a glance, saw what a treasure was found!"

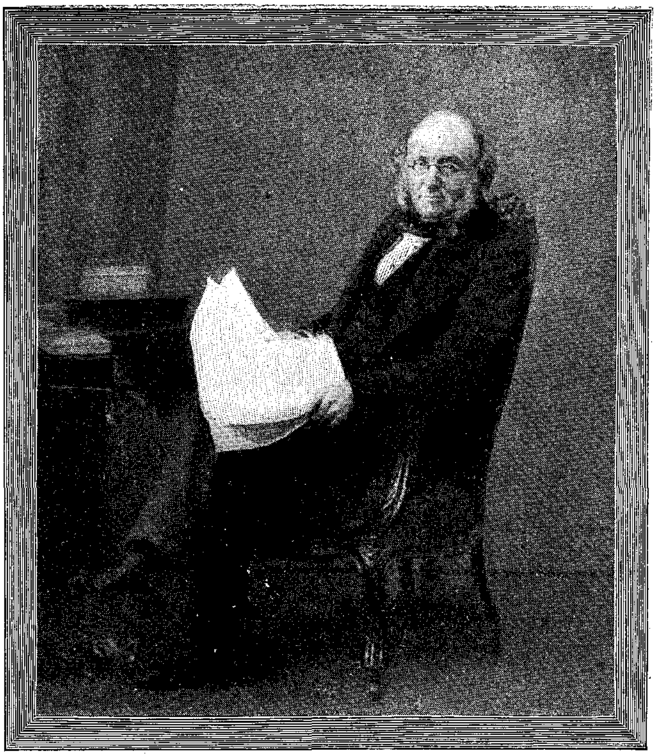
Mr. Railton noted only that it was an uncut copy of the First Folio, and in the original binding. It was left for the Shakespearean scholar, Sidney Lee, and the Librarians of the British Museum, eight years later, to discover the more important features. Dr. Lee was quick to notice the presentation inscription on the title-page. The Principal Librarian, Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, and his assistants, Mr. Warner, of the Manuscript Department, and Mr. Pollard, of the Printed Books, identified the device stamped on the cover as the arms of the Herald Vincent, and the note on the title-page as in Vincent's autograph. We are carried at once back nearly three hundred years to the splendors and struggles of the reign of Elizabeth and James, when poets sang a glorious note, full-throated, when felonies were punished by branding the hand that stole, and ears were shorn to discourage eavesdropping where royalty conferred.

Such is the curious history of the Vincent First Folio—the most precious book in the world.

THE SILENCES OF LIFE

BY FREDERIC E. SNOW

The purple flushing of the eastern sky;
  The stately progress of the sun toward even;
  Night's mantle dropping from the quiet heaven;
The holy hush which brings God's presence nigh;
The dusky woods where cooling shadows lie,
  Where birds are still and Nature to repose
  Sinks gently down; dews falling on the rose;
Mountains sublime in distance looming high;
The smile of friends when love surpasses speech;
The hand-clasp given when sorrow is too deep
  For words:—Ah me! the silences of life
Are mightier far and higher lessons teach
Than all its noisy clamor! Let us reap
  The bliss of those who keep themselves from strife


DR. JOHN BROWN

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

BY JOHN BROWN, M.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE three volumes of Dr. John Brown's "Spare Hours" belong to the literature of intimate companionship; no title could more happily suggest their friendly atmosphere or more skillfully select their readers. Years ago Lowell commented humorously on the fact that a Scotchman endowed with imagination is often possessed and almost consumed by it. Prudent, thrifty, shrewd, commonly reported to be hard-headed, when the gods set a Scotch nature on fire there is a glorious illumination. And when a Scotchman is endowed with that rarer genius which is of the heart rather than of the brain, what deep and beautiful and unaffected tenderness flows through all the channels of his mind! Add to this rich endowment of human feeling the sanity and unexpectedness of humor, and the author of "Rab and His Friends" stands revealed. There was no pose of learning about him, no pretension of mystery in his art, no assumption that because he knew a great deal about vice he was therefore a superior being and "knew life as it is;" he was the soul of simple goodness, or he could never have told the pathetic story of Ailie; and he was rich in humor, or he could not have reported the extraordinary case of Marjorie Fleming.

The dark-haired man with fine eyes and a benignant manner, whom his old friend David Masson—dead only a few weeks—described with such affection, was a familiar figure in the Edinburgh of the middle of the last century, when that city of almost unrivaled picturesqueness was full of interesting men and women. The Castle, Calton Hill, the somber old town, the fine stretch of Princes Street, the swift march of the bagpipers from the garrison with flying ribbons—how clearly Edinburgh rises before the eye and explains the spell it has laid on generations of strong men! Of a vigorous breed, the son of a seceding minister, trained in the High School and educated at the University of Edinburgh, John Brown followed a profession in which Scotchmen have long been eminent, and soon became known as a physician of uncommon sense and rare acuteness as a diagnostician. He had the tastes of a scholar, an instinct for sound painting so marked that he gained the authority of a critic, and he was happily married to a woman of extraordinary beauty. A group of friends had discovered his humor, his refinement of taste, his power of sympathy, and his rich life of the mind before the public found him out, on the publication of "Rab and His Friends," one of the little masterpieces of English narrative prose. Long before "Bob, Son of Battle," came from a Scotch hand, this big-hearted Edinburgh physician had made the acquaintance of dogs as reverently as of men. An American, bearing a letter of introduction, once found him in Edinburgh on a hot summer day. He had a charming welcome, but the dogs were nowhere to be seen. His host explained that he was detained by a professional duty, but that the dogs had been sent to the seashore to get them out of the heat!

He wrote about Locke and Sydenham, and he had a scholar's as well as a practitioner's interest in his profession; but he was a great believer in intuition and direct perception, in the unconscious sagacity of the right-minded man. Scotch as he was to the bone, he had no taste for argument, and loved to illustrate his attitude of mind on controverted questions by the story of the catechising of a plow-boy by a minister. "Who made you?" "God." "How do you know that God made you?" After an awkward silence: "Weel, sir, it's the clash [common talk] o' the kintry!" And Dr. Brown would add: "Ay, I'm afraid that a deal of our belief is founded on just 'the clash o' the kintry.'" He believed in humor for its curative effects. "A comely young wife," he wrote in one of his prefaces, "was in bed, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way; she could swallow nothing; everything had been tried. Her friends were standing round her bed in misery and helplessness. '*Try her wi' a compliment*,' said her husband."

Dr. Brown loved the odd characters in which Scotland has always been rich, and drew them with a skill which owes half its effectiveness to his feeling for them. He is often playful with them, but the corrosive biting of cynicism never gave his sketches the sharpness of line that is the edge of bitterness. "Rab and His Friends," which completes the series of twelve republications of representative stories promised to its readers by The Outlook at the beginning of the year, has no plot and is an incident rather than a story; but it is one of those incidents in which a story culminates and tells itself without a prelude. "Marjorie Fleming" has been "Pet Marjorie" for many a year; and "Jeems the Door-Keeper," "Our Dogs," and "The Mystery of Black and Tan" have made kindlier men of careless readers. Of course there is art in writing which has won a place for itself so close to the heart; but it is that deep and tender art which has long ceased to be a dexterity and become a practice of love. In a volume of "Spare Hours" dedicated to Abraham Lincoln Dr. Brown described the death of Thackeray in these words: "He went out on Wednesday for a little, and came home at ten. He went to his room, suffering much, but declined his man's offer to sit with him. He hated to make others suffer. He was heard moving, as if in pain, about twelve on the eve of

'That happy morn,
Wherein the son of Heaven's dearest King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.'

Then all was quiet, and then he must have died—in a moment. Next morning his man went in, and, opening the windows, found his master dead, his arms behind his head, as if he had tried to take one more breath. We think of him as of our Chalmers; found dead in like manner; the same childlike, unspoiled, open face; the same gentle mouth; the same spaciousness and softness of nature; the same look of power. What a thing to think of—his lying alone in the dark, in the midst of his own mighty London; his mother and his daughters asleep, and, it may be, dreaming of his goodness. God help them, and us all! What would become of us, stumbling along this our path of life, if we could not, at our utmost need, stay ourselves on Him!" H. W. M.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street, from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwisted as only lovers and boys know how or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy, be he never so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural and a not wicked interest that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not, see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downward and inward, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small thoroughbred white bull-terrier is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to knock down any man, would "drink up Esil, or eat a crocodile," for that part, if he had a chance. It was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed a calm, highly dressed young buck, with an eye-glass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereupon were produced several open boxes, and, from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free.

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms—comforting him.

But the Bull Terrier's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, and, discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him: down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate, like an arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets: he is old, gray, and brindled, as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespearean dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient breeching. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bow-string; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd; the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife. You know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather, it ran before it; and then!—one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead. A solemn pause: this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of his back, like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim, appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and, taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea."

"Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoided the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and, watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be—thought I—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, ma man, puir Rabbie;" whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the back-green of his house in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector, of course.

Six years have passed—a long time for a boy and a dog; Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him, he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income, we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet.

I never saw a more unforgetable face—pale, serious, lonely, delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon, her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark gray eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing, and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife.

The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers, pale, subdued, and beautiful, was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully; she and James watching me, and Rab eying all three. What could I say? There it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so bountiful, so "full of all blessed conditions," hard as a stone, a center of horrid pain, making that pale face with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden? I got her away to bed.

"May Rab and me bide?" said James.

"*You* may; and Rab if he will behave himself."

"I 'se warrant he 's do that, doctor." And in slunk the faithful beast.

I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled and gray like Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight at the least; he had a large, blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long—if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness, of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity of all great fighters.

You must have observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller. The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, somber, honest countenance, the same deep, inevitable eye, the same look—as of thunder asleep, but ready—neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed; it might never return; it would give her speedy relief; she should have it done.

She courtesied, looked at James, and said, "When?"

"To-morrow," said the kind surgeon, a man of few words.

She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small, well-known blackboard, was a bit of paper fastened with wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words, "An operation to-day. J. B., *Clerk*."

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places; in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I; they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity, as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens; while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theater is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie; one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-gown, her black bombazine petticoat, showing her white stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow, and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp, impatient yelp; he would have liked to do something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick: all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she courtesies, and in a low, clear voice begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully; and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed.

James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capped, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strynge nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and I'll gang aboot on my stockin' soles as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender, as any woman was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got, he gave her; he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was somber and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" for, as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short, kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle—Rab being now reconciled and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far, well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret; her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere, never in the way, never out of it. Rab subsided under the table into a dark place and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle—

> "The intellectual power through words and things
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way;"

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard; many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and meter, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed: that *animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of the shadow into which one day we must all enter—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and, as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and, taking a bed-gown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted, dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness.

"Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn."

"What bairn?"

"The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom forty years and mair."

It was plainly true; the pain in the breast telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly; the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly;" it was the lightning before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still, her eyes shut, she said, "James!" He came close to her, and, lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab, but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away and never returned, leaving the blank, clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us: Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time, saying nothing. He started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and, putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out and put them on, breaking one of the leather latchets, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself, his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier, and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window: there he was, already round the house and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and, being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo;* he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up—was Jess and the cart, a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate full nine miles off, yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets, having at their corners "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Graeme, and James may have looked in at her from without—himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and, after having walked many miles over the hills, may have seen her sitting while "a' the lave were sleepin'," and by the firelight working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and, taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and, with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage and down stairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm, frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G."—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then, taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me; neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicholson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like onlooking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods past "haunted Woodhouselee;"

and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black, ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling, spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died.

A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week of the new carrier who got the good-will of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly dee; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa' wi' the auld dowg—his like wasna atween this and Thornhill—but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else."

I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

Letters to The Outlook

THE SPIRIT OF SAN FRANCISCO

Having read with great delight, in a recent number of The Outlook, an article entitled "San Francisco as It Now Is," it has occurred to me, a resident of Berkeley, California, that a word might be said concerning the *spirit* of San Francisco.

In my humble judgment, after nearly two years' residence within sight of the "Peerless Bay," Kew says nothing in her article that is not the gospel truth. She by no means tells all the truth, but all she tells is the truth. She might have added much and still have kept within the limits of unoffending conservatism. Her illustrations are all true to life, at least as I have found it both in San Francisco and on the continental side of the Bay. But if, instead of writing of what we might call the externals of the city—the refugee camps, the filth of the streets, the misdeeds of the grafters and their prosecution, the insulting prices of everything one has to eat or wear, the petty and ridiculous strikes and the greater strike of the employees of the United Railroads, the habits of shop girls and boys and the picturesque language of all classes and ages, the careless profusion of the Berkeley flowers and the barbarian wildness of the uncivilized gardens—if, instead of writing of these *things*, we should speak of the *spirit* dominating all these things, we would arrive at the conclusion I here speak of.

The *spirit* of San Francisco, as it now is, is essentially the spirit of lawlessness. Now this is a bold statement to make, I know, and one that might easily give offense. But if we define our term lawlessness so as to use it in relations other than the crude lawlessness of the lawbreaker, we shall secure it from offense-giving, and yet leave it so vigorous that it will not be a blind Samson, shorn of his locks, working for and amusing his enemies. The term lawlessness, as we use it here, does not connote the same idea as lawbreaking. But rather we use it to suggest to the mind a defiant, self-centered, conceited individualism—the assertion of the "rights" of the individual without reference to or respect for the moral worth, or even the commercial value, of the ethical ideal. Here we use "ethical ideal" in its very broadest significance, as including all the activities and expressions of the individual in his relations to everything and every spirit that is worth while. As illustrating this spirit, first in its baser expressions, we submit the following bits of current San Francisco history.

Last summer representatives of about eighty labor unions in different parts of California met in San Francisco, one beautiful Sunday morning, to take action on some matter before them. A German brass band was engaged to provide music for the occasion, the meeting being held in a great hall, packed, as the city papers the next day reported, with more than six thousand men. This German band carried at its head, and above the banner of the labor unions, the Stars and Stripes. The band was soon seated on the platform and the two banners were held aloft. Some one in the audience cried out, "Take down that flag!" while another yelled, "To hell with the flag!" By this time the audience had become a mob of indescribable confusion. Men rushed to the front, and, seizing the flag of the United States, tore it from its standard, trampled upon it and spat upon it. At first there was no attempt on the part of the officers in charge of the meeting to restrain the men. And when quiet and order were finally restored, there was no effort to replace the insulted flag. The San Francisco papers said little or nothing about this disgraceful, not to say treasonable, affair. But it is a fact that it occurred, and occurred as here stated.

Again, after the boycott by the Carmen's Union was taken off and the union laboring men were allowed to ride on the cars of the United Railroads, this same spirit of lawlessness manifested itself in other ways. The expressed or implied purpose of the Union in lifting the embargo was to urge the men to ride in such numbers and in such unrestrained crowds that they would cripple the service of the United Railroads and thus win what they could not win, and have not yet won, by the orthodox methods of the usual strike. If Kew were here those days, she had opportunities to see what "the slaves to principle, or the bosses" did when they discarded the "union wagons." Workingmen by the literal tens of thousands took possession of street-cars in such unrestrained and unrestrainable numbers that I have seen cars on Market Street positively black with men. Men crowded like cattle into the cars, they climbed to the tops of the cars, they hung to the sides, stood on the fenders, and clung to the framework wherever they could get hold. They sat in the windows with their feet dangling outside, and in one case at least a man sat in a window with his feet in the lap of a woman who happened to be in the car; and when she remonstrated with him, he forced out a great brutish guffaw and turned his head to drizzle tobacco spittle on the floor. I have ridden down Market Street from Van Ness Avenue in the evening when the men were stopping work, and, with the exception of the last-named incident, which was reported to me by a friend, have seen things like the foregoing repeated on every outgoing car. At every stopping-place scores, and in some places hundreds, of women waited for a fighting chance to get on a car, while the men rushed in greater numbers and by sheer brutal strength pushed them aside and in some cases knocked them down. The women were compelled to stand at the stopping-places until the men so thinned out that there was room for them to crowd themselves on. At one stopping-place I estimated there were one hundred women waiting for a car, and, so far as I could see at a passing glance, not a workingman among them. And these were the workingwomen, many of them union members, who were thus compelled to wait half an hour or more for a car, and that on a street where the cars run so frequently that there is seldom more than a block or two between any two cars.

I have purposely taken these illustrations as showing the expression of this spirit of lawlessness, or unrestrained individualism, in the baser elements of the city. But of course as people are refined and cultured and live in daily inspiration of the open vision of the ethical ideal, their expressions of personal independence will be correspondingly high and cultured. But the essential disregard of established customs—the spirit of a defiant individualism—the spirit of lawlessness without lawbreaking, inheres in all this Western life. No one can understand the West, and, above all, no one can understand San Francisco, who does not allow this to be so. This is at once the danger and the safety of the West. It is the glory of the West that its spirit is constantly impelling men away from hypocrisy. The man must be openly what he is secretly, and he must be secretly what he is openly. In the dictionary of the West and the vocabulary of the Westerner there is no such word as "hypocrisy." There is absolutely no cant here. The challenge of the city of San Francisco to the whole world that it is what it seems to be is found in its wide-open, day-and-night, unclosed and unclosable Barbary Coast; in its uncounted ten-cent shows and unnumbered ten-cent crowds; in its blatant newspapers with their unreliable "news" and tawdry editorials; in its cheap art and vulgar display; in its heroic churches and efficient schools; in its great hospitals and friendly asylums; in its streets of happy homes, and its homes of good men and women and worthy citizens. One must not fail to give this poor, bruised, broken, battered, confused and confusing, misled and misleading, fascinating and human city full credit for all her generosity to the higher and better things of life, as well as full condemnation for her passionate embrace of everything that worketh an abomination and loveth a lie. This freedom from cant, this salvation from hypocrisy, is of vast worth to the best life of society. But here, where life is little restrained by conventions, where the ethical standard wavers so as to be nearly indistinct for vast numbers, the constant danger is that the untutored are apt to think diplomacy is hypocrisy, that culture is effeminacy, and refinement senility. Perhaps we might soften all this down a bit by saying that the dominant spirit of San Francisco is the spirit of frankness. Out here there is nothing hid that shall not be made known. But the danger that lurks in this spirit of frank individualism is the danger of a false liberalism. It is possible for men to become so liberal that their very liberalism becomes a deadening conservatism, when they say, as they do here, " It is not my business."

Take this illustration of the same spirit operating in the highest circles of intellectual and social culture. The Chamber of Commerce of the city of Berkeley recently gave its annual banquet, more than four hundred men sitting down to the tables. The invited guests included the Governor of the State of California, United States Senators, members of the House of Representatives, the President of the University of California, and other distinguished men. The banqueters were dressed in every imaginable color and cut of suit, from the most correct full evening dress to the latest negligee with the most approved style of tan shoes. One of the Berkeley dailies, commenting on this the next day, referred to it in terms of the highest commendation as setting forth the true democracy of the occasion, and as an illustration of the democratic spirit of the great West. Another Berkeley daily introduced its account of the same banquet in the following manner: " Contrary to the order and nature of such gatherings, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, who presided over the ceremonies, arose and announced that the Rev. Dr. Blank would invoke the divine blessing on the meal. With reverently bowed heads all listened to a masterly effort by the clergyman, after which the orchestra struck up ' Aloha,' and the feast was on." By common consent, and the authority of President Wheeler of the University, we name Berkeley the intellectual and spiritual capital of the State of California; and this was a Berkeley function, calling together the most representative business and professional men of the city, and many of the most prominent men of the State, yet behold, in the matter of dress alone, what unchecked and undenominated reaches of " true democracy" ! Where could this occur but in the conceitedly democratic, vehemently individualistic, free-and-easy, unrestrained and unrestrainable West?

Such is the great West; unconventional, genuine, free from cant, hating hypocrisy, generous, individualistic, democratic, contemptuous of tradition, emotional but not effeminate, crude but not rude, untutored but not ignorant, lawless but not lawbreaking, hopeful but not visionary, faulty but willing to improve, partisan but not clannish, forgetful but not ungrateful, liberal in method but conservative in thought, impressionistic but not idealistic, enthusiastic but not impractical. GEORGE A. HENRY.

Berkeley, California.

THE MISSIONARY OPPORTUNITY IN KOREA

Attention has been called to the Christian missions in Korea from the fact that they have just enrolled some thousands of converts who have turned to the church as a result of the political disturbances throughout the country. Probably in no other land has the success of missions been more rapid than in Korea, and in none is their outlook more hopeful. During the past year the Presbyterians and Methodists, who do the bulk of the Protestant work there, have almost doubled the number of their adherents. Their difficulty is not to secure converts but properly to organize and train them. In Pyeng Yang, for example, a city of fifty thousand, which is the Christian center of the north, there are four Presbyterian churches which together have a usual Sunday attendance of over three thousand. In the same place the Methodists have a Sunday-school with an average attendance of a thousand students. In Seoul, Chemulpo, and Pyeng Yang the large churches have been so constantly overcrowded that it has been necessary to divide the congregations and hold separate services in order to accommodate all the worshipers. It is a common thing to have five hundred present at a Wednesday night prayer-meeting or at a mid-week Bible study class. The conditions which exist in Korea at the present time are especially favorable to the rapid spread of Christianity. It does not have to compete with any strong native faith. Confucianism is followed by most of the upper classes as little more than a code of morals; Buddhism has now but few real followers in the country; while ancestor and devil worship form the only religion of the mass of the people. Further, the Koreans have now nothing in their civilization which tends to absorb their attention and prevent them from considering the claims of the missions. They have neither literature, commerce, nor industry. Finally, the loss of their independence, which has deeply affected them, has turned them to the church, both because it is a solace to them in this time of their national suffering, and because it seems to them to serve the purpose of a semi-patriotic society. The church is their religious home, their school, their social center, and their patriotic club. There are two striking features to this missionary movement. The first is that Koreans themselves pay most of their church expenses and do most of the active evangelistic work. Three-fourths of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches in the country are entirely self-supporting. The natives build their own church buildings, pay for their maintenance, elect their own officers, and support their pastors. The missionaries have more than they can do to supervise the districts, care for a few of the largest city congregations, and manage the higher school and the hospitals. The evangelistic work, too, is done largely by Koreans; in fact, they are not thought proper candidates for full church membership if they have not done active missionary work among their neighbors and acquaintances. The second noteworthy feature is that the missions have brought about a great intellectual awakening among the Koreans. Whenever local churches are founded, there are requests for schools. These are entirely supported in most cases by the contributions of the Koreans themselves. The higher institutions and the special Bible-study and normal classes are now frequently overcrowded. In fact, the missionaries are unable to keep up with the new educational demands of the native Christians. G. H. Blakeslee.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

CHINESE VS. AMERICAN ETHICS AND PRACTICE

In "The Old Education in China" Mr. Kennan says: "No one will venture to contend that the Chinese, in their intercourse with one another, are governed by high ethical principles. The maxims and injunctions of Confucius have never been 'built into life;' they have only been committed to memory as a means of qualifying for a profitable position in the Government service." Missionaries who have lived long in China give quite different accounts from this of the effects of Confucianism. A year or two ago one of them wrote that he took an American visitor out for a walk. The anti-foreign feeling was strong; some children followed the two gentlemen, crying, "Foreign devils! Foreign devils!" and then they began throwing stones at them. The missionary turned to them, and said: "Confucius taught that you should be polite and kind to strangers." The children looked ashamed and immediately dispersed.

We are constantly told by those who really know the Chinese, not as visitors, but residents, that a reputable Chinese merchant's word is as good as his bond, and that written contracts are rarely used by them because of this. In the October, 1907, Spirit of Missions a medical missionary gives the following from a recent Shanghai paper, with this comment:

> It is rare for a big Chinese merchant to prove dishonest, and the peculiar method of retribution by publishing this notice in the Chinese and English dailies, and paying 6,000 taels (about $4,200) to charities, does credit to the Chinese merchant.
>
> NOTICE
>
> I, the undersigned, a piece-goods merchant of Shanghai, desire to notify the public that I have been guilty of a grave offense; namely, that I have purchased from Messrs. Welch, Lewis & Co., from time to time, a quantity of Turkey red piece goods, known to the trade as the "flowers and screen" chop, that I have sold the same to one Dong Sing with the full knowledge that he would remove the tickets for that chop and affix instead forged tickets for a chop known to the trade as the "Gold Dragon" chop, the exclusive property of Messrs. Welch, Lewis & Co., and used by them for the better quality of these goods. In consequence, Dong Sing has been able to sell the inferior goods bearing the better quality tickets at a considerable profit. I desire now to atone for my offense, and have this day paid to various local charities, through Messrs. Welsh, Lewis & Co., the sum of Tls. 6,000, and I also undertake not to engage in any more dishonest practices. Henry Chic.

It seems that this merchant did not himself profit from the change of tickets. Do these recent facts of Chinese life show that the maxims of Confucius have "only been committed to memory"? Are Christian ethics more deeply "built into life" among us? Mr. Kennan goes on: "Confucius says, 'Those who govern . . . ought never to make their private fortunes out of the public revenues; their only riches should be justice and equity.' Millions of mandarins have committed this sentence to memory, but I doubt whether one in a thousand has ever acted in accordance with it. The Chinese as a people are lacking in the very virtues that Confucianism teaches." And what about ourselves? Are we never to begin casting the beams out of our own eyes? S. N.